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MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM

THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS

OF

CAROLINE FOX,

OF PENJERRICK, CORNWALL,

FROM 1835 TO 1871.

EDITED BY HORACE N. PYM.

SECOND EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED FOURTEEN ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM J. S. MILL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1882.

TO

ANNA MARIA FOX

THESE RECORDS OF HER SISTER'S LIFE

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR.

HARLEY STREET, 1881.

M 2823

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

"Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Journals and Letters from which the following extracts have been chosen were written by Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, between the years 1835 and 1871.

They speak so clearly for themselves that but few words of introduction or explanation are needed.

The editor's task has been rendered a pleasant one by the help and sympathy of those members of Caroline Fox's family who survive her and keep her memory green. Inasmuch as this book will probably reach the hands of many to whom the family history will be a *terra incognita*, it becomes necessary that the few following pages of prefatory memoir should accompany her own "winged words." On the 24th of May, 1819, the girl-child of whom we write was born, at Falmouth, into this tough world. She was one of the three children of distinguished parents,—distinguished not only by their fine old Quaker lineage, but by the many beautiful qualities which belong to large hearts and minds. Her father, Robert Were Fox, was the eldest of that remarkable family of brothers and sisters whose forebears made Cornwall their resting-place two hundred years ago. The brothers would have made a noticeable group in any country, and were not less conspicuous from their public spirit and philanthropy than from their scientific acumen and attainments, their geniality, and the simplicity and modesty of their lives. They created a cluster of lovely

dwellings in and about Falmouth, which attract the traveller by their picturesque beauty and southern wealth of flower and tree. One of the most beautiful of these sheltered Cornish homes is Penjerrick, some three miles from that town, the summer residence and one of the dearly-loved homes of Caroline Fox and her parents.

It was by experiments and observations during a period of more than forty years that her father, Robert Were Fox, proved the increase of temperature in descending mines, converting Humboldt, a former antagonist, to his view. He was also the inventor of the "Deflector Dipping Needle," which has since been used in all the Arctic Expeditions.

Upon his death in 1877, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, President of the Royal Society, said in his annual address that the Society had experienced a severe loss in "Mr. Fox, eminent for his researches on the temperature, and the magnetic and electrical condition of the interior of the earth, especially in connection with the formation of mineral veins, and who was further the inventor of some, and the improver of other instruments, now everywhere employed in ascertaining the properties of terrestrial magnetism."

In a very excellent sketch of his life and work by Mr. J. H. Collins, F.G.S., published at Truro in 1878, these inventions and improvements extend into a pamphlet of nearly sixty octavo pages. To this valuable little book we should refer those who care to follow into greater detail the life-work of this excellent simple-hearted philosopher.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck in 1824 gives a graphic description of the household as it then appeared: "Having spoken of the house, I must now describe its inhabitants. Imagine Robert Fox, whom you knew as a lad, now a steadfast and established man; the wise but determined and energetic regulator of his own, and the prop and firm support of his mother's large family. Picture to yourself his forehead, and the sides of his head with what Spurzheim used to call 'perpendicular walls of reason and truth.' Patient investigation, profound reflec-

tion, and steadfast determination sit upon his thinking and bent brow. Generous and glowing feeling often kindles his deep-set eyes, whilst the firm closing of his mouth, the square bone of the chin, and the muscular activity and strong form, show that it is continually compressed within by the energy of a self-governing character. Truth and honor unshaken, conscience unsullied, cool investigating reason and irresistible force, seem to follow the outlines of his very remarkable character. Maria is widely different. She has not the scientific tastes that distinguish her husband, but her heart and affections, her least actions and her very looks, are so imbued and steeped in the living waters of Divine Truth, that she seems to have come to the perfection of heavenly wisdom, which makes her conversation a rich feast and a blessed instruction.

"She is a super-eminently excellent mother, always keeping a tender watch over her children without showing anxious care. On our arrival, the three little well-ordered children withdrew to their play on the veranda, and whilst she conversed cheerfully and cordially with us, still surrounded by their books and pictures, her watchful eye was constantly upon them.

"In the early morning I used to watch her going with them to the beach, with a mule to carry the weary ones; and they bathed in the midst of the rocks and caves, with no spectators but the shags and the sea-gulls. It was pleasant to me, as I was dressing, to watch them coming back, winding along the cliffs; and, as they drew near, Maria, seated on her mule, with little Carry in her arms, Anna Maria by her side, and the others surrounding her, repeating their hymns and psalms, they used to look like Raphael's picture of the Holy Family in the flight to Egypt. Maria's maternal countenance on these occasions I shall never forget; nor the sweet and tender emotion of her children. Little Carry especially used to enjoy the ride. 'Oh, mamma!' said she one day, 'do let me say my hymn louder, for the poor mule is listening and cannot hear me.' Their return I used soon to know by Carry or

Barclay besetting me the moment I opened my door, to tell them stories of wild beasts."*

Caroline was born and continued a member of the Society of Friends, in which body her family have always occupied a foremost position; and she exemplified to a remarkable degree those charming qualities of simple purity, love of learning, and utter regard for truth, which are some of the more strongly-marked features of that community.

Her parents were accustomed to pass the winter months at their house in Falmouth, where so many notable friends visited them, moving to Penjerrick for the summer, to revel in the perfect repose of their country life.

As a child Caroline drew much attention by her winning ways and signs of an intelligence far above the usual order, and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck again says in another letter, "Caroline is quick, bright, and susceptible, with little black laughing eyes, a merry round face, and as full of tricks and pranks as a marmoset or Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow."

She was of a somewhat delicate constitution, and consequently was never called upon to face the often severe physical strain of a school education; but in her mother's hands, and aided by the best masters obtainable, she made a progress with which few schools of that day could have successfully competed. She always found pleasure in study under those masters who suited her fastidious taste, and soon learned to discriminate between those under whose guidance she made real progress, and those who were not so successful in their endeavors. But the best part of her education was gained after the school-room door was closed and when she was mistress of her own time.

Many and varied were the subjects taken up, and the books she read. All that was good in them she made her own, her fine nature rejecting everything else. In particular, the works of Coleridge exercised upon her a peculiar fascination, and

* A portion of this letter appears in the Life of M. A. Schimmelpenninck, edited by C. C. Hankin. Longmans. 1858.

stimulated her mind to greater efforts of thought. And it was remarked with what apparent ease she grasped the principles and details of the most abstruse subjects, as well as the general topics of interest.

Upon such a receptive nature the association with her father's friends exercised the utmost fascination, and how thoroughly she appreciated and comprehended their conversation is shown in the many lucid notes in her Journals, in which she so well embodied these flying thoughts of varied minds. And it makes a tender and striking picture,—this young girl, with her deep reverence and vivid appreciation of all the magic world of thought in which she was permitted to roam, listening with delight to the utterances of wise men, and storing up their words in her heart. She would say with Steele, "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them."

Every two years she visited London, the journey then consuming some three days,—days filled with all the fun and excitement of a pleasant holiday. In 1840 commenced her friendship with the Mills and the Sterlings, much deeply interesting record of which will be found in her Diaries; and it was a bitter parting when, in 1843, a sudden blow came in the death of Mrs. Sterling, followed by the removal of the bereaved family to the Isle of Wight.

Her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox (who married Jane Gurney, daughter of Jonathan Backhouse, of Darlington), and her sister Anna Maria, were her usual companions in her travels, as will be gathered by her frequent reference to one or the other.

In reading these Journals it is worthy of notice how rapidly Caroline Fox's character forms itself; attracting, reflecting, and assimilating from the stronger natures around her all that is noteworthy, high-toned, and deep-souled. The bright

gayety of the high-spirited girl is rapidly succeeded by the philosophic mind belonging to greater knowledge and maturer years; whilst the quickly-recurring losses of dear friends and old companions visibly deepens and broadens the stream of her daily life, until, culminating in the going-hence of her only brother, she so pathetically cries, "For whom should I now record these entries of my life?" and then the gravity of existence permanently settles upon her, with a not unwelcome foreboding that her time is short, and her day is far spent.

If we may say anything of her spiritual life, it seemed to those who knew her best that the intense reality of her faith gave a joyousness to her bright days, and sustained her through dark and perplexed times. Her quiet trust conquered all the doubts and conflicts which hung over her early years, and her submission to a higher will became ever more and more confident and satisfying,—nay, one may dare to say, more triumphant.

Her active sympathies with the poor and the sick were powerfully awakened under its benign influence; and the struggle for "more light" through which this beautiful soul was passing cannot be more forcibly set forth than in her own words, which were found in her desk after her death, but which were written when she was but one-and-twenty years of age:

"*July* 14, 1841.—As I think it may be a profitable employment, and, at some future time when faith is at a low ebb, may recall with greater distinctness the struggle through which a spark of true faith was lighted in my soul, I will attempt to make some notes of the condition of my mind in the summer and autumn of 1840.

"I felt I had hitherto been taking things of the highest importance too much for granted, without feeling their reality; and this I knew to be a very unhealthy state of things. This consciousness was mainly awakened by a few solemn words spoken by Dr. Calvert on the worthlessness of a merely traditional faith in highest truths. The more I exam-

ined into my reasons for believing some of our leading doctrines, the more was I staggered and filled with anxious thought. I very earnestly desired to be taught the truth, at whatever price I might learn it.

"Carlyle admirably expresses my state of mind when he speaks 'of the spasmodic efforts of some *to believe that they believe*.' But it would not do; I felt I was playing a dishonest part with myself, and with my God. I fully believed in Christ as a Mediator and Exemplar, but I could not bring my reason to accept Him as a Saviour and Redeemer. What kept me at this time from being a Unitarian was that I retained a perfect conviction that though *I* could not see into the truth of the doctrine, it was nevertheless true; and that if I continued earnestly and sincerely to struggle after it, by prayer, reading, and meditation, I should one day be permitted to know it for myself. A remark that Hender Molesworth one day incidentally made to me was often a gleam of comfort to me during this time of distress and warfare. He said that he thought 'a want of faith was sometimes permitted to those who would otherwise have no trials; for you know,' he added, 'a want of faith is a very great trial.' I did not tell him how truly he had spoken.

"The first gleam of light, 'the first cold light of morning' which gave promise of day with its noontide glories, dawned on me one day at meeting, when I had been meditating on my state in great depression. I seemed to hear the words articulated in my spirit, 'Live up to the light thou hast; and more will be granted thee.' Then I believed that God speaks to man by His Spirit. I strove to live a more Christian life, in unison with what I knew to be right, and looked for brighter days; not forgetting the blessings that are granted to prayer.

"The next epoch in my spiritual life was an exposition of the tenth chapter of Hebrews, which John Stevenson was enabled to give, and I was permitted to receive. He commented on our utter inability to fulfil the law, and the certain penalty of death we had thereby incurred. We no longer

confided in the efficacy of the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin: on what then could we build any hope of escape from the eternal wrath of God? When brought to this point of true anxiety about our salvation, our eyes are mercifully opened to see the Saviour offering Himself as the one eternal sacrifice for sin; requiring, as the terms of our redemption, that the faith which had been experienced in the old Jewish sacrifices should be transferred to and centred in Himself. Thus the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, to teach us faith in a sacrifice, the fulness of whose meaning Christ alone could exhibit. I was much interested in this at the time, but it had not its full effect till some days after.

"I was walking sorrowfully and thoughtfully to Penrose, and in my way back the description of Teufelsdröckh's triumph over fear came forcibly and vividly before me. Why (I said to myself) should I thus help to swell the triumph of the infernal powers by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift which Christ has so long been offering me? I know that He is the Redeemer of all such as believe in Him; and I *will* believe, and look for His support in the contest with unbelief. My doubts and difficulties immediately became shadowy, and my mind was full of happy anticipations of speedy and complete deliverance from them. The next morning, as I was employed in making some notes of John Stevenson's comments (before alluded to) in my journal, the truth came before me with a clearness and consistency and brightness indescribably delightful; the *reasonableness* of some Christian doctrines which had before especially perplexed me, shone now as clear as noonday; and the thankfulness I felt for the blessed light that was granted was intense. I was able throughout to recognize the workings of the Holy Spirit on my heart, for I had often before read and listened to arguments equally conclusive, and indeed sometimes identical, with those which were now addressed with such evidence to my heart; but only *this* was the time appointed for their due influence.

* * * * * * *

"I by no means regret the perplexities and doubts and troubles through which I have passed. They have increased my toleration for others, and given me a much higher value and deeper affection for those glorious truths which make up the Christian's hope, than I could have had if they had only been passively imbibed. The hard struggle I have had to make them my own must rise in my memory to check future faithlessness; and the certain conviction that the degree of faith which has been granted was purely a gift from above, leads me with earnestness and faith to petition for myself and others, 'Lord, increase our faith.'"

And some years after she writes:

"*April* 13, 1855.—And now I must add a later conviction, namely, that the voluntary sacrifice of Christ was not undertaken to appease the wrath of God, but rather to express His infinite love to His creatures, and thus to reconcile them unto Himself. Every species of sacrifice meets, and is glorified, in Him; and He claims from His children, as the proof of their loyalty and love, that perfect subjection of their own wills to His, of which self-sacrifice He is the Eternal Pattern, and bestows the will and the power to be guided only by Himself."

In the years 1844 and 1845 came a time of great sorrow, and a considerable blank occurs in the Journals of these and some of the succeeding years; what she wrote at this time containing, save so far as is extracted, nothing but a most sacred record of great personal suffering and inward struggle. Hers was a nature to come out of sorrow, be it ever so deep or bitter, strengthened and ennobled by the lesson, and striving still more earnestly for the victory over self; and we find her Swiss travels in 1846 with her family, her brother and his wife, marked with the old power of observation and graphic force of expression, recording, as before, all that seemed worthy of remark in the daily round of her resumed life.

In 1848 she broke a blood-vessel, and a long convalescence ensued. Her almost miraculous preservation when pursued by a bull in 1853, when she lay insensible on the ground, the

fierce animal roaring round but never touching her, evoked from her brother Barclay the following lines:

"Bow the head and bend the knee,
Oh give thanks, how fervently,
For a darling sister's breath;
Back my very blood doth shrink,
God of mercies! when I think
How she lay upon the brink
Of an agonizing death!

"While the darkness gathers o'er me,
Clear the picture lives before me;
There the monster in his wrath,
And his lovely victim lying,
Praying inly—as the dying
Only pray,—I see her lying
Helplessly across his path.

"Oh the horror of that scene,
Oh the sight that might have been
Had no angel stepped between
The destroyer and his prey;
Had not God, who hears our cry,
'Save me, Father, or I die!'
Sent His angel from on high
To save our precious one this day.

"Gently came unconsciousness,
All-enfolding like a dress;
Hushed she lay, and motionless,
Freed from sense and saved from fear;
All without was but a dream,
Only the pearl gates did seem
Very real and very near.

"For the life to us restored,
Not we only thank thee, Lord;
Oh what deep hosannas rise
From the many she hath blest,
From the poor and the distrest!
Oh, the gratitude exprest
By throbbing hearts and moistened eyes!

"So living was her sympathy,
That they dream'd not she could die,
Till the Shadow swept so nigh,
Startling with an unknown fear.

Thus the day's untainted light
Blesseth all and maketh bright;
But its work we know not quite,
Till the darkness makes it clear."

When her brother left England for his health in 1854, Caroline accompanied him to Southampton, and there bade him a last farewell. He died near Cairo in the following March, and lies in the English cemetery of that city.

The following extract from a letter written by Caroline upon the subject, is perhaps better placed here than in its order of date in the book. It is addressed to her cousin, Juliet Backhouse, and says, "We have agreed that his dear name shall never be banished from our midst, where he feels to us more vitally and influentially present than ever; he shall not be banished even to Heaven. Oh what it is to have had such a memory to leave to those who love you! Almost nothing to forget, everything to remember with thankfulness and love. Surely memory will be carried on into the future, and make that bright too with his own dear presence; or is it not, will it not be, even more than memory? This may be all fancy, and very foolish, but I cannot feel him far away, and the thought of him does not sadden me. It is stimulating, elevating, encouraging, the sense that one of ourselves is safely landed, all the toil and battle over, the end of the race attained, and God glorified in his salvation. Oh, it is all so wonderful, so blessed, that I have no time left for mourning. I could not have conceived the sting of death so utterly removed, not only for him, but for us. The same 'canopy of love' is surely over us both, and we can but feel that it will take a long lifetime to thank our God and Saviour for the beautiful mercies which have glorified the whole trial, and which must always make it a most holy thing. He has himself been so evidently, though unconsciously, preparing us for it; telling us of his own child-like confidence, and committing his nearest and dearest to the same Fatherly care, in lovely words, which often thrilled us at the time, but are, how precious, now."

In 1858 she lost her mother, who was a daughter of Robert Barclay of Bury Hill. Caroline passed the following spring, with her father and sister, chiefly in Rome and Naples. The death of her brother's widow at Pau, in 1860, brought with its deep sense of loss a kindly compensation, as her four orphaned boys came to live at Penjerrick and Grove Hill, which were henceforward to be their homes, whilst the little daughter Jane found that wealth of parents' love she had lost so soon, renewed in all its fulness in the hearts of her uncle and aunt, Edmund and Juliet Backhouse. The ensuing years were now filled with a new interest to Caroline Fox, who watched with untiring care the development of her young nephews, entering with zest into many of their interests.

In 1863 a journey to Spain was undertaken with her father, who had been chosen as one of the deputies to plead for the freedom of Matamoros. Then came warnings of serious physical weakness, and the usual weary search for health was undertaken, when the Riviera and other places were visited with but varying success. She was in Venice in 1866, and was sufficiently restored to see the Paris Exhibition held in that year, but each winter found her less able to cope with its severities. Her cheerfulness and interest in all around never abated, and her Journals still marked the daily events of her life. Notwithstanding all this, it must not be thought that she was a constant invalid. She was subject to wearisome attacks of chronic bronchitis, and rallied wonderfully between them. During the Christmas of 1870, when the snow lay on the ground, with sunshine and blue skies overhead, she looked blooming, and walked frequently a mile or two to the cottages around: but when the thaw set in, her friends trembled for her; the damp, chilly air never suited her, and it was a cause of distress to be cut off from her out-of-doors objects of interest. She took cold when going her rounds with New Year's gifts, and it quickly turned to a more severe attack of bronchitis than her lessening strength could struggle through; and although the sense of illness seemed lifted off, the old rallying power was gone.

This year was to be, in truth, a new one for her; and freed from every pang, nor called upon to say that awful word, "Farewell," she entered into her New Life during sleep in the early morning of the 12th January, 1871.

To her bereaved father the following words, written by his child when she was rich in the presence of both parents, were inexpressibly helpful and soothing, "My precious father and mother must keep whatever of mine they may like to have. It is vain to attempt to thank them for all they have done for me. I have often, very often, been most provoking and irresponsive to their loving kindness, but in the bottom of my heart not, I trust, ungrateful. Farewell, darlings all. If you can forgive and love me, remember with comfort that our God and Saviour is even more loving, more forgiving, than you are, and think of me with peace and trustfulness and thanksgiving, as one whom He has graciously taught, mainly through sorrows, to trust and to love Him utterly, and to grieve only over the ingratitude of my sins, the sense of which is but deepened by His free forgiveness."

Ten years have passed since that parting day, and her memory is still fondly cherished. To some of her dear ones the Journals have been shown, but it is only in the last few months that her sister has consented to allow a larger circle to share in the perusal.

Caroline Fox was unusually rich in her friendships, and she had the power of graphically sketching scenes and conversations. It is hoped that nothing will be found in these pages which should seem like drawing aside the curtains that ought to be left covering the inner life of all. Her criticisms, though often bright, sharp, and humorous, are never poisoned or cruel; and the friends who survive will not apprehend with dread the opportunities which her MSS. have given for stamping her impressions like "footprints on the sands of time."

The English world of thought to-day owes much to men whom Caroline Fox called friends, and words they uttered are not without present significance. Moreover, these records

of so many years past, appearing now, interest us the more, because we can compare the thoughts, the wishes, the prophecies of these men with much that has since resulted from their teaching. The present generation is eager enough to con even passing expressions from Mill, Carlyle, Bunsen, and other members of that charmed circle; and "human portraits, faithfully drawn," as Carlyle says, "are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls."

And so we launch this little boat into the ocean, with some confidence that it will make its way to shores where its freight of goodly "Memories," preserved for us by a keen intellect and warm heart, will be welcomed as a record of many who have passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

1835.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."—THOMSON.

Falmouth, March 19.—Davies Gilbert* and others dined here. He was full of anecdote and interest, as usual. One on the definition of "treade" was good. It is really derived from "trad" (Saxon), a thing. When he was on the bench, a man was brought before one of the judges on some poisoning charge, and the examination of a witness proceeded thus: *Q.* "Did you see anything in the loaf?" *A.* "Yes; when I cut it open, I found it full of traed." *Q.* "Traed! why, what is that?" *A.* "Oh, it's rope-ends, dead mice. and other combustibles."

March 30.—Heard at breakfast that the famous Joseph Wolff, the missionary, had arrived at Falmouth. He gave an interesting lecture on the subject of his travels in Persia, etc. He has encountered many dangers, but "the Lord has delivered him out of them all." It was well attended. Lady Georgina Wolff is at Malta, as she does not like the sea.

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* *Gilbert* (Davies), formerly named Giddy, born 1797, educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. M. P. successively for Helston and Bodmin, and President of the Royal Society. Celebrated as an antiquary and writer on Cornish topography, etc. He died in 1839.

March 31.—At four o'clock Joseph Wolff came to dinner, and told us more about the various persons and places he has visited. Of Lady Hester Stanhope he gave a very amusing account. When at Mount Lebanon he sent a message with which he was charged to a lady staying with her. On which Lady Hester sent him a most extraordinary but clever letter, beginning, "How can you, a vile apostate, presume to hold any intercourse with my family? Light travels faster than sound; therefore how can you think that your cracked voice can precede the glorious light of the gospel, which is eventually to shine naturally in these parts?" He returned an appropriate answer, but he noticed the servant he had sent with it came back limping, having been actually kicked and beaten by her ladyship *in propriâ personâ*. Many passages in the Bible he cleared up by observation of the places mentioned. Respecting the prophecy about Babylon "that owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there," he said that "satyrs" should be translated "worshippers of devils," and that once a year the Afghans, who worship little devilish gods, assemble there in the night and hold their dance. He sang us some beautiful Hebrew melodies.

October 3.—At breakfast we were pleasantly surprised to see Joseph Wolff walk in, without being announced. He was full of affection, and wanted to kiss papa, who, retreating, left only his shoulder within reach, which accordingly received a salute. He joined us at breakfast, and described his late intercourse and correspondence with Drummond and many of the Irvingite party. Their want of Christian love speaks strongly against them, and their arrogating to themselves the titles of angels, prophets, and apostles shows a want of Christian humility. He embarked soon afterwards on his way to Timbuctoo, and perhaps we shall never see him again.

October 15.—Papa and I spent the evening at the Derwent Coleridges' at Helston. It left a beautiful impression on us, and we visited the lovely little sleepers, Derwent and Lily, saw the library, and the silver salver presented by his

boys, and, best of all, listened to his reading of passages from "Christabel" and other of his father's poems, with his own rare felicity. He talked of architecture with reference to George Wightwick's designs for the Falmouth Polytechnic, and mentioned a double cube as the handsomest of all forms for a room. Mary Coleridge was in all her beauty, and ministered to a bevy of school-boys at supper with a characteristic energy.

CHAPTER II.

1836.

"Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe."—POPE.

Falmouth, April 7.—Sir Charles Lemon, John Enys, and Henry de la Beche* came to luncheon. The last named is a very entertaining person, his manners rather French, his conversation spirited and full of illustrative anecdote. He looks about forty, a handsome but care-worn face, brown eyes and hair, and gold spectacles. He exhibited and explained the geological maps of Devon and Cornwall, which he is now perfecting for the Ordnance. Accordingly he is constantly shifting his residence, that he may survey accurately in these parts.

Papa read his new theory of "Veins;" De la Beche thoroughly seconds his ideas of galvanic agency, but will not yield the point of the fissures being in constant progression; he says they were all antediluvian. They stayed several hours, and were particularly charmed with some experiments about tin and galvanism.

April 25.—Henry de la Beche and his daughter Bessie spent the day with us, and we took a merry country excursion, the geological part of which was extremely satisfactory to all parties. Bessie is a bright affectionate girl, devoutly attached to her father, with whom she travels from place to place.

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* *De la Beche* (Sir Henry Thomas), the eminent geologist, born 1796, educated at Great Marlow and Sandhurst, President of the Geographical Society in 1847. In 1831 he projected the plan of making a geological map of England on his own responsibility, commencing with Cornwall; the result being that the Government instituted the Geological Survey. He established the School of Mines, was knighted in 1848, and died in 1855.

She is about fifteen, fond of books, but her main education is in her father's society. They are now stationed at Redruth.

Bristol, August 22.—The gentlemen returned from their sections of the British Association Meeting this morning very much gratified, and after dinner we five started by the coach, and in the course of time arrived at the large British Babylon. It was a work of time to get into it, most assuredly, and Uncle Hillhouse thought of taking us all back again, in which case we should indeed have been taken all aback. However, the ladies, dear creatures, would not hear of that, so by most extraordinary muscular exertions we succeeded in gaining admittance. We got fairish seats, but all the time the people made such a provoking noise, talking, coming in, and going out, opening and shutting boxes, that very little could we hear. But we saw Tom Moore in all his glory, looking, as Barclay* said, "like a little Cupid with a quizzing-glass in constant motion." He seemed as gay and happy as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in his immediate presence. There was a beautiful girl just before us, who was most obliging in putting herself into the most charming attitudes for our diversion.

August 27.—After dinner to the play-house, and a glorious merry time we had. The Meeting was principally employed in thanksgiving, individually and collectively, Sir W. Hamilton giving us a most pathetic address on his gratitude to Bristol and the Bristolians. Dr. Buckland declared he should be worse than a dog were he to forget it. There was a remarkable sameness in these long-winded compliments and grateful expressions. But when Tom Moore arose with a little paper in his little hand, the theatre was almost knocked down with reverberations of applause. He rose to thank Mr. Miles for his liberality in throwing open his picture-gallery. He proceeded to wonder why such a person as he was, a humble representative of literature, was chosen to address

* *Fox* (Robert Barclay), only brother of Caroline Fox.

them on this scientific occasion. He supposed that in this intellectual banquet he was called for as one of the light dishes to succeed the *gros morceaux* of which we had been partaking, and he declared Science to be the handmaid, or rather the torch-bearer, of Religion.

August 31.—We were returning from the British Association Meeting, and Dr. Buckland was an outside *compagnon de voyage*, but often came at stopping-places for a little chat.* He was much struck by the dearth of trees in Cornwall, and told of a friend of his who had made the off-hand remark that there was not a tree in the parish, when a parishioner remonstrated with him on belying the parish, and truly asserted that there were seven. Last evening we were at Exeter, and had an interesting exploration of the old cathedral before a dinner, after which our philosophers, Dr. Buckland, Professor Johnston, and papa, got into such deep matters that we left them in despair. Dr. Buckland says he feels very nervous in addressing large assemblies till he has once made them laugh, and then he is entirely at ease. He came on to the Polytechnic and stayed with us. One wet day he took his turn with three others in lecturing to an attentive audience in our drawing-room; we listened with great and gaping interest to a description of his geological map, the frontispiece to his forthcoming Bridgewater Treatise. He gave very clear details of the gradual formation of our earth, which he is thoroughly convinced took its rise ages before the Mosaic record. He says that Luther must have taken a similar view, as in his translation of the Bible he puts "1st" at the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which showed his belief that the first two verses relate to something anterior. He explains the formation of hills with valleys between them by eruptions under ground. He gave amusing descriptions of antediluvian animals, plants, and skulls. They have even discovered a

* *Buckland* (William), Dean of Westminster, born 1784. He published many well-known works on geology, and he died in 1856. He was the father of Frank T. Buckland, the naturalist, who died in 1880.

large fossil fish with its food only partially digested. The lecture showed wonderfully persevering research and a great knowledge of comparative anatomy.

Falmouth, September 10.—Poor Dr. Buckland has sprained his leg, and we are taking care of him a little. He and other British Association friends had been excursing in the west, and took sundry Cornish pies with them. Buckland they treated to lime and cold water. He left us, and a few days afterwards wrote to announce the happy birth of a daughter, and the request of his publisher to print a further edition of five thousand copies of his new work. He also speaks with much interest about A. Crosse's insects, which the papers describe his having observed whilst manipulating some quartz crystal. They were little anomalous forms at first, but gradually took the shape of insects, and this after a lavation in muriatic acid. Dr. Buckland supposes them to be fossil ovæ of *Sorleanus* resuscitated by modern scientific activity, and reasons gravely on this theory.

September 12.—Professor Wheatstone, the Davies Gilberts, and Professor Powell were ushered in, and joined our party. Wheatstone was most interesting at dinner; he knows John Martin intimately, and says he is exactly like his pictures,—all enthusiasm and sublimity, amazingly self-opinionated, and has lately taken a mechanical turn. He thinks him a man of great but misdirected genius. He gave some instances of monomania, and mentioned one extraordinary trance case of a man who was chopping down trees in a wood, and lay down and slept much longer than usual; when he awoke life was a blank; he was not in a state of idiotcy, but all his acquired knowledge was obliterated. He learned to read again quickly, but all that had passed previously to his trance was entirely swept away from his memory. At the age of fifty he slept again an unusual time; on awakening, his first act was to go to the tree which he had been felling on the former occasion to look for his hatchet; the medium life was now forgotten, and the former returned in its distinct reality. This is well authenticated.

September 23.—Just after tea "a gentleman" was announced, who proved to be nothing less than Professor Sedgwick!* He had unluckily unpacked at the inn, and so preferred keeping to those quarters. He goes to-morrow with Barclay to Pendour Bay in search of organic remains, which he fully expects to find there, and does not think the Cornish have any cause to boast of their primitive rocks, as he has discovered limestone with plenty of organic remains, and even some coal in the east of the county.

September 24.—After dinner we were joined by Sedgwick and Barclay, who had thoroughly enjoyed their morning, but had discovered no organic remains but some limestone. A note came for Sedgwick from Sir Charles Lemon, which he read to us: "I hope if you have brought Mrs. Sedgwick with you that we shall have the pleasure of seeing her to stay at Carclew, and I will do my best to amuse her whilst you are flirting with primitive formations!" As Mr. Sedgwick is a bachelor, this was pronounced quite a capital joke of Sir Charles's, "who," said Sedgwick, "is always laughing at my desolate situation."

September 30.—"Mrs. Corgie," the rightful Lady George Murray, arrived. She is a delightful woman, and told us many anecdotes of the late Queen Charlotte, whom she knew intimately. Many of the autograph letters of the royal family she gave me are addressed to herself. The queen (Charlotte) japanned three little tables; one she gave to the king, another to the Prince of Wales, and the third to Lady George, which she has filled with the letters she has received from the royal family. She told us that about four years ago the Princess Victoria was made acquainted with her probable dignity by her mother's desiring that when in reading the history of England she came to the death of the Princess Charlotte she should bring the book and read to her, and on coming to that period she made a dead halt, and asked the

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* *Sedgwick* (Rev. Adam), the celebrated Woodwardian Professor of Geology to the University of Cambridge.

duchess if it were possible she would ever be queen. Her mother replied, "As this is a very possible circumstance, I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman; then you will be a good queen also." The care observed in the princess's education is exemplary, and everything is indeed done to bring about this result. She is a good linguist, an acute foreign politician, and possesses very sound common sense.

October 3.—Captain Fitz-Roy* came to tea. He returned yesterday from a five years' voyage, in H.M.S. *Beagle*, of scientific research round the world, and is going to write a book. He came to see papa's dipping needle deflector, with which he was highly delighted. He has one of *Samby's* on board, but this beats it in accuracy. He stayed till after eleven, and is a most agreeable, gentleman-like young man. He has had a delightful voyage, and made many discoveries, as there were several scientific men on board. Darwin, the "fly-catcher" and "stone-pounder," has decided that the coral insects do not work up from the bottom of the sea against wind and tide, but that the reef is first thrown up by a volcano, and they then surmount it, after which it gradually sinks. This is proved by their never finding coral insects alive beyond the depth of ten feet. He is astonished at the wonderful strides everything has made during the five years afore-passed.

October 27.—Lady George Murray gave me an interesting account of Lady Byron, whom she challenges anybody to know without loving. The first present she made to Ada was a splendid likeness of Lord Byron, an edition of whose works is in her library, to which Ada has free access. She has done nothing to prejudice her against her father. The celebrated "Fare-the-well" was presented in such a manner as rather to take off from the sentiment of the thing. He wrapped up in it a number of unpaid bills, and threw it into the room where she was sitting, and then rushed out of the

* *Fitz-Roy* (Admiral Robert), born 1805. His and Dr. Charles Darwin's published accounts of this voyage are well known.

house. Ada is very fond of mathematics, astronomy, and music, but possesses no soul for poetry.

November 24.—Large dinner-party. Captain Belcher,* an admirable observer of many things, was very amusing. In 1827, when among the Esquimaux with Captain James Ross,† they were treated in a very unfriendly manner; he and five men were wrecked and their boat sunk, and they were obliged to betake themselves to the land of their enemies, twenty-four of whom, well armed with clubs, came down to dispute their proceedings. They had only one brace of percussion pistols among them, and one load of powder and ball. The natives were aware of the terrible effect of these instruments, but not of their scarcity, so Captain Belcher went out of his tent just before their faces, as if looking for something, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a pistol as if by accident and hurried it back again. The other sailors, by slightly varying the *ruse*, led the natives to imagine the presence of six pair of pistols, and so they did not venture on an attack. Shortly after this, having been repeatedly harassed, they were thankful to see their ship approaching; the Esquimaux now prepared for a final assault, and came in great numbers demanding their flag. Seeing the helplessness of his party, Captain Belcher said, "Well, you shall have the flag, but you must immediately erect it on the top of that hill." They gladly consented, and Captain Belcher fastened it for them on a flagstaff, but put it Union downwards. The consequence was that the ship's boats immediately put off and pulled with all their might, the natives scampered off, the flag was res-

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* *Belcher* (Sir Edward), C.B., F.R.S., F.G.S., Vice-Admiral, born 1799, entered the Navy 1812, acted as assistant-surveyor to Captain Beechey in 1824 in his voyage of discovery to Behring's Straits. He was employed in distinguished service in the Arctic regions and the China War. He commanded the Franklin search in 1852, and died in 1877.

† *Ross* (Sir James Clark), R.N., born 1800. In 1848 he made an unsuccessful search for Sir John Franklin. His scientific attainments were very great, and received the acknowledgment of many English and Foreign societies. His attempts to reach the South Pole are mentioned later on in these Journals.

cued, and the little party safely restored to their beloved ship. I should like to hear the Esquimaux's history of the same period. Captain Belcher has invented a very ingenious instrument for measuring the temperature of the water down to "bottom soundings." He is a great disciplinarian, and certainly not popular in the navy, but very clever and intensely methodical.

December 2.—We called at Peone's Hotel on the Begum of Oude, who is leaving England (where her husband is ambassador) on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Her bright little Hindustani maid told us she was "gone down cappin's," so to Captain Clavel's we followed her and spent a most amusing half-hour in her society. She was seated in great state in the midst of the family circle, talking English with great self-possession, spite of her charming blunders. Her dress was an immense pair of trousers of striped Indian silk, a Cashmere shawl laid over her head, over a close covering of blue and yellow silk, two pairs of remarkable slippers, numbers of anklets and leglets, a great deal of jewelry, and a large blue cloak over all. She was very conversable, showed us her ornaments, wrote her name and title in English and Arabic in my book, and offered to make an egg curry. At the top of the page where she wrote her name she inscribed in Arabic sign "Allah," saying, "That name God you take great care of." She sat by Mrs. Clavel, and, after petting and stroking her for a while, declared, "Love I you." She promised her and Leonora a Cashmere shawl apiece, adding, "I get them very cheap, five shillings, seven shillings, ten shillings, very good, for I daughter king, duty take I, tell merchants my, make shawls, and I send you and miss." She has spent a year in London, her name is Marriam, and her husband's Molvè Mohammed Ishmael. Her face is one of quick sagacity but extreme ugliness.

December 3.—The next day we found her squatting on her bed on the floor, an idiot servant of the Prophet in a little heap in one corner, her black-eyed handmaiden grinning us a welcome, and a sacred kitten frolicking over the trappings

of Eastern state. We were most graciously received with a shriek of pleasure. Her observations on English life were very entertaining. She told us of going to "the Court of the King of London.—He very good man, but he no power. —Parliament all power.—King no give half-penny but call Parliament, make council, council give leave, King give half-penny.—For public charity King give one sovereign, poor little shopman, baker-man, fish-man, barter-man also give one sovereign. Poor King!—King Oude he give one thousand rupees, palanquin mans with gold stick, elephants, camels; no ask Parliament." She and papa talked a little theology: she of course began it. "I believe but one God, very bad not to think so; you believe Jesus Christ was prophet?" Papa said, "Not a prophet, but the Son of God." "How you think so, God Almighty never marry! In London every one go to ball, theatre, dance, sing, walk, read; no go Mecca. I mind not that, I go Mecca, I very good woman." She took a great fancy to Barclay, declaring him very like her son. She offered him a commission in the King of Oude's army and twelve hundred pounds a year if he would come over and be her son; she gave him a rupee, probably as bounty-money. There are two hundred English in her king's service, two doctors, and three aides-de-camp. She showed us some magnificent jewelry, immense pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, tied up so carelessly in a dirty handkerchief. Her armlets were very curious, and she had a silver ring on her great toe, which lay in no obscurity before her. Then a number of her superb dresses were displayed, gold and silver tissues, satins, cashmeres, muslins of an almost impossible thinness, which she is going to give away at Mecca. She is aunt to the present, sister of the late, and daughter of the former, King of Oude. She has a stone house in which she keeps fifteen Persian cats. It is a great virtue to keep cats, and a virtue with infinite reward attached to keep an idiot; the one with her here she discovered in London, and was very glad to appropriate the little Eastern mystery. Aunt Charles's bonnet amused her; she wanted to know if it was a new fashion;

she talked of the Quakers, and said they were honest and never told lies.

December 5.—To-day the Begum began almost at once on theology, asking mamma if "she were a *réligieuse*," and then began to expound her own creed. She took the Koran and read some passages, then an English psalm containing similar sentiments, then she chanted a Mahometan collect beautifully in Arabic and Hindustani. She made mamma write all our names, that she might send us a letter, and then desired Aunt Lucy to write something, the purport of which it was not easy to divine. At last she explained herself, "Say what you think of Marriam Begum, say she religious, or she bad woman, or whatever you think." Poor Aunt Lucy could not refuse, and accordingly looked sapient, bit her pen-stump, and behold the precipitate from this strong acid: "We have been much interested in seeing Marriam Begum, and think her a religious lady." I think a moral chemist would pronounce this to be the result of more alkali than acid, but it was an awkward corner to be driven into. She was coming to visit us to-day, but had to embark instead, after expressing her hopes that we should meet again in Oude!

December 15.—John Murray* arrived, and was very amusing, describing all manner of things. He knows George Combe intimately, and says that at the B. A. Meeting at Edinburgh he got in among the *savants* and took phrenological sketches of many of them. He describes him as a most acute original person. With Glengarry he was also well acquainted; he kept up the ancient Scotch habits most carefully, wore the dress and cultivated the feuds of an old laird, and if a Macleod tartan chanced to be seen, woe betide him! Glengarry went to George IV.'s coronation in his Scotch dress, and during the ceremony a very female marchioness, subject to vapors, observed his hand on one of his pistols. Imagining a projected assassination of his new Majesty, she screamed, and the Highland laird was arrested; he showed, however, that it

* John Murray, lecturer and writer on the physiology of plants, etc.

was purely accidental, the pistols being unloaded and himself not disaffected, so they liberated him; but the affair produced a strong sensation at the time. He died a year or two since in saving his daughters whom he was taking to a boarding-school near London; the ship was wrecked, and he, being an excellent swimmer, took one of them safe to shore, but just before landing the second he struck against a rock, and died an hour after. With him died ancient Scotland.

December 18.—Amusing details from Cowley Powles of Southey's visit at Helston. He has been delighting them all, rather with his wit than anything poetical in his conversation. He is very tall, about sixty-five years old, and likes mealy potatoes. He gives the following recipes for turning an Englishman into a Welshman or Irishman. For the former, he must be born in snow and ice from their own mountains, baptized in water from their own river, and suckled by one of their own goats. For an Irishman, born in a bog, baptized in whiskey, and suckled by a bull. What a concatenation of absurdities! The other day he took a book from one of the shelves, when Derwent Coleridge, who must have been in a deliciously dreamy state, murmured, apologetically, "I got that book cheap: it is one of Southey's." It was quietly replaced by the poet; Mary Coleridge exclaimed, "Derwent!" and all enjoyed the joke except the immediate sufferers. William Coope tells us that he used often to see S. T. Coleridge till within a month of his death, and was an ardent admirer of his prominent blue eyes, reverend hair, and rapt expression. He has met Charles Lamb at his house. On one occasion Coleridge was holding forth on the effects produced by his preaching, and appealed to Lamb, "You have heard me preach, I think?" "I have never heard you do anything else," was the urbane reply.

December 28.—On coming home this morning, found Molvè Mohammed, the Begum's husband, and his secretary, in the drawing-room. He has a sensible face, not totally unlike his wife's, and was dressed in the English costume. On showing him the Begum's writing in my book, he was much pleased at

her having inserted his name as an introduction to her own. "Ha! she no me forget, I very glad see that." He added some writing of his own in Persian, the sense of which was, "When I was young I used to hunt tigers and lions, but my intercourse with the ladies of England has driven all that out of my head." He is said to be by no means satisfied with bigamy, and it is added that one of the motives of the Begum's English visit was to collect wives for the King of Oude.

The De la Beches are now settled at Falmouth on our terrace; they spent to-day with us, and were very merry, Henry de la Beche calling up the memory of some of his juvenile depravities and their fitting punishments. On one occasion he and several other young men saw an old coachman driving a coroneted carriage into a mews. They soon brought him to his bearings, and insisted on his driving them to their respective homes. As it was a question of six to one, he was obliged to comply. Having lodged three of them according to their orders, he drove the others to the watch-house; there they found an acquaintance, Lord Munster, who, however, could not effect a compromise, so, after much bravado, poor Henry de la Beche had to liberate them all at an expense of five pounds. He gave many Jamaica histories. When the thermometer is at 60°, poor Sambo complains, "Berry cold, massa, me berry much cold." Hunting alligators on the Nile is capital fun; they generally spear them, but once De la Beche attempted to shoot one with a long old swivel-gun fastened down to the boat with an iron bar; the machine burst, and the boat, not the alligator, was the victim. He illustrated his position that dress makes a marvellous change in the very expression of a face by cutting out cocked hats, coats, cigars, etc., and decorating therewith some of Lavater's worshipful portraits. The change was dreadful. He talked cleverly of politics, in which he goes to a Radical length.

CHAPTER III.

1837.

"Then let me, fameless, love the fields and woods,
The fruitful water'd vales, and running floods."—THOMAS MAY.

Falmouth, January 7.—Henry de la Beche gave us an amusing account of his late visit to Trelowarren. Sir Richard Vyvyan was always beating about the bush, and never liked openly to face an adverse opinion, but was forever giving a little slap here and a little slap there to try the ground, till De la Beche brought him regularly up to the point at issue, and they could fight comfortably with mutual apprehension. His metaphysical opinions are very curious; indeed, his physical views partake very much of the nature of these, so subtilely are they etherealized. He has a most choice library, or, as De la Beche calls it, a collection of potted ideas, and makes, I fancy, a very scholastic use of it. On looking at some of the bad handwritings in my autograph book, De la Beche observed how much we read by inference, and how curious writing is altogether; it is purely thought communicating with thought.

February 2.—Called on some of the old women. One of them said, "It was quite a frolic my coming to read to them." What different views some people have of frolics!

February 7.—De la Beche came in at breakfast-time and was a regular fun-engine, and about two we all went off to Gillanyase on a geological expedition. We went out for the sole purpose of finding "faults," and full many a hole did we pick in the characters of our neighbors the rocks. We generally found a decided "fault" when two "vein" characters came in contact,—a natural result. Our raised beach

was satisfactory evidence of the change in the sea-level. Traced various cross-courses: one ending in little indefinable streaks of quartz was very pretty. But I am not geological, nor was a great deal of the talk. Henry de la Beche told innumerable stories, as is his wont. A French and an English boaster were detailing the exploits of their several regiments: "With this handful of men," said the latter, "we secured the demi-lune." "Oh," answered the Frenchman, "mais nous, nous avons pris une lune entière!" Two Frenchmen, wishing to show off their English in a London coffee-house, remarked, "It deed rain to-morrow." "Yes, it was," promptly answered his friend. We examined the Castle and heard somewhat of the principles of fortification, De la Beche having been educated at a military school. The wall round a castle, to be effective, should not let any of the castle's masonry be visible. He dined with us, and we heard many strange stories of the scientific dons of the day, who if fairly sketched must be a shockingly ill-tempered set. Henry de la Beche drew a cartoon of the results of A. Crosse's system of revivifying the fossil life in an old museum, grotesquely horrible.

February 8.—De la Beche wandered in at breakfast to give papa the two first fossil remains that have been found near a lode, which he drew forth from their hiding with his own authentic hands. One is the vertebra, the other the body of an encrinite. He read us some of a report he is now drawing up for Government, in which he does papa all manner of honor. He made some admirable observations on the oneness of human nature everywhere in all ranks and all countries, with only some little differences of "localization." He says that all the beautiful Greek vases are formed of a series of ellipses, and he has sent for patterns from Mr. Phillips of the Woods and Forests, to give the Cornish better ideas of forms for their serpentine and porphyry vases.

February 21.—John Enys told us that Henry De la Beche had spent some time in the West Indies, and tried to ameliorate the condition of his slaves, and abolished the practice

of flogging, though the power was still vested in the overseer; he established a system of education, and did much good. He was warmly opposed by the planters, but he pursued his way, and they theirs. On his return to England he had many troubles, which accounts for his low views of mankind, and for the artificial spirits in which he so often seems to be veiling his griefs and disappointments.

April 27.—The De la Beches dined with us, and were peculiarly agreeable. A great deal of conversation went forward, on Ireland, the West Indies, the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, education, and phrenology. Once at a party De la Beche was much plagued by puzzling riddles, so out of revenge he proposed, "Why is a lover like a turnip-top?" They racked their heads in vain for the answer, and he left them unsatisfied. Long afterwards a young lady of the party met him, and asked, imploringly, "Why *is* a lover like a turnip-top?" only to receive the provoking reply, "I'm sure I don't know." Another lady, who imagined him botanically omniscient, asked him the name of a pet plant supported by a bit of whalebone. "Oh, *Staybonia pulcharia*," he suggested, and soon afterwards had the joy of seeing it thus labelled; however, he had the honesty to undeceive her.

May 15.—About one o'clock Derwent Coleridge was announced, quickly succeeded by George Wightwick,* who blundered into the room on his own ground-plan. Took them all over the Grove Hill gardens. Wightwick made a profound bow to the india-rubber tree as having often befriended him in his unguarded moments. He told us several anecdotes of the charming impudence of Snow Harris. Once when he (Wightwick) had been lecturing at the Athenæum on the superiority of the Horizontal to the Pyramidical style of architecture, he thus illustrated the theory: "When the French army under Napoleon came to the Pyramids they passed on without emotion, but when they reached the Temple

* *Wightwick* (George), the architect. A friend of Charles Mathews the elder, and author of the "Palace of Architecture" and other works.

of Karnak, which is a horizontal elevation, they with one accord stood perfectly still." "Rather tired, I suppose," murmured Harris.

June 22.—Henry de la Beche was particularly amusing in his black coat, put on in consequence of the king's death, complaining of tomfoolery in thus affecting to mourn when there was little real feeling. After the late Geological meeting they took supper with Lord Cole, and instituted a forfeit in case any science should be talked. Most of the party had to pay the penalty, which was, drinking salt-and-water and singing a song. Two hammers were put on the table in case of any insurmountable differences of opinion, that the parties might retire into another room and settle their dispute. Spite of fair inferences, he declares they were not tipsy, but simply making good a pet axiom of his, "toujours philosophe—is a fool."

July 10.—The De la Beches and a geological student for the evening; much talk on the West Indies and their concomitants, negroes and mosquitoes. He told us of a spectral illusion which had once befallen him, when he saw a friend whom he had attended on his death-bed under very painful circumstances. He reasoned with himself, but all in vain: whether his eyes were shut or open the apparition was ever before him. Of course he explains it as a disordered stomach. He gave me a mass of autograph letters, and bestowed his solemn benediction on us at parting, as they leave Falmouth on the 31st.

July 29.—The Coleridges dined with us; the poet's son expounded and expanded Toryism after a fashion of his own, which was very fascinating. Papa spoke of never influencing votes at an election; to this Derwent Coleridge objected, maintaining that people of superior education and talent should feel the responsibility of these possessions, as a call to direct the judgments of those less gifted. A bright argument ensued between the poet and the man of sense. Derwent Coleridge finds the world in a somewhat retrograding state, as no such master-spirits as Bacon's are to be found for the seeking, and he has not yet recognized the supreme importance of the in-

vention of a new gas or best mode of using an old one. Something was said of "popular representation," which led Derwent Coleridge to define the People as the Remainder, when the noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and men of superior minds had been taken out of the mass. What remains is the People, who are to be represented, and who are to select and elect! Very characteristic.

August 24.—J. Pease gave us a curious enough account of a shelf in the Oxford library which is the receptacle of all works opposed to the Church of England, which are placed there to be answered as way may open. Barclay's Apology, and Barclay's Apology alone, remains unanswered and unanswerable, though many a time has it been taken from the shelf controversial, yet has always quietly slunk back to its old abode. Hurrah for Quakerism!

Grasmere, September 8.—We sent Aunt Charles's* letter of introduction to Hartley Coleridge, and, as we were sitting after tea in the twilight, a little being was observed at the door, standing hat in hand, bowing to the earth round and round, and round again, with eyes intensely twinkling: it was Hartley Coleridge; so he sat down, and, what with nervous tremors and other infirmities among us, nothing very remarkable was elicited. He offered to cicerone us to-morrow, which we were delighted to accept. Barclay walked home with him, and gladdened his spirit with the story of Derwent Coleridge and Southey.

September 9.—A glorious morning with Hartley Coleridge, who gradually unfolded on many things in a tone well worthy of a poet's son. In person and dress he was much brushed up; his vivid face sparkled in the shadow of a large straw hat. He took us to the Wishing Gate which Wordsworth apostrophizes, and set us wishing. Barclay accordingly wished

* *Fox* (Sarah Hustler), wife of the late Charles Fox, of Trebah, near Falmouth. This gifted lady passed her girlhood in the Lake country, enjoying the friendship of the Wordsworths, Coleridges, Arnolds, and others of that charmed circle. She still lives at Trebah, surrounded by the love and care of four generations of descendants and friends.

for the repetition of some of Hartley Coleridge's poetry, on which he begged us to believe that the Gate's powers were by this time exhausted. He says he never can recollect his poetry so as to repeat it. He took us to the outside of his rosy cottage, also to that which had been occupied by Wordsworth and De Quincey. He talked of the former and declared himself an ardent admirer of his beauties, as he likes a pretty idea wherever found. He thinks that his peculiar beauty consists in viewing things as among them, mixing himself up with everything that he mentions, so that you admire the Man in the Thing, the involved Man. He says he is a most unpleasant companion in a tour, from his terrible fear of being cheated; neither is he very popular as a neighbor. He calls him more a man of genius than talent, for whilst the fit of inspiration lasts he is every inch a poet; when he tries to write without it he is very dragging. Hartley Coleridge is very exquisite in his choice of language. I wish I had preserved some of this. He thinks intellect is now of a more diffusive character than some fifty years since, for progressive it cannot be; there must ever be this distinction between intellect and science. He must have a large organ of combativeness, and he will never admit of your meeting him half-way: if you attempt it he is instantly off at a tangent. So we idly talked and idly listened, and drank in meanwhile a sense of the perfect beauty and loveliness of the nature around us. We walked up to Rydal Mount, but Wordsworth is in Hertfordshire, on his return from Italy. Mrs. Wordsworth was very kind, took us over their exquisite grounds, which gave many openings for the loveliest views, congratulated us in an undertone on our rare good fortune in having Hartley Coleridge as a guide, and gave us ginger-wine and gingerbread. We saw the last and, as Hartley Coleridge considers, the best portrait taken of Wordsworth in Italy, also a very fine cast from Chantrey's bust. In the garden at the end of a walk is a picturesque moss-covered stone with a brass tablet, on which Wordsworth has inscribed some lines saying that the mercy of the bard had rescued this stone from the rude hand of the builders, and that he trusted when he was

gone it might still be regarded for his sake.* Hartley Coleridge then took us to the Rydal waterfalls, and told us stories of the proprietors, the Fleming family. One of the falls, or forces as they call them here, was the most perfect I had ever seen. Our poet's recognition of the perpetual poetry in Nature was very inspiring and inspiriting. He drove with us to Ambleside; I gave him "Elia" to read, and he read "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" with a tone and emphasis and intense appreciation which Lamb would have loved to mark. At dinner he had a sad choking-fit, so queerly conducted as to try our propriety sadly. Then when he had anything especially pointed to say, he would stand up or even walk round the dining-table. He says he should be far more likely to fall in love with mere beauty than mere intellect without their concomitants; for the one is a negative good, the other by a little misdirection is a positive evil and the characteristic of a fiend. He much regrets the tendency of the present day to bestow more admiration on intellectual than moral worth, and entered into an interesting disquisition on Wordsworth's theory that a man of genius *must* have a good heart. To make facts tally with theory, Wordsworth would deny genius right and left to Byron, Voltaire, and other difficult cases. We asked about Wordsworth's daughter: had she inherited any of her father's genius? "Would you have the disease of genius to descend like scrofula?" was his answer, and added that he did consider it a disease which amazingly interfered with the enjoyment of things as they are, and unfitted the possessor for communion with common minds. At the close of dinner he presented and read the following lines,

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* "In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the bard.
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed."—W. W.

which he had written whilst we were on Windermere, Aunt Charles being the inspirant:

"Full late it was last night when first we met,
And soon, too soon, must part this blessed day;
But these brief hours shall be like jewels set
In memory's coronet
For the dear sake of one that's far away.
Strangers we are, and strangers may remain,
And yet the thought of her we all have loved,
Methinks, by some unseen mysterious chain,
Will long detain
This one half-day when we together moved,
Together moved beneath the self-same hills,
And heard the murmur of the same sweet waters
Which she, light-footed comrade of the rills
And 'dancing daffodils,'
Has loved, the blithest of all nature's daughters."

Then he took us each by the hand, said good-by, and was gone, just bequeathing to Aunt Charles the finishing sentence, "to see *her*, I would go a great way."

I can only aim at a shadow portrait. Conjure up unto thyself, O Caroline, a little, round, high-shouldered man, shrunk into a little black coat, the features of his face moulded by habit into an expression of pleasantry and an appreciation of the exquisitely ludicrous. Such as one could fancy Charles Lamb's. Little black eyes twinkling intensely, as if every sense were called on to taste every idea. He is very anxious to establish an Ugly Club and to be its chairman; but really he is quite unworthy of the station, for odd enough he is, but never ugly, there is such a radiant light of genius over all. Barclay sent him the following lines:

"Child of a deathless sire! with what a throng
Of charms our friendship's childhood hath been fraught!
Born in a land of loveliness and song,
Nursed 'mid dear scenes, and fed on radiant thought,
And breathing images which came unsought.
Though all too swift those gilded moments fled,
Nor they, nor thou, shall ever be forgot;
Scion of Genius! on whose favored head
His wondrous mantle fell ere the great owner fled!"

Liverpool, September 14.—Papa took us to the meeting of the British Scientific Association. Wheatstone came up to us in the gallery, and was most agreeable and cordial; he told us of his electric conversations which are conducted by subterranean wires between here and London in a second or two. He took us to the Physical Section, where Sir David Brewster and Whewell were discussing some questions about spectrum light.

September 15.—Sharon Turner came to us and insisted on escorting us to the gardens. Before we got there he introduced us to Captain Ross and Lord Sandon, and on our way we picked up Sir William Hamilton and Colonel Sykes, the latter thoroughly cordial with his Cornish friends. Sir William Hamilton is a delightful person, very different to what we imagined from his pathetic speech at Bristol. He told us what they had been doing in Section A. At the chemical section he went to quarrel with the atomic theory, for he wishes the world to be resolved into a series of mathematical points, remarking that the nearer all the sciences approached Section A (Mathematics and Physics), the nearer they would be to perfection. I was presented to Lord Burlington, Dr. Lardner, and others, and we walked about and ate ices and met Sedgwick, who was very delightful, and all the Dons were there.

September 16.—Went to breakfast with S. Turner and his nieces. Sir William Hamilton, Lord Northampton, Lord Compton, and Lady Marion were there. Lord Northampton sat by me, and we had a thorough set-to on phrenology; Lord Compton was on the other side, and rather disposed to take my part. Lord Northampton bringing up the old arguments of varying thicknesses of skull, and the foolish instances of bad men having large veneration, etc., he acknowledged the force of my arguments; and the instance of Voltaire was quite new to him of the misdirection of this organ. He contends that all the hackney-coachmen in London should have immense locality, and I begged him to try the fact universally and report to the next meeting, which he promises to do. After

breakfast went to the closing meeting and heard various papers read and discussed. Then came forward our glorious chairman, Sedgwick, who, after saying many soft things to the soft sex, gave the moral of the science, that if he found it interfere in any of its tenets with the representations or doctrines of Scripture, he would dash it to the ground, gave the whys and the wherefores in his own most admirable method, and sat down; the synod was dissolved, and Sedgwick had disappeared.

Falmouth, October 5.—Went to Enys; found them with the addition of Davies Gilbert; he looks well, and they have all excessively enjoyed their time on the Continent. Read us some of his new book, in which he speaks very handsomely of papa and his doings. Drove on to Carclew; found Sir Charles Lemon and Lady de Dunstanville. Sir Charles told us that Professor Airy (whom he has invited to Carclew) was so shy that he never looked a person in the face. A friend remarked to him, "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the principle of double refraction." "Dear me! that is very odd," said the philosopher. "I should like to see that: do you think I might call?" He did so, and at the end of the visit begged permission to call again to see her eyes in a better light. He, however, found it a problem which would take a lifetime to study, and he married her. Lady de Dunstanville was in the House of Peers when the queen first appeared. It was a most imposing sight. Her voice was full, clear, and sweet, and distinctly heard. We drove home to a quiet afternoon. W. E. Forster* has come to stay a little, and looks taller than ever.

October 9.—Snow Harris gave us an account of Charles Kemble going to see Niagara, where he stood lost in the sublime and vast extent of this majestic vision, when he heard a Yankee voice over his shoulder, "I say, sir, what an omnipotent row! I calculate this is a pretty considerable water privilege, enough to suckle that ocean considera-bly!"

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* The Right Hon. William Edward Forster, M.P., Chief Secretary of State for Ireland.

Time this evening was very gracious, for it developed its dear impersonate Davies Gilbert. He had been holding his court and dining with his tenants. Soon after his arrival all the other gentlemen had to go off to a committee, so we had him all to ourselves. He repeated the admirable song of Trelawny with true Cornish energy, and gave us interesting accounts of his interviews with George IV., William IV., and the queen; the two former he visited in right of his Royal Society's Presidentship to get their signatures. To George IV. he went and requested that he would confirm the patent as his royal predecessors had done, and pointed out to him several of their signatures. "Would you show me Evelyn's?" said the king. "I have lately been reading his Memoirs with great interest." Davies Gilbert found and showed it, when the king remarked, "He was the founder of the Royal Society." Gilbert said it was his Majesty Charles II. who gave the first charter. "Very true," replied the king; "but that was only *ex officio;* any man who had happened to be in his situation would have done that; but Evelyn was the real founder, you may depend upon it." On leaving him, Davies Gilbert remarked to his friend, Sir Everard Home, "If that had not been the king, I should have remarked what an agreeable, intelligent man I have been conversing with,"—which delighted the king exceedingly on being told of it.

October 11.—Davies Gilbert very amusing on the subject of bringing up children. "Oh, indulge all their little innocent wishes, indulge them to the uttermost; 'twill give them fine tempers and give yourself much greater pleasure!" Once when in the House of Commons, a bill was brought forward by Fox to forbid the use of porter-pots in Westminster! Davies Gilbert opposed the bill as too absurd, and said he did not think it could be one that Mr. Fox himself approved, but that he was only bringing it forward in compliance with the wishes of some of his constituents. Fox was not in the House, but Sheridan immediately rose and declared that as a friend of Fox's he must entirely deny a charge so injurious to the reputation of the honorable member. It was Fox's bill, and

worthy of its high origin. Davies Gilbert could only say that of course he bowed to conviction, and must therefore bear the weight of the responsibility of differing from Fox. The next day he met Sheridan, who accosted him. "It was all perfectly true what you said yesterday, but I thought I must say what I did to keep up Fox's credit."

October 18.—Derwent Coleridge gave Barclay his own idea about Christabel. He thinks the poem all hinges on the lines—

> "And she in the midnight wood will pray
> For the weal of her lover that's far away,"

and that this is a Catholic idea of expiation, that the lover had fallen into some great sin, and Christabel was thus permitted to do penance for him by her own great suffering.

November 18.—Captain Ross dined with us, a very agreeable, well-disposed man. His Northwest stories were most interesting. He has been in every one of the Northern voyages, six in number, and fully intends and hopes to go again. The climate he thinks particularly healthy, for in all ordinary expeditions the common average of deaths would be thirty-seven, but on these was but twenty-five. He described the first appearance of the "Isabella." After an absence of five years, throughout which they managed to keep up hope, Captain Ross said to the lookout man, "What's that dark object in the distance?" "Oh, sir, 'tis an iceberg; I've seen it ever since I've been on watch." Captain Ross thought so too, but he could not be satisfied about it, and sent for his glass: he had no sooner viewed it than his best hopes were confirmed, and at the top of his voice he cried, "A ship! a ship!" Not one of the crew would believe him until they had seen it with their own eyes. They were soon in the boat, but a little tantalizing breeze would come and drive the ship on two or three miles and then cease, and this frequently repeated. It spite of all their signals, they were too insignificant to be seen, until Captain Ross fired off his musket half a dozen times, and at last it was heard and a boat was lowered. As soon as the ship's boat met these forlorn objects, twenty in

number, unshaven skin-clad sinners, they said, "You've lost your ship, gentlemen?" "Yes, we have," replied Captain Ross; "but what ship is this?" "The 'Isabella,' formerly commanded by Captain Ross," was the reply. "Why, I am Captain Ross." "Oh, no, sir, that impossible; Captain Ross has been dead these five years!" Dead or alive, however, they brought them to Hull, where they felt the most miserable anxiety as to what changes might have taken place in their absence; and Captain Ross added that in the following week he was the only one of the party not in mourning. When they came to the place of the "Fury's" wreck, they found all the stores in a perfect state of preservation. Captain Ross had fortunately been beach-master when these were deposited from the "Fury," and therefore knew exactly where each sort of provision and ammunition was to be found. Fifty miles before this delightful point, the party was so knocked up with hunger and fatigue that Captain Ross and three or four of the strongest went on with a little sledge and brought them back some sustenance till they could come to it themselves. Captain Ross had an experimental evening with papa, and left us at ten.

November 19.—Uncle Charles dined with us. He was delighted and dazzled by the display on the queen's day, and mentioned a right merry quibble perpetrated by my Lord Albemarle, who, on her Majesty's saying, "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them," pointed out, as their immediate Cockney answer to the query, "V. R."

December 15.—The Right Honorable Holt Mackenzie, son of the "Man of Feeling," introduced by his friend Colonel MacInnes, dined here to-day. He is a confirmed bachelor, travelling about with his own carriage and horses. He spends the winter at Penzance, and has lived twenty years in India. He used to attend Dugald Stewart's lectures, from which he thinks little was carried away; as far as he followed Reid he went well, but his speculations, he thinks, were obscure. He was a very shy man in company. Not so Lord Jeffrey, who

is almost a lecturer in society; so much so, that there was no room for any one to put in a word. Lockhart, too, much indulges his disposition for satire, and, being a reviewer by profession, he is cynical in reality. The "Man of Feeling" was written when Mackenzie was only twenty. He spoke very little of him; one can quite believe him to be his father's son, the bodily essence of a man all nerve.

CHAPTER IV.

1838.

"The names she loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."—O. W. HOLMES.

Paris, April 2.—Papa enjoyed his morning at the Academy, of which Becquerel is President.* Our fellow-traveller, the magnetic deflector, excited strong interest; even Gamby admitted, though unwillingly, the superiority of papa's method of suspension. There was a brilliant and very kindly assemblage of *savants*. Becquerel called the next day, and was delighted by a further examination of the instrument; and when papa showed him the clay with a vein in it galvanically inserted, he not only did not doubt the originality of the experiment (which H—— has accused papa of borrowing from Becquerel), but it was not until after a full discussion and a thorough cross-examination of the fact, that he could even admit it. He then made papa draw in his pocket-book the precise manner in which his "experiences" had been pursued, the relative position of wires, pots, and pans, with the intention of repeating it all himself. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the interview and conversation between these supposed rivals.

April 4.—Papa and Uncle Charles spent the morning most pleasantly at Arago's.† During their merry breakfast the

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* *Becquerel* (Antoine César), the eminent French physicist, born 1788; served in the army from 1808 to 1815, after which he entirely followed scientific pursuits. He was one of the creators of electro-chemistry, was elected a member of the Académie in 1829, and a foreign member of the Royal Society in 1837, and died 1878.

† *Arago* (Francois Jean Dominique), born near Perpignan in 1786, died in Paris October 2, 1853.

"toujours philosophe—is a fool" was the accepted motto. Arago pleaded guilty to the definition of Tories imputed to him in England, which originated, he said, in a conversation between Lord Brougham and himself on the doctrine of final causes. A noted Tory was referred to, and the question started as to his final cause. Arago thus solved the problem: "That as astronomers like to have some point from which to make their calculations, so the Tory was to be a fixed point whence to mark the progress of civilization and the development of the human mind." Speaking of Dr. Dalton, he said he could not take a joke at all. Once when he had taken a glass of wine, Arago, who does not drink any, remarked, "Why, you are quite a debauchee compared to me." The philosopher took it very ill, and did not recover for the evening. He was delighted with the specimens of artificial mineral veins which papa showed him, and asked, "Is there not some one who disputes your theory?—I forget his name." Papa suggested H——, who proved to be the worthy referred to. Uncle Charles mentioned some of the circumstances of the case, on which Arago remarked, "That reminds me of the man who told his friend that some person hated him. 'That's strange,' he replied; 'for I don't recollect ever having done him a kindness.'" So our gentlemen greatly enjoyed their morning with Arago. On begging for an autograph for me, he wrote a very kind note, and sent me interesting specimens of Humboldt's and Odillon Barrot's writing.

London, May 25.—Went to Exeter Hall, and, thanks to my dear brother's platform ticket and the good nature of the police, we got a place on the platform close to the speakers. Lord Brougham was in the chair, and the subject of the meeting was anti-slavery. We came in near the conclusion of Lord Brougham's speech, which was received with immense applause, so much so that very little could we hear, but I mean to get a printed paper. Sir G. Strickland succeeded him, then G. Thompson, who was followed by a Lincolnshire M.P., a Mr. Eardley, who entreated the meeting's attention for a few minutes whilst he avowed himself a warm supporter

of the anti-slavery cause, but opposed Lord Brougham's speech, which was evidently against ministers, particularly Lord John Russell, and was dictated by private pique and disappointed ambition. Here he was burst upon by a thunder of abuse: "Hiss, hiss, hiss!" "Down with him!" "Take him off!" "Stop him!" "Hiss, 'iss, 'iss!" he standing calm and erect till Thompson rose and begged for a little peace and quietness, assuring them that they need not be anxious about their chairman, as he was perfectly able to defend himself. This caused great clapping, and at Thompson's request the speaker was permitted to proceed. He went on to say that he had expected opposition, but not that the avalanche would so quickly descend and overwhelm the expression of his sentiments. He believed that he rose with a conscientious motive (hear! hear!), it was to vindicate in some degree the character of a really upright man (hear!) who had fallen under the Brougham-stick, Lord John Russell (agonies of abusive manifestations!), with whose vote he could by no means agree (hear! hear!), but he viewed him as one on whom the Light had not yet shined, but who would embrace it as soon as he was fortunate enough to perceive it. Lord Brougham arose to declare, from what he could gather of the honorable gentleman —"Mr. What is the gentleman's name? really it is one with which I am quite unacquainted"—he supposed that he wished to supplant him in the chair, which he thought a little unfair, as he had come in at the eleventh hour, whereas his (Lord Brougham's) opinions and efforts had been acknowledged ever since the first agitation of the subject. He dwelt eloquently for some time upon this point, and seated himself amidst deafening applause. Mr. Eardley arose and replied in the teeth of the multitude, and then Lord Brougham, with his usual nasal contortions, was very witty for some time, and proposed the election of another chairman, that he might legitimately engage in self-defence. This was seconded and loudly applauded, till some one assured them that a personal quarrel between Lord Brougham and Mr. Eardley was not at all relevant to the business of the meeting. The cheerful auditory

cheered still louder, and hissed the idea of Lord Brougham quitting his imperial seat for an instant. After much more discussion, Lord Brougham just rose to declare that so personal a dispute should trespass no longer on the time of the meeting, and therefore he would sum up and give a verdict in favor of the "counsel for the attack," and the people laughed very heartily. Sir George Murray then spoke in an agreeable, sensible, modest manner, his statements of the supineness of the legislature being very striking. But I must get a paper, particularly for a report of the speech of the "Member for Ireland" (O'Connell), which we could not distinctly hear from his turning his head the other way and emphatically dropping his voice. He began with a burst, "I was one of the ninety-six who voted for the Motion the other night, and this I desire may be set forth on my tombstone!" He spoke with energy, pathos, and eloquence. His mouth is beautifully chiselled and his nose *retroussé;* he is an uncommonly strong-looking, stout-built man, who looks as if he could easily bear the weight of the whole House upon his shoulders. He gave a grievous account of the Coolie importation; but I absolutely must have a paper.

June 1.—A breakfast-party of the Backhouses and William Edward Forster, after which we sallied forth to Deville's (the phrenologist). A gentleman and lady were there when we entered, and he was explaining several of the casts with which his room was lined, notably a very interesting series of American boys; another of a man who put himself under Deville's care for reformation, who told him that there was a lady whose development he had taken, and it would precisely suit him, so he married her! upon which one of our gentlemen said, "Oh, that's what makes your science so popular." Inquiries were made about large heads, and they proved to be generally lymphatic, small heads more energetic. W. E. Forster asked for the casts of Richard Carlisle, having seen them there on a former occasion, but Deville said they had departed, which W. E. Forster believed to be a mistake. He asked twice for them, and communicated his suspicions to us. At last, the

gentleman and lady leaving the room, Deville said, "That was Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle!" a singularly awkward coincidence. He is now, Deville says, going mad on religion, the lady he has married, a very lovely one, having had a wonderful effect upon him, and he is preparing a new version of the Bible.

June 2.—At Davies Gilbert's invitation we went to his "habitat," and were hailed at the door by the venerable philosopher. After a little visit to his sister, he got with us into our fly, and we drove to the Royal Society's Rooms at Somerset House. He is very busy establishing the standard of weights and measures, which was lost on the recent burning of the Royal Exchange. They are measured to a thousandth part of a grain. Duplicates are to be kept in all our colonies and the different European capitals, so that a similar loss need not be feared. He is going to-day to put the stars in order at Greenwich with Airy. Went first into the Council Room, having summoned the secretary, where was the reflecting telescope made by Sir Isaac Newton's own hands, the MS. copy of the "Principia" which went to the publisher, all in his neat hand and with his autograph, and there was an old portrait of him. In the library were two barometers which have just returned with Herschel from his expedition. Their assembly-room is hung round with portraits of their presidents and great members and patrons, dear old Davies Gilbert smiling on his living representative in the centre of the room. A fine bust of Newton here, his face quite full of nervous energy and deep reflection. On the table was a very splendid gold mace, which Gilbert informed us was the identical one which Cromwell ordered away when dissolving the Long Parliament.

June 5.—Found yesterday Professor Wheatstone's card, with a note requesting a call to-day at King's College. Therefore, after a quiet morning, went there, and found Uncle Charles with the professor inspecting his electric telegraph. This is really being brought into active service, as last week they began laying it down between London and Bristol, to cost two hundred and fifty pounds a mile. He then showed

us his "Baby," constructed in imitation of the human organs of speech; it can beautifully pronounce some words, and can cry most pathetically. He treated it in a most fatherly manner. His "Siren" is an extraordinary little instrument, so called because it will act under water; its object is to measure the intensity of sound. He then played the Chinese reed, one of the earliest instruments constructed, exhibited the harp, or rather sounding-board with additaments, which communicates with a piano two stories higher, and receives the sound from it quite perfectly through a conductive wire.* Wheatstone has been giving lectures, and in fact is in the middle of a course. No ladies are admitted, unluckily; the Bishop of London forbade it, seeing how they congregated to Lyell's, which prohibition so offended that gentleman, that he resigned his professorship. We left our friend, promising to repeat our visit, when he will have some experiments prepared.

June 11.—Breakfasted with Lister. He is a great authority on optics. Showed us varieties of fossil sections through his powerful chromatic—or something—microscope.

June 12.—Dined at the Frys', and had the pleasure of meeting the Buxton family. Fowell Buxton described his non-election at Weymouth as a most pathetic time. When he made his parting speech he began in a jocose fashion, but soon saw that that would not do, as one old man after another turned aside to cry. On the Sunday he went to church and listened to a most violent sermon against himself, person and principle. He spoke afterwards to one of his party on the bad taste and impropriety of introducing politics into the pulpit; in this he quite agreed, but added, "You had better say nothing on the subject, as at all the dissenting chapels they are telling the people that they are sure to go to a very uncomfortable place if they don't vote for you." He mentioned as a well-authenticated fact in statistics that two-thirds of all the matrimonial separations were of those who had been united by the runaway method.

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* Query—How far this was the origin of the telephone?

London, June 28.—Met Sir Henry de la Beche at the Athenæum among the crowd who came to see all they could of the Coronation. The De la Beche West Indian property is in a very flourishing state, thanks to the beautiful changes there. He has long used free labor, and found it answer well, though he was mightly persecuted for carrying out this system. A great deal of thoughtful talk on things as they are and things as they should be, on human nature, human prejudices, self-love, and self-knowledge. Whilst the royal party were in the Abbey, we wandered across the Park to see the ambassadors' carriages which were ranged there. They were very magnificent, the top of one being covered with what De la Beche called crowns and half-crowns; Soult's, one of the old Bourbon carriages, richly ornamented with silver; the Belgian very grand, but part of the harness tied together with string! The servants had thrown off their dignity, and were sitting and standing about, cocked hats and big wigs off, smoking their pipes. It was an odd scene.

Helston, August 14.—Derwent Coleridge was luminous on architectural subjects; he cannot bear a contrast being drawn between our own and foreign cathedrals in favor of the foreigner, and adduced a multitude of arguments and illustrations to show that, though parts of the foreign ones are more magnificent, yet the English far excel them in harmony of parts, consistency of design, and noble conception.

Falmouth, December 1.—An American gentleman breakfasted with us, a very intelligent young man. I find all Americans are great readers, principally political; each family also takes in two or three daily papers. He thinks the hot Abolitionists have done a great deal of harm to both master and slave. He has unfortunately much to do with the latter, and at the time of Thompson & Co.'s visit had to put several blacks in irons for insubordination. He cannot bear the principle of slavery, thinks Dr. Channing's letter unanswerable, says the Americans are waiting to see the result of our grand experiment in the West Indies, and that if that succeeds they will place the principle in working order among them-

selves. He met Miss Martineau with Dr. Channing at Philadelphia.

December 8.—Captain and Mrs. Ingram and others dined with us. S. T. Coleridge spent his last nineteen years in their immediate neighborhood with the Gilmans, who have appeared quite different since the departure of the bard,—their spirits broken, and everything testifying that Coleridge is dead. Captain Ingram used frequently to meet him there, and, though as a rule not appreciating such things, spoke with rapture of the evening with him, when he would walk up and down in the glories of a swelling monologue, the whole room hushed to deepest silence, that not one note might be lost, as they listened to the strains of the inspired poet.

December 28.—Whilst paying a visit at Carclew, in came the butler stifling a giggle and announcing "Dr. Bowring* and his foreign friend," who accordingly marched in. This egregious individual is Edhem Bey, Egyptian Minister of Instruction, and Generalissimo of the Forces. He was dressed in a large blue pelisse with loose sleeves, and full blue trousers, with scarlet gaiters and slippers, a gold waist-band a foot and a half in width, and on his right breast his decoration of the crescent in uncommonly large diamonds, said to be worth fifty thousand pounds! He is a tall man and very stout, with a rich complexion and black rolling eyes, aged about thirty-four. He is married to a beautiful Circassian, and only one, whom he bought at twelve years of age and wedded at fourteen. He is accompanied by Dr. Bowring, late editor of the "Foreign Quarterly," and Mr. Joyce, a civil engineer who has just refused a professorship at King's College. So these good people are come into Cornwall to inspect the mines and acquire what information they can, for the Bey is a remarkably intelligent man and bent on educating his countrymen. He talks French fluently. Sir Charles Lemon persuaded us

* *Bowring* (Sir John), K.C.B., LL.D., born 1792. Philosopher, poet, political writer, translator, reviewer, M.P., and in 1854 governor of Hong-Kong, editor of "Westminster Review," disciple of Jeremy Bentham, was his literary executor and editor, and died 1872.

to send our horses home and remain,—a most pleasant arrangement.

Dr. Bowring is a very striking-looking personage, with a most poetical, ardent, imaginative forehead, and a temperament all in keeping, as evidenced by his whole look and manner. He declared papa's name as much connected with Falmouth as the Eddystone lighthouse with navigation. Dr. Bowring knows Dickens and Cruikshank well,—the former a brilliant creature with a piercing eye, the other a very good fellow with excessive keenness of perception.

Dr. Bowring has no opinion of the Egyptian miracles recorded by Lane,* but ascribes them to a practical knowledge of the language, leading questions, and boundless credulity. He says they are now so much at a discount in their own neighborhood that when he was there he had not moral courage to investigate for himself. He has, however, seen the power exercised over serpents precisely similar to that described in Exodus as exhibited by the magicians. In a party he was at, a sorcerer declared, "I can strike any of you dumb:" so one was selected who took his station in the centre of the group, when with a wave of his hand the magician proclaimed, "In Allah's name, be dumb," when the man writhed in apparent anguish, utterly unable to disobey the command. This effect he attributes, not to electro-biology, but to a feeling in the patient that it was the mandate of Allah, and that disobedience would be equally criminal and impossible.

The Bey talked about the queen, whom he thinks a very interesting and dignified girl, but he laughs at her title as belonging far more properly to her ministers. He described many of the Egyptian musical instruments. Some pianos have lately been introduced, but his Excellency is specially fond of the harp. His long pipe was brought into the library by his servant Hassan, and we had a puff all round: it has

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* *Lane* (Edward William), author of "The Modern Egyptians" and translator of "The Arabian Nights;" born 1801, died 1876.

an amber mouth-piece set with diamonds. Opium and aromatic herbs are his tobacco, wine and lemonade his little by-play. Dr. Bowring seemed rather surprised at my ignorance of his "Matins and Vespers." He spoke a good deal of Joseph Wolff,* who, he says, has by his injudicious proceedings retarded the progress of Christianity in the East by about a century and a half,—sending a letter, for instance, to the Bey of Alexandria denouncing Mahomet as an impostor, instead of commencing on common ground. Lady Georgina Wolff said to Sir Charles Lemon, "You don't believe all my husband's stories, I hope, do you?" Dr. Bowring could not obtain an interview with Lady Hester Stanhope;† everybody in her neighborhood laughs at her, except her numerous creditors, who look grave enough. All consider her mad. One of her last delusions was that under a certain stone guarded by a black dragon, governed by a sable magician under her control, all the treasures of the earth were concealed; the query naturally being, why she did not give the necessary orders and pay her debts. Dr. Bowring knew Shelley and Byron intimately, and possesses an unpublished MS. by the former, which he thinks one of the most vigorous of his poems. It begins—

"I met Murder on his way,
And he looked like Castlereagh."‡

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* *Wolff* (Joseph), D.D., LL.D., son of a Jewish Rabbi, born 1795, baptized in Roman Catholic Church 1812, expelled for want of faith 1818, became Protestant and missionary, married 1827 Lady Georgina Mary Walpole, daughter of the second Lord Orford. He died 1862.

† *Stanhope* (Lady Hester), eldest child of the third Lord Stanhope, by his first wife Lady Hester Pitt, sister of the great statesman William Pitt, with whom she lived until his death. In 1810 she took up her abode on Mount Lebanon, adopted the dress of an Arabian chieftain, and was regarded by the Bedouins as Queen of the Wilderness. Her temper was most despotic, and her charities, when she had the means, extensive. Her memoirs, as related by herself, are most graphic and amusing. She died in Syria in 1839, aged sixty-three.

‡ Known as the "Mask of Anarchy." See vol. iii. p. 157 of Shelley's works, edited by H. Buxton Forman, who in the prefatory note says, "It was written in 1819, on the occasion of the infamous Peterloo affair, and sent to Leigh

He repeated a good deal more, which I cannot remember. In company Shelley was a diffident retiring creature, but most beautiful, with an interpenetrating eye of intense feeling; he had a fascinating influence over those who were much with him, over Byron especially. His unhappy views on religion were much strengthened, if not originated, by the constant persecution he endured, but these views had very little effect on his conduct.

He also repeated some unpublished lines of Byron's highly picturesque; he thinks his was a genius much mellowed by time. Mary Howitt he calls a sweet woman, and *à propos* of her husband he gave an "*aperçu*" of his own very radical views. We argued a little about it, and ended by conceding on the one hand that radicals and radicalism, according to their original meaning, were very different things; and, on the other, that to accomplish the greatest possible good by means of the least possible evil was a clear principle.

Mezzofanti* he knows well; they have just made him a cardinal; he is not a clever man, but has a knack of imbibing the sound of language independently of its principles and its application to reading foreign authors.

Hunt, who issued it in 1832, in a little volume with a preface of considerable interest." It commences—

> "As I lay asleep in Italy,
> There came a voice from over the sea,
> And with great power it forth led me
> To walk in the vision of poesy.
> I met Murder on the way,
> He had a mask like Castlereagh;
> Very smooth he looked, and grim,
> Seven bloodhounds followed him," etc., etc.

Sir John Bowring was, therefore, incorrect in saying it was an unpublished MS.

* *Mezzofanti* (Joseph Caspar), born 1774, celebrated as a linguist. One of the Hare brothers was his pupil. He lived at Bologna, his native town, and was spoken of as knowing forty languages. Lord Byron called him "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages, and a Briareus of parts of speech." In 1838 he was made Cardinal and Keeper of the Vatican Library. He died 1849, and was buried beside the grave of Tasso.

On going to the Holy Land the first voices Dr. Bowring heard were engaged in singing his hymn, "Watchman, watchman, what of the night?" which had been imported and translated by the American missionaries. His "Matins and Vespers" were the means of converting a poor Syrian, who on being shipwrecked possessed that and that only, which copy is now in the possession of the Bishop of Stockholm. He spoke of the striking effect in Mahometan countries of the sudden suspension of business and everything else at the hour of prayer; this induced an animated discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of these positive signs of devotion,—whether they did not rather satisfy the devotees with signs independent of the thing signified, or even familiarize the habit when the mind is not in a prepared state. The name of "Allah" is perpetually introduced in Oriental conversation, but still with a solemnity of intention and manner very different to our "God knows." We departed from this very interesting party in the evening, leaving the Bey absorbed in calculation consequent on his visit to the mines.

CHAPTER V.

1839.

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."—MILTON.

Falmouth, January 22.—T. Sheepshanks paid his respects to us. He told us that some years ago a Miss James, an eccentric lady, was walking from Falmouth to Truro, and fell in with a very intelligent man in a miner's dress. She entered into conversation, and concluded by giving him a shilling. In the evening she dined out, to meet Professor Sedgwick, and was not a little astonished to recognize in the professor her morning's friend of the pickaxe.

February 11.—Rode with Lady Elizabeth St. Aubyn to Flushing. She described Washington Irving, whom she met at Newstead Abbey, as a quiet, retiring, matter-of fact, agreeable person. He is unmarried; but time was when he was engaged to an American damsel, who caught a bad cold at a ball of which she at last died, but every night during her illness he would take his mattress outside her door and watch there.

April 3.—Found Mr. Sopwith at home, writing a letter and waiting for papa and Sir Charles Lemon. He is the great isometrical perspective man, and by degrees developed himself as a very agreeable and amusing one. He is come to help Sir Charles in organizing his School of Mines. Sir Charles soon joined him here, and paid a very nice visit. When Edhem Bey dined with him the other day, he had Sydney Smith to meet him. Sir Charles told his Excellency that he was "un ecclésiastique très-distingué:" so he was looked upon with the utmost reverence and devotion, until his stories and

funnyisms of all descriptions entirely displaced the Bey from his assumed centre of gravity.

We were pleased to hear of the exile of the Chartists from Devizes by the public spirit of its inhabitants. Talked about their principles, and the infidelity they have been preaching everywhere, our mines included. Sir Charles Lemon said they have been declaring that the difference between the rich and poor abundantly proved the non-existence of a God. Some one remarked that it is the rich, not the poor, who become infidels; only those renounce a Providence who do not feel the want of one.

April 6.—Whilst sitting quietly writing, George Wightwick most unexpectedly burst upon us. He criticised Hope's architecture. He (Hope) is a mere furniture-fancier, and all the architectural illustrations he adopts are the transition series, specimens of the tadpole state of the arts, before the shifting of the tails and assumption of the perfect symmetry of the frog. His own work is coming out soon, only waiting for the completion of the engravings, of which it is to be cramfull. His conversation was most interesting, comprising various details of the last days of Charles Mathews.* He was quite aware of his nearness to death, saying to Snow Harris, who thought him a little better, "Yes, I shall soon be very much better." The day before his death they were anticipating his birthday which would follow, when he would enter his sixtieth year. He said, "You may keep it; I don't expect to." He lived half an hour into it, when his wife, hearing him in pain from the next room, ran in to help, but by the time she reached the bed he was dead. During his illness he liked to have his friends about him, and was sometimes so irresistibly funny that even when he was in an agony they were obliged to laugh at his very singular expressions. Once they thought he was asleep and were talking around him, and one related how he had been in a fever, and was so

* Some of these appeared at the time in "Frazer's Magazine" in a paper written by Mr. Wightwick.

overcome with thirst that he seized a bottle by his side and swallowed its contents, which proved to be ink. Wightwick remarked, "Why, that was enough to kill him." The supposed sleeper yawned out, "Why, no; he'd nothing to do but swallow a sheet of blotting-paper!" As he was once sitting by the window, they saw him manifesting considerable and increasing impatience. "Why, what's the matter, Mathews?" "There, look at that boy! he's got a cloak on, little wretch! a boy in a cloak! I was a boy once; I never had a cloak; but see that little ruffian in a cloak! Faugh!" Once Wightwick brought a modest friend of his to see him, who gave up his chair successively to every person who entered the room; at last Mathews, growing irritable, called to Wightwick, "Do you know, your friend has given up his chair to every person who has entered the room and has never received a word of thanks from any of them. Do go and sit by him and hold him on it. I am quite fatigued by seeing him pop up and down." He was much tried at his son Charles's want of success as an architect, saying, "It is all very well his getting good dinners and good beds at the Duke of Bedford's, but they don't give him houses to build." He is now on the stage, and acts in vaudevilles and those French things. When in Dublin, Mathews expressed a great desire to get an invitation to meet Curran; Curran heard of it, and, unlike most men, on meeting Mathews accidentally in the street, addressed him as follows: "Mr. Mathews, I understand you have a desire to take my portrait; all I have to request is that you will do it to the life. I am quite willing to trust myself in your hands, persuaded that you will do me justice. May I offer you a ticket to a public dinner where I am to-day going to speak on the slave-trade?" He went, was thoroughly inoculated with the great orator's *savoir-faire*, studied the report of the speech, and gave it soon after in Dublin, Curran being present *incog*. He afterwards electrified London with the same speech, and infinitely increased its effect, his audience kicking each other's shins with excitement and crying "Hear, hear!" as if it was a genuine harangue.

Wightwick has been a great deal lately with the Bishop of Exeter, whom he finds a very interesting, well-informed man. He thinks his flattery rather a desire in action of making every one pleased with themselves; for does he ever flatter a superior? does he ever flatter in the House of Lords?

His remarks about Sir John Soane, the architect, were very characteristic. He was a highly nervous and, I should think, rather affected person; he could not abide truisms or commonplaces, and if any one made the common English challenge to conversation of "a fine day," he would either deny it flatly, or remark, "Evidently the sun is shining and the sky is blue; there cannot be a question on the subject." When Wightwick first went there he sent up his card, and soon followed it in person. Feeling nervous at being in the real presence of so great a man, he knew not how to begin, so said, "My name is Wightwick, sir," to be rebuffed by the reply, "Sir, I have your card; I see perfectly what your name is."

August 9.—Went to Trebah, heard an interesting and consecutive account of the P—— family of G——, who in the heyday of Irvingism were led into such wild vagaries by a lying spirit in the mouths of their twin-children of seven years old. These little beings gave tongue most awfully, declaimed against Babylon and things appertaining. Their parents placed themselves entirely under the direction of these chits, who trotted about the house, and everything they touched was immediately to be destroyed or given away as Babylonish! Thus this poor deluded man's house was dismantled, his valuable library dissipated, and himself and family thoroughly befooled. At last the younglings pointed out Jerusalem as the proper place for immediate family emigration, and everything was packed up, and off they set. The grandfather of the sprites was infinitely distressed at all these goings-on and goings-off, and with a pretty strong power intercepted his son at the commencement of his pilgrimage, and confined him to the house, inducing him to write to Irving to inquire how they were to find out whether they were influenced by a true or false spirit. Just before this letter reached him, a Miss

B——, under whose care these children first became possessed, had an interview with Irving, and, instead of being received by him with open arms, heard the terrible sentence, "Thou hast a lying spirit!" She flew into a vehement rage, and such a "spirituelle" scene took place between them as is quite indescribable. His remark was perhaps deduced from the fact that he had been informed of the failure of many of her prophecies. So he was prepared to write Mr. P—— a sketch of an infallible ordeal for his young prophets. He was to read them the text, "Try the spirits," and several others, and see how they acted. The letter was received by Mr. P—— in his library, Lord R——, Mr. W——, and some other Irvingites being assembled to receive it with due honor. The children, quite ignorant of the test preparing for them, were playing about the nursery. No sooner had the library party opened and read the letter, than little master in the nursery flew into a most violent rage, tore down-stairs on his hands and feet like a little demon, uttering in an unearthly voice, "Try not the spirits, try not the spirits," and in this style he burst in upon his fond relatives, and found them engaged in conning the test act. This opened their eyes at last pretty wide, and the papa said, "You're a bad boy; go up into your nursery, and you shall be punished!" By a judicious discipline these two children were rescued from what is considered, with some show of reason, to have been a demoniacal possession. The father, however, became insane ultimately from what he had passed through, and died in that state.

August 19.—A beautiful evening at Helston. Some reference to infant-schools drew Derwent Coleridge forth from his retirement in an easy-chair in a corner, and he launched out into a Coleridgean screed on education. He, no more than his father, admires the present system of mutual instruction and its accessories: the nearer you approach the old dame-school principle the better; from that system how many constellations arose, but what result have we yet had from those of Bell and Lancaster? All mechanical systems he holds as bad; wherever they appear to act well, it is from

the influence of individual minds, which makes them succeed in spite of the system. To build up the intellectual man is the purpose of education, and this is not effected by giving him a knowledge of the way in which one mass of matter acts on another mass of matter,—though he hopes he can appreciate this branch of knowledge too,—but first his memory is to be taxed and strengthened, even before his judgment; this is to be followed by the exercise of the will: for instance, let him, instead of being told the meaning of a word, search the lexicon and select from a number of synonymes the particular word which best suits his purpose; this induces a logical balancing of words. The advance made in knowledge of late years appears vast from being in the foreground of time, but, compared with the immense mass before accumulated, how little it is! Knowledge, he holds, like a true Coleridge, can be best diffused through concentration.

Having thus built up our intellectual man, we look at him in his waywardness and vagaries. The Plymouth Brethren came first on the field, among whom, to his great vexation and grief, are many of his friends. He imagines their spiritual views to resemble closely those of the early Friends; he greatly doubts the verity of their self-denial, particularly in separating themselves from the ordinary world around them and consorting only with congenial spirits. He spoke very civilly of modern Quakerdom, congratulating them on their preference for the cultivation of the intellect rather than the accomplishments of the person; also on having thrown aside the Puritanical spirit of their forefathers and distinguishing themselves instead by their own individual excellences and by their peculiar appreciation of the good and beautiful in others. Then we took sanctuary in the bosom of the Church from the hubbub of contending sectarians. She, it seems, ever since her first organization has been in a progressive state; it would be too long a task to prove why it was not and could not be most perfect at its first arising. He took us into his library, a most fascinating room, heated by a mild fire, just up to the temperature of our poet's imagination; coffee for

one on a little table, a reading-desk for the lexicon to rest on, and near it a little table covered with classic lore; in the centre the easy-chair of our intellectual man.

August 22.—With the Barclays of Leyton took luncheon at the Coleridges'. Mary Coleridge was bright and descriptive: she read a letter from Macaulay describing the state of feeling into which one of Samuel Wilberforce's sermons had thrown him, who is now on a tour westward for the S. P. G. Derwent Coleridge talked about architecture,—the folly and antiquity of the phrase of a man being his own architect, an expression ridiculed by Livy but still claiming satire; he regrets that our family, having pretty places, have not houses regularly and professionally built to correspond. He spoke kindly of G. Wightwick, considering that scope is all he lacks for a display of his powers; dwelt on the advantage it is for a town to have a good style of building introduced, such as they have aimed at in Helston. He has just returned from Paris, but must visit it again to separate in his own mind between the new and the admirable; he thinks England vastly grander in every respect, and holds the Palais Royal to be the only really fine thing in Paris. We, however, borrow our ideas of taste from them, in patterns, dresses, furniture, etc. Throwing open the picture-galleries he conceives to be, not the cause, but the effect of a love of art: if the same system were pursued in England the moneyed population would be excluded, as nothing here is valued for which money is not paid.

September 3.—Mr. Gregory told us that, going the other day by steamer from Liverpool and London, he sat by an old gentleman who would not talk, but only answered his inquiries by nods or shakes of the head. When they went down to dinner, he determined to make him speak if possible: so he proceeded, "You're going to London, I suppose?" A nod. "I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?" There was no repelling this, so his friend with the energy of despair broke out, "I-I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-going to D-D-D-Doctor Br-Br-Br-Brewster to be c-c-c-cured of this sl-sl-sl-slight im-impediment in my sp-sp-sp-sp-

speech." At this instant a little white face which had not appeared before popped out from one of the berths and struck in, "Th-th-th-that's the m-m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-c-c-cured me!"

Letter from E. Crouch, dated, like the negro when asked where he was born, "All along de coast."

October 4.—Though the weather was abundantly unfavorable, we started at eight for Penzance. At Helston found Sir Charles Lemon, who had got wet through, and after drying himself was glad to accept a place in our carriage instead of his gig, and we had an exceedingly pleasant drive to the Geological meeting. He has just left the Bishop of Norwich, who is gradually converting his enemies into friends by his uniform straightforwardness and enlarged Christian principle. One of his clergy who had been writing most abusively of him in the newspapers had on one occasion some favor to solicit, which he did with natural hesitation. The bishop promised all in his power and in the kindest manner, and when the clergyman was about to leave the room he suddenly turned with, "My lord, I must say how very much I regret the part I have taken against you; I see I was quite in the wrong, and I beg your forgiveness." This was readily accorded. "But how was it," the clergyman continued, "you did not turn your back upon me? I quite expected it." "Why, you forget that I profess myself a Christian," was the reply.

Of Dr. Lardner he mentioned that, having quarrelled with his wife and got a divorce, and his name being Dionysius and hers Cecilia, has gained for him the august title of Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily!

October 8.—The Bucklands dined with us, after a Polytechnic morning. Mrs. Buckland is a most amusing, animated woman, full of strong sense and keen perception. She spoke of the style in which they go on at home, the dust and rubbish held sacred to geology, which she once ventured to have cleared, but found it so disturbed the doctor that she determined never again to risk her matrimonial felicity in such a cause. She is much delighted at the idea of sitting in St.

Michael's chair, that she may learn how managing feels. Davies Gilbert tells us that Dr. Buckland was once travelling somewhere in Dorsetshire, and reading a new and weighty book of Cuvier's which he had just received from the publisher; a lady was also in the coach, and among her books was this identical one, which Cuvier had sent her. They got into conversation, the drift of which was so peculiar that Dr. Buckland at last exclaimed, "You must be Miss ——, to whom I am about to deliver a letter of introduction." He was right, and she soon became Mrs. Buckland. She is an admirable fossil geologist, and makes models in leather of some of the rare discoveries. Dr. Buckland gave a capital lecture at the Polytechnic this evening,—a general, historic, and scientific view of the science of geology, beautifully illustrated by De la Beche's map. Sir H. Vivian was chuckling over the admirable Ordnance map. "I got that map for you; I was determined he should do my county first, and so I sent him down direct." Dr. Buckland compared the bursting of granite through the Killas—which is the almost constant condition—to a shawl wrapped round you, and, to illustrate the cracks in all directions, he must needs suppose it a glass shawl, which would split in rays. Such illustrations are very characteristic of his graceless but powerful and comprehensive mind. He supports the igneous theory, and compared the world to an apple-dumpling; the apple is the fiery flop of which we are full, and we have just a crust to stand upon; the hot stuff in the centre often generates gas, and its necessary explosions are called, on earth, volcanoes. Some of those mineral combinations which can only be produced by heat are even now being constantly formed by volcanic action. He tells us that some anthracite is to be found near Padstow,—not enough, however, for commercial purposes. In announcing himself in part a Huttonian,* he cautioned his

* *Hutton* (James), M.D., born 1726, author of the "Plutonian Theory of Geology:" he published much, and upon some of his theories being vigorously attacked by Dr. Kirwan they were as zealously defended by Professor John Playfair. He died 1797.

hearers against running away with an opinion or statement beyond what the lecturer had warranted. Speaking of the modern tendency to fancy danger to religion in the investigations of physical science, he remarked, "Shall we who are endowed by a gracious Creator with power and intelligence, and a capacity to use them,—shall we sit lazily down and say, Our God has indeed given us eyes, but we will not see with them; reason and intelligence, but we will exert neither? Is this our gratitude to our Maker for some of his choicest gifts, and not rather a stupid indifference most displeasing in his sight?" He made some good allusions to Sir Charles Lemon's mining school, and mentioned the frequent evidence of the fact that barbarians of all nations (no allusion to Sir C. L. or Cornish miners) have hit on similar expedients for supplying their necessities; the old Celtic arms, for instance, are of precisely the same form as the axes and hatchets contrived by the New Zealanders. Speaking of the immense real value of iron, he remarked, "What a fortune for a man, cast into a country where iron was unknown, would the bent nail from the broken shoe of a lame donkey be!" and altogether the lecture was much more agreeable and less coarse than when he treats of the footsteps of animals and birds on the old red sandstone. Davies Gilbert walked home with us, and was very bright after all the labors of the day; gave us instances of his mediation with papas in favor of runaway daughters, and mentioned as a good converse to his system the manner in which old Thurlow received the news of his dear daughter, who had taken her fate into her own hands. "Burn her picture! Break up her piano! Shoot her horse!"

October 9.—Snow Harris lunched with us; much pleasant conversation on different modes of puffing. He mentioned that Day & Martin used to drive about in a gig in their early days all over the country, one as servant to the other, and at every inn the servant would insist on having his master's shoes cleaned with Day & Martin's blacking, "as nothing else was used by people of fashion," and so induced large orders.

October 25.—G. Wightwick and others dined with us. He

talked agreeably about capital punishments, greatly doubting their having any effect in preventing crime. Soon after Fauntleroy was hanged, an advertisement appeared "To all good Christians! Pray for the soul of Fauntleroy." This created a good deal of speculation as to whether he was a Catholic, and at one of Coleridge's soirées it was discussed for a considerable time; at length Coleridge, turning to Lamb, asked, "Do you know anything about this affair?" "I should think I d-d-d-did," said Elia, "for I paid s-s-s-seven and sixpence for it!"

October 26.—Poor J—— B—— in distressing delirium, having taken in ten hours the morphia intended for forty-eight. He was tearing off his clothes, crying out, "I'm a glorified spirit! I'm a glorified spirit! Take away these filthy rags! What should a glorified spirit do with these filthy rags?" On this E—— said, coaxingly, "Why, my dear, you wouldn't go to heaven stark naked!" on which the attendants who were holding him were mightily set off.

November 5.—A pleasant visit to Carclew. E. Lemon told us much of the Wolffs: he is now Doctor, and has a parish near Huddersfield. She was Lady Georgina's bridesmaid, and the wedding was an odd affair indeed. It was to her that Lady Georgina made the remark, after first seeing her future husband, "We had a very pleasant party at Lady Olivia Sparrow's, where I met the most interesting, agreeable, enthusiastic, ugly man I ever saw!" She is a clever, intellectual woman, but as enthusiastic, wandering, and desultory in her habits as himself. E. Lemon has been not long since at Venice. She told us that poor Malibran when she was there did not like the sombre regulation causing the gondolas to be painted black, and had hers colored green; this, she was informed officially, would never do. "Then I won't sing!" was the prompt and efficacious reply, and the siren lulled to slumber the sumptuary law of Venice.

December 8.—Barclay brought home a capital answer which a Cornish miner made to Captain Head (when travelling with him), who, looking at the Alleghany Mountains, asked him,

"Can anything be compared to this?" "Yes; them things at home that wear caps and aprons!" said the faithful husband.

December 13.—Papa and I were busy writing, when, to our surprise, in walked Dr. Bowring. He is come to stand for this place, an enterprise in which papa said what he could to discourage him. He promises to incur no illegitimate expenses, and therefore has not the least chance of success. He has just returned from a diplomatic visit to Berlin.

December 14.—Dr. Bowring dined with us, after addressing the Penryn constituency and being rather disgusted by their appearance. The only thing in his speech that at all touched them was his declaration that he was half a Cornishman, his mother being the daughter of the clergyman and schoolmaster of St. Ives, Mr. Lane, whose memory, he understood, is still held in the odor of sanctity. Three years ago he had a very pleasant interview with the present Pope. He and Mr. Herries, a Tory M.P., went together and found him alone in a small room, dressed in pure white from head to foot, without any ornament but the gold cross on his shoe which the clergy kiss. The etiquette is for cardinals to kiss the St. Peter's ring on his finger, bishops to kiss the knee, and the lower clergy the cross on the shoe. Dr. Bowring on this occasion had a cardinal's privilege. The Pope gave an immediate and amusing proof of his fallibility by addressing Mr. Herries as a champion of liberty of conscience, and protector of the rights of the Catholics, mistaking him for Dr. Bowring, whom he mistook for an Irish M.P. Dr. Bowring told him he was not a Roman Catholic, but a heretic, a Scotch Presbyterian,—which he then was. The Pope was very agreeable, and when Dr. Bowring spoke to him of free trade he said, "It's all very good, but I think my monopoly is a better thing."

Dr. Bowring had also formerly had an audience of Napoleon's Pope, a very pleasant man; they talked on poetry, each repeating passages from Dante, who, his Holiness informed the doctor, had lived in the very same cell which he once inhabited in a Carthusian monastery. The Pope's secretary,

who ushered him into his presence, was a lineal descendant of the Consul Publius Manlius, whose landed property had descended to him.

He knows the Buxtons and Gurneys, and received an interesting letter from Sarah Buxton acknowledging a nosegay of flowers gathered at Bethlehem and Nazareth. When in the Holy Land he felt himself completely thrown back into gospel history and gospel times, so stationary are the customs of the people. Often were passages of Scripture recalled to his mind by events passing around him, as when on the shore of the lake of Tiberias one of those sudden storms arose so beautifully described in the Bible. He was once at Sychar in Samaria, just at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and had been recommended to the high-priest, with injunctions to show him everything in his church. Among other treasures he showed him the oldest MS. extant, namely, the Samaritan version of the Bible, three thousand five hundred years of age. In this the high-priest pointed out to him a text, "On Mount Gerizim is the place where men ought to worship," which he said the Jews had purposely omitted in their version: he inveighed against them in the very same spirit described eighteen hundred years ago. In accordance with this text, all the Samaritans assemble annually on Mount Gerizim and perform their worship there. Damascus is an extremely interesting city, everything kept as of yore,—the street called Straight, the house of Ananias, the prison in the wall, through whose window Paul escaped in a basket; every cherished event has here "a local habitation and a name" handed down by tradition. He was very anxious to see Lady Hester Stanhope, and wrote to her physician for leave to do so. Her reply was, "No, I won't receive any of those rascally English." She had a notion that the Scotch and Albanians were the only honest people to be found anywhere. She greatly blamed Joseph Wolff for apostatizing from so old and respectable a religion as Judaism, and in a celebrated letter to him she says, "Can you for an instant think anything of Christianity if it requires the aid of such a vagabond adventurer as yourself to make it known?"

Many of the Druses are now becoming Christians, and, as their doing so disqualifies them from certain civil offices, Dr. Bowring wrote to Mahomet Ali, begging him not to let them suffer for attending to the dictates of conscience, and received this message in reply, from the Prime Minister: "His Highness's principles of toleration may ever be depended on." In the Egyptian burial-grounds repose millions of mummies, which any one may have for the trouble of digging. One which his boy opened slowly emitted, to their infinite horror, a live black snake. In Phœnicia the people eat cream just like the Cornish folk, which raised the question whether it was imported from Cornwall with the tin.

December 16.—A government messenger has persuaded Dr. Bowring to resign his parliamentary views in favor of another who has a long purse and is willing to use it. He was low and vexed about the business, having had the trouble and expense of coming here to no purpose; however, he does not wish to split the Falmouth Reformers, and accordingly published his farewell address and retired.

December 28.—News arrived to-day in an indirect manner of the death of poor, dear, long-loved Davies Gilbert; no particulars but that it came suddenly at last.

CHAPTER VI.

1840.

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."—SHAKESPEARE.

Falmouth, January 1.—Entered on another year. Happy experience emboldens us to look forward with joyful anticipations to the voyage of life; we have been hitherto in calm water indeed, and for this how thankful should we be, but we must expect some gales before we drop our anchor. May we be prepared to meet them!

Alexander Christey left us after dinner for Nice *viâ* London. He told us about Robert Owen (the Socialist), an old friend of his father's. He is making numberless converts among the manufacturing districts. He and his family dwell in New Harmony in the United States. William Fenwick spoke of his grandfather having fished out Sir John Barrow from behind a linen-draper's counter, discovered his latent talents, had him taught mathematics, and finally introduced him to the world, in which he has made such good way.

January 5.—After dinner Nadir Shah was announced, and in waddled this interesting *soi-disant* son of the late Sultan. He does not look nearly so distinguished as in native costume. He talks English beautifully, having been here three times, and described the manner in which he learned it in five months: took an English professor, made himself master of the alphabet, but resolutely resisted the idea of spelling, told his master, "I'll pay you ten times as much if you will teach me in my own way. I understand that Milton and Shakespeare are the finest writers in English, so you must now teach me in them." The plan succeeded, to the astonishment of the professor. He is acquainted with Edhem Bey, but speaks

of his plan for artificial inundations of the Nile as not feasible, in consequence of its having so many mouths, each of which would require a separate embankment. The idea has been before started. Spoke of Mahomet Ali as a capital general, and a character of great penetration,—able, though not an original genius himself, to see and appreciate the talents, opinions, and advice of others, as useful a quality as originality. He shrugged his shoulders when Russia was talked of, and said he should act in the same manner as Nicholas if he had the power: he should try and extend his possessions. Spoke of the wonderful libraries they have in Turkey, old Arabic and Persian manuscripts; the Austrian government has employed people to copy those in the various public collections for its own use, not for publication.

January 10.—Received my last frank to-day from Sir Charles Lemon. What a happiness for the M.P.'s that daily nuisance being superseded.

January 23.—Went to Perran* to breakfast, and found that we had been preceded about five minutes by Derwent Coleridge and his friend John Moultrie. The first half-hour was spent in petting the cats; but I should begin by describing the Leo Novo. Moultrie is not a prepossessing-looking personage,—a large, broad-shouldered, athletic man, if he had but energy enough to develop his power,—a sort of Athelstane of Coningsburgh; but his countenance grows on you amazingly; you discover in the upper part a delicacy and refinement of feeling before unrecognized, and in the whole a magnanimity which would inspire confidence. But certainly his face is no directing-post for wayfaring men and women, "Take notice, a Poet lives here!" He talks as if it were too much trouble to arrange his words, but out they tumble, and you gladly pick them up and pocket them for better or for worse; though, truth to tell, his conversation would not suggest the author of the "Three Sons." Derwent Coleridge was bright and genial,

* Then the residence of Charles Fox and his wife, who afterwards moved to Trebah, which at this period was only used as a summer residence.

—his mobile, refined, even fastidious countenance so truly heralding the mind and heart within. Breakfast was fully appreciated by our hungry poets. Something was said about the number of seals lately seen sporting off Portreath, and the idea was mooted that the mermaids were nothing but seals, and their yellow locks the long whiskers of the fish. "Oh, don't say so," pleaded Moultrie. Then came some anecdotes of the mild old (Quaker) banker Lloyd, brother to the poet, and himself a translator. Derwent Coleridge asked him why he had never translated the Iliad. "Why," answered the old Friend of seventy-four, "I have sometimes thought of the work, but I feared the martial spirit." Once a shopkeeper had sent his father some bad article, and he was commissioned to go and lecture him therefor; on his return home he was asked, "Hast thou been to the shop to reprove the dealer?" "Yes, father, I went to the shop, but a maiden served, and she was so young and pretty that I could not rebuke her." One other, and a graver, remembrance of the good old man: Derwent Coleridge when seventeen had some serious conversation with him, from which he suddenly broke off, saying, "But thou wilt not understand what I mean by the *Unction*." Whenever he now hears the word this remark recurs to his mind, and with it the peculiarly deep and solemn feeling it inspired, and the recognition of that spiritual meaning which Friends attach to the word Unction, that which is indeed spirit and life. He read to Moultrie his brother Hartley's address to the Mont Blanc butterfly, and got as well as he could through certain difficult lines. He excessively admires the terseness of some of them, particularly,—

> "Alas! he never loved this place,
> It bears no image of his grace;"

and the concluding line,—

> "Where there's nothing to do, and nothing to love!"

this vacuity both of action and passion. He recognized the

poem instantly as Hartley's when it appeared in the "Penny Magazine," and greatly prides himself on having seen Lamb's touch in four simple little lines, before he had ever heard of his writing poetry. Talked delightfully about "Elia;" sees most genius in "New Year's Eve," and repeated some as it should be repeated. J. Moultrie wrote a sonnet for me, illustrating the difference between the sister arts of poetry and painting, and read it; his voice and reading a painful contrast to the almost too dulcet strains of his beloved friend. But there is such honesty in his tones! He quarrelled with certain gilt scissors of Anna Maria's because they were a deceit in wishing to appear gold, and an unreasonable deceit, because gold is not the metal best adapted for cutting, and doubly unsuitable for Anna Maria, considering her religious principles, which bound her over to abhor alike gilding and deceit. He very properly lectured us for saying "thee,"* promised to *tutoyer* us as long as we liked, but not to answer to *thee*. Coleridge had mentioned to him as one of the attractions of the place that *thou* was spoken here. The mutual affection of these two men is very lovely. Never does Moultrie know of Derwent Coleridge being in troubles or anxieties but down he posts to share them. They give a very poor account of Southey. On his bridal tour a species of paralysis of the brain came on, and when they arrived at Keswick Mrs. Southey begged his daughter to retain her place as housekeeper, that she might devote herself to nursing her husband. The family are delighted with her. Whenever they want his attention they have to rouse him out of a sort of stupor.

January 31.—L. Dyke was in the church at Torquay last Christmas day, when a modest and conscientious clergyman did duty in the presence of the bishop. In reading the communion service he substituted "condemnation" in the exhortation, "He that eateth or drinketh of this bread and this cup unworthily," etc. "Damnation!" screamed the bishop,

* Friends in familiar converse are apt to use *thee* ungrammatically, as if a nominative.

in a most effective manner, to the undisguised astonishment of the congregation."

February 8.—Barclay has been much pleased with a Mr. Sterling, a very literary man, now at Falmouth, who was an intimate friend of S. T. Coleridge during the latter part of his life. When his friends were around him, however conversation began, Mr. Sterling would easily bring it to a serious point, and launch out into theological disquisitions.

One of the most delicious *non-sequiturs* that I ever heard was told by Leigh Hunt, where a cockney declares, "A mine of silver! A mine of silver! I have seen the boys and girls playing in the streets; but, good heavens, I never even heard of a mine of silver."

Mrs. Mill, with her daughters, Clara and Harriet, have been for some weeks nursing Henry Mill, who is dying of consumption in lodgings on the Terrace. Mamma and Barclay have both seen him, and speak of him as a most beautiful young creature, almost ethereal in the exquisite delicacy of his outline and coloring, and with a most musical voice.

February 10.—The queen's wedding-day. Neck-ribands arrived, with Victoria and Albert and loves and doves daintily woven in. Falmouth very gay with flags. Mr. Sterling called; a very agreeable man, with a most Lamb-liking for town life. He went with papa to Penjerrick.

February 13.—To Perran Foundry under Aunt Charles's guidance; met there Derwent Coleridge, and Barclay brought John Sterling to see them cast fourteen tons of iron for the beam of a steam-engine. This was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and induced sundry allusions to Vulcan's forge and other classical subjects. The absolute agony of excitement displayed by R. Cloke, the foreman, was quite beautiful. John Sterling admired his energetic countenance amazingly, and thought it quite the type of the characteristic Cornish physiognomy, which he considers Celtic. This beam was the largest they had ever cast, and its fame had attracted almost the whole population of Perran, who looked highly picturesque by the light of the liquid iron. My regretting

that we had no chestnuts to employ so much heat which was now running to waste induced a very interesting discourse from Sterling, first, on the difference between utilitarianism and utility, then on the sympathy of great minds with each other, however different may be the tracks they select. It is folly to say that a man of genius, or one in whom moral philosophy has lighted her torch, cannot, if he would, understand any object of human science. As an extreme demonstration, you might as well assert that a poet could not learn the multiplication table. Plato and Pythagoras held all philosophy to be included in the properties of numbers; on the other hand, Watt was a great novel-reader, and many others had similarly involved gifts. D. Coleridge joined us, and we continued a most delectable chat, to which poetry was added by the last-comer. The triumph of machinery is when man wonders at his own works; thus, says Coleridge, all science begins in wonder and ends in wonder, but the first is the wonder of ignorance, the last that of adoration. Plato calls God the great Geometrician. Sterling exceedingly admires our hostess's face, fancying himself in company with a Grecian statue, and, in reference to the mind evolved in her countenance, quoted those beautiful lines from the opening of "Comus,"—

> "Bright aerial spirits live unsphered
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth!"

Surveyed the foundry, almost everything eliciting something worth hearing from one of our genii. After luncheon we went to Barclay's cottage, looked over engravings, and listened to Sterling's masterly criticisms which kept almost every one silent. Sitting over the fire, a glorious discussion arose between Coleridge and Sterling, on the effect of the Roman Catholic religion, Sterling holding that under its dynasty men became infidels from detecting the errors and sophistry and not caring to look beyond, whilst women became superstitious because, in conformity with their nature, they must

prostrate themselves before some higher power. Coleridge contended that women were naturally more religious and able to extract something good from everything. We had to drive off and leave this point unsettled. Spent a most happy morning.

February 16.—Saw Dr. Calvert* for the first time. John Sterling brought him in; a nervous suffering invalid, with an interesting and most mobile expression of countenance. They joined mamma and Anna Maria in a pony ride, and left them perfectly enchanted with their new acquaintances. He is staying at Falmouth on account of ill health. We afterwards had a delightful walk to Budock. Dr. Calvert described being brought up as a Friend, and he perfectly remembers riding on a little Shetland pony to be christened. He is very anxious to go to Meeting on the first favorable opportunity, to put himself in a position to prove the correctness of some of those tenets of Friends which he has been interested in studying. Spoke of his severe illness at Rome last winter, brought on by the excitement of his locality. John Sterling had to leave him on account of his baby's death, and he was brought to the brink of the grave. After three months' residence in Rome, he was carried out by his servant in a blanket, but he added, "I am very glad that I was brought to that state of lonely wretchedness, as it gives me confidence that that Providence which then protected and consoled me will not forsake me at any other crisis." He is still in very weak health, and apparently quite resigned to this trial.

February 17.—Took a short walk with Clara Mill. Her eldest brother, John Stuart Mill, we understand from Sterling, is a man of extraordinary power and genius, the founder of a new school in metaphysics, and a most charming companion.

February 18.—Little visit from John Sterling, to the fag-end of which I became a witness. The talk was of Irving,

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* Carlyle gives much interesting detail of Dr. Calvert and his friendship with John Sterling in his biography of the latter.

who came up to town with a magnificent idea of being like one of the angels in the Apocalypse or prophets of old: had he followed out this idea with simplicity, he might have succeeded, for it was a grand one. Chalmers is a man of very inferior genius, but by working out his more modest ideas and directing his attention to the good of others rather than to his own fame, he has been much more useful. Fine ladies would go and hear Irving just as they would to see Kean or anything good of its class, and his eloquence was singularly impassioned, though, through all, his love of admiration was distinguishable. Sterling holds that a man's besetting sin is the means employed for his punishment: thus vanity acted in the case of Irving. Henry Melvill is considered the most eloquent clergyman of the present day, but of him, Stephen, son of the abolitionist, and one of the hardest-headed men extant, says it only reminds him of burning blue lights.

Wilberforce was likewise talked over, and the Clarkson controversy. The Wilberforce party quite own themselves defeated. When Clarkson's book on Slavery came out some thirty years since, Coleridge, though quite unknown to the "Edinburgh Review," wrote to Jeffrey, described Clarkson as a sincerely good man, writing with a worthy object, and therefore begged that his work, though abounding with literary defects, might not be made ridiculous after the fashion of the "Edinburgh Review." Jeffrey answered, entirely agreeing with him, and requesting him to undertake the work. This he did, and a most beautiful piece of writing it is, so different from the *jejune* spirit in which the "Edinburgh Review" articles are generally composed, as is most refreshing and brings you quite into a new world. Sydney Smith's works then came on the tapis; Sterling considers them mere jest books, and, though quite for extending the license of the clergy, would not favor a clergyman's doing what a man should not do, referring to the mince-meat he made of Methodists and Evangelicals. All this and more; but here I shall stop.

February 19.—Violent snow-storm through the day. In

spite of it, we walked with John Sterling and Clara Mill round Pennance; talked first of the education of the mind and how to train it to reflection. For this, he would recommend the study of Bacon's Essays, Addison's papers, and Milton's tract on Education, and Pensées de Pascal. From these you may collect an idea of the true end of life; that of Bacon was to heap together facts, whilst Pascal's was to make conscience paramount. He considers Bacon's the best book in the English language. He would not recommend Milton's polemic works generally, as many of his controversies are on subjects which have drifted away on the sea of time. Talked over German literature, to which he is very partial. Of Stilling he told that, coming into a table-d'hôte room, all the young men began to ridicule his gaunt appearance, but a dignified-looking person checked them, desiring them not to ill-treat a stranger till they had ascertained that he deserved it. This proved to be Goethe. He was on many occasions very kind to Stilling, to whom the above was his first introduction, and Stilling was heard to wonder that such a pagan as Goethe should exercise the kindly duties of nature towards him, when his own mystical brethren were content to leave him to his fate. Goethe affected to detest metaphysics in its higher branches; how truly, his works will best prove.

Sterling recommended Lessing's Fables for beginning German, or Schiller's "Thirty Years' War." He is himself, he says, condemned to idleness both of mind and body, without any promise of being in the end restored to intellectual vigor, which he feels a dreary sentence. All his clerical duty was performed near Eastbourne, as curate to Julius Hare; this continued but seven months, when his health drove him from the active duties of life. Hare possesses a wonderfully comprehensive mind, but never does himself justice,—leads a recluse life, is little known, and has a very unfortunate address. He is one of our best German scholars, and has a glorious German library; to him Sterling's poems are dedicated. Spoke of the mistake many make in objecting to the explosion of a favorite fallacy, or displaying the inaccuracy

of a beautiful allusion (or illusion), on the score of its destroying beauty, whereas if they would rather search for truth than beauty they would always find the latter comprehended in the absolute former. He occasionally writes in "Blackwood," though disagreeing in politics.

We geologized at the Elvan course and scrambled at Pennance, gave Clara Mill a thorough insight into the practicabilities of Cornish miners, and returned well pleased with our expedition. Discovered many mutual friends.

February 21.—Went this evening to a lecture written by Sambell, the deaf and dumb architect, and read by young Ellis. It was a good lecture, and beautifully illustrated, principally by subjects of Egyptian architecture,—the Pyramids, as he conceived them to have at first existed, with an obelisk at the top, the temple of Isis, Palmyra's ruins, Luxor, Elephanta and Ellora, etc. He conceives Solomon's Song of Loves to the chief musician on Higgcoth should be translated lilies, which includes a delicate compliment to his Egyptian bride, who came from the land of lilies, and referred to the custom of all the singing-women wearing a lily in their hair. The Egyptians have a legend that their kingdom and monuments were to last three thousand years, and accordingly built for that period, unlike the Babylonians, who cared only for the present. The ruins of Palmyra indicate, by the beautiful surmountings of their columns, that it never was roofed in, but was an open temple. Next autumn he means to give a second essay on architecture.

February 22.—Took Clara Mill a nice blowing walk; joined by John Sterling, who declared himself a hero of romance, having just been robbed of his hat by Æolus, who forthwith drowned it in Swanpool; he tried to bribe a little boy to go in after it, but he excused himself upon the ground of not having been brought up to the water! Our talk was of Sir Boyle Roche, the bully of the Irish Parliament, who said the most queer things, and made the most egregious bulls, with, as some imagine, a deeper meaning than he would confess to. One on record was, wishing to say something civil to a

friend, he expressed it thus: "I hope whenever you come within ten miles of my house, you'll stay there." When Curran (whose private character was none of the best) had a dispute on some occasion with another Irish M.P., and it was waxing somewhat warm, honorable members interfered to prevent anything unpleasant, on which Curran rose and declared that he was the guardian of his own honor. Up jumped Roche with, "Mr. Speaker!" "Order, order." "But, Mr. Speaker—" "Order; Mr. Curran is speaking." "But, Mr. Speaker, I only wanted to congratulate Mr. Curran on his sinecure!" Then many details of the Irish Parliament, of which Sterling's grandfather and great-grandfather were clerks. Those were the days of claret and conversation, and he spoke of one of the Speakers who always kept a strawberry at the bottom of his glass, and declared in the intervals between his first and seventh bottle that his physician ordered him to do so to keep the system cool! Grattan followed: his son makes the dullest speeches in the House. O'Connell's pathos on all occasions is the same; it is his perseverance and impudence, and the justice of his cause, that makes him the celebrated man he is. Macaulay's speeches are too much of essays for the House. He is the demigod of rhetoric, but often forgets his own argument and uses reasoning diametrically opposed to it. He is too much devoted to quickly effective strokes and practical aims to be a philosopher, not caring to get at the principles of things if he can but produce an effect. His critique on Bacon, which so electrified the world a short time since, is very incorrect in its representation of his philosophy; it appears to him to have been only a collecting of facts with the object of making them practically useful, utterly eschewing all diving into the real essences and immutable principles of things, thus robbing him of the character of a philosopher: it was altogether, says Sterling, a brilliant falsehood. Macaulay's memory is prodigious. A great deal more transpired, but this is enough for the present.

February 23.—Directly after breakfast, Sterling and Dr. Cal-

vert called to challenge us to a walk. Collected Clara, and Catharine Lyne, and Bobby (the pony), and sallied forth to Budock Rocks, and a great deal of interesting conversation made our time pass like "Grecian life-fulness," with very little intervals for the experience of "Indian life-weariness." Sterling says that Campbell is a man who more than any other has disappointed him in society,—sitting in a corner and saying nothing. Coleridge is best described in his own words:

> "His flashing eye! his floating hair!
> Weave a circle round him thrice,
> And close your eyes with holy dread,
> For he on honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of paradise."

John Sterling wrote the following impromptu to me by way of autograph:

> "What need to write upon your book a name
> Which is not written in the book of fame?
> Believe me, she to reason calmly true,
> Though far less kind, is far more just than you."
>
> JOHN STERLING.

He dined with us. Thorough good conversation on the Catholics; German literature; intellectual and mundane rank compared; the Duke of Wellington, who, when in the Mysore, was considered unequal to the charge of a regiment, but in some mighty action thereaway showed his wondrous power in animating masses. Sterling is taking up geology as a counter-current for his mind to flow in, a subject so far removed from humanity that he considers it one of the least interesting of human sciences. The nearer you approach humanity, the more the subject increases in interest. Papa and he settled down to the artificial veins, which he is very anxious to understand, then he joined us in a capital game of Question and Noun. One of his questions was, "How can you distinguish between nature and art in the complexion of a negro chimney-sweeper?" He brought me some charming autographs of Hare, Carlyle, Milnes, and others.

February 24.—Sterling, Calvert, Anna Maria, and I took Clara out. She spoke of Sterling having been invaluable to them, and can quite fancy him reading prayers with old women, from what they have lately known of his most feeling nature. Sterling on Napoleon remarked, "Il a la tête grande mais l'ame étroite," which some would apply to Byron, but he thinks unjustly, as he possessed a fine mind and very deep emotions, but altogether diseased, such ostentatious vanity running throughout; he never forgot his rank, and had that peculiar littleness of extreme sensibility to the least and lowest ridicule from even the obscurest quarter. Wordsworth he considers the first of the modern English poets; Shelley the complete master of impassioned feeling, and such an instinctive knowledge of music: Harmony ever waited his beck and loved to cherish and crown her idolatrous son. Talked about Friends: we are the first he ever encountered; he had formed a very incorrect notion of them, conceiving that they never smiled,—a slight mistake. Thinks that the ladies of the Society must very often marry out of the bounds; thinks it a grievous thing for husband and wife to be of different religious sentiments,—not, however, to be compared to the horrors of a union between Catholic and Protestant, the former imagining the latter to be lost irremediably. The Church of England expressly acknowledges her fallibility, which reconciles her members to take refuge under her wing with just a general assent to her doctrines. The Church of Rome was peculiarly adapted for the Middle Ages, when the people had not got to a state beyond being guided by others; and the priesthood, he conceives, was the best guide. He particularly recommends Keightley's "History of Rome," which gives many new views on old subjects, such as, that the plebeians were not the mob of Rome, but a distinct class, for the time degraded, but ever desirous and striving to break their fetters. As we neared home, Bobby got his bit out of his mouth, and it was delicious to see the ignorance of common things manifested by our transcendentalists. "You'd better let him go: he'll find his way home," said Sterling, with a laudable knowledge

of natural history and a confused recollection of the instinct of brutes. We, thinking it would go probably to Kergillick, thought it best to lead him : so Sterling took his forelock, and I his tail, and marched the little kicking beast homeward. "Calvert, just put the bit in his mouth, can't you? it's very easy." "Oh, yes, perfectly easy," said Calvert; "do *you* do it, Sterling."

February 25.—Sterling sat by the fireside and read some of Coleridge in his own manner, very rhythmical, but somewhat monotonous. Dr. Calvert and Barclay wandered in, and at last we all wandered out, on a day made for basking, and we so employed it on the rocks. The raised beach and the arch much admired; a pastille to be burned before Anna Maria to propitiate her into a sketch. Ontology talked of: "I suppose there are only about five hundred persons in the country who have the faintest idea of this science," said Sterling. Mathematics a step towards metaphysics; if the first cannot be mastered, you have not the least chance of reaching the second. Talked about music as a language addressed directly to the feelings, which they can understand without calling up any corresponding image. When they took Dr. Dalton into King's College, Cambridge, and had the great organ played, he exclaimed, after a few moments of profound thought, "What a remarkable echo is thrown from the floor!" Sterling has no sympathy with his method of reducing emotions to formulæ. Dr. Calvert had wretched toothache, and talked little; spoke of his pleasure in seeing the true levelling principle, sea-sickness, triumphant over all Sterling's philosophy, and reducing him to a situation below humanity!

February 26.—John Sterling and Dr. Calvert strolled in at breakfast; on a something being offered to the latter, he said, "No, I'll do anything with my friends but eat with them. I'll quarrel as much as they like, but never eat with them." Something or other induced him to say, "I conceive mankind to be divided into men, women, and doctors,—the latter a sort of hybrid." A spirited argument on capital punishments

ended in John Sterling's hope that if ever he committed murder he should be hanged, and Dr. Calvert's that he should be mad before rather than after the solitary confinement.

A delightful Pennance and Penrose walk with the two gentlemen, everything looking glorious in the sunshine of reality and imagination. Dr. Calvert talked about the fine arts; he cannot remember the names of the painters, but only the principles evolved in their works. Those before the time of Raphael interest him the most, for though very defective in drawing they yet evidently labor to enforce a genuine Idea. Since Raphael's time the execution is often exquisite, but the Idea seems to him to have vanished. He talked on politics, and sympathizes most with the philosophical Radicals, who think it right to throw their weight into the scale of the weak,—with those who advocate progression; yet he would be very sorry to see their measures now carried into practice. They would put power into the hands of those who would doubtless at first abuse it; but experience would gradually bring things right, and keep real Conservatism in existence. Of the Princess Galitzin, who gave over her moral government into the hands of her confessor, Overburg, she represents a large class in England who put their consciences into the keeping of others—a favorite clergyman, for instance—and let reason and conscience bow before authority. This must interfere with living faith, for having a sort of intermediate agent between man and his God destroys the sense of real immediate dependence on him. Then God casts down your idols, and wills that you should exert for yourself that reason which he has given to be an active, not a merely passive, principle, in man. You must analyze your faith before you can combine its truths, and so make every point the subject of your own convictions, and further the progressive state which it is the divine will that man should experience. This may probably involve you in intense suffering; but go on in faith and faithfulness. Dr. Calvert has a sister, of whom he is very fond, who devotes herself to charitable objects. Sometimes, when he has been going on philosophizing at a

great rate, she stops him with, "Well, if I understand you right, what you mean is just this;" and then she'll mention an English truth, perhaps a very trite one, and he is obliged to acknowledge, "Yes, it is just that."

February 27.—A walk and ride to Penjerrick, which looked eminently lovely basking in the sunshine. Sterling was, as usual, our life; so I'll try to remember some of the heads of his talk. Well, at Tregedna we all sat down and listened like sensible people. His talk was of the Jesuits, who are governed by a Superior always obliged to reside in Rome. The present incumbent is a Dutchman. The order has risen to the height of veneration in Rome from their devoted conduct during the cholera, nursing the sick indefatigably as an act of faith and effect of their principles. All the scholars at their schools have daily registers kept of every particular in their character and conduct, which is annually sent to the Superior; thus those who would join the brotherhood are often astounded at the knowledge he shows of their private history; and this knowledge is a powerful agent in his hands. No deep or original thinkers have ever sprung from this order, freedom of thought is so at variance with their principles and discouraged by their Superiors; their clever men are generally great bibliologists, and addicted to the physical sciences. When Coleridge was in Rome in 1815, a friend of his, a cardinal and one of the Piccolomini family (of Wallenstein notoriety), came to him one night, and said, "Get up and dress yourself, and jump into the carriage that's waiting." In vain did the soporific transcendentalist demand the reason; he was to dress first and know after. It then seemed that Bonaparte had written an order to the Pope to take up all the thirty or forty English then in Rome and put them in prison until further orders. Coleridge was to be sent direct to Paris, because he had written in the "Morning Post" some articles very offensive to Napoleon's dignity. Only a day and a half were allowed for the execution of the order, so the Pope told the cardinal, "If you can get your friend Coleridge out of the place to-night, you may; but, guarded all round by French

as I am, I cannot longer protect him." Accordingly, Coleridge was despatched as an attaché to Cardinal Fesch, and was mightily amused at the great respect shown him throughout the journey. On reaching Genoa, he so delighted an American by his conversation, who had never heard anything like it since he left Niagara, that at all risks, and with many subtleties, he got him on board, and brought him safe to England. This S. T. Coleridge never mentioned in his "Biographia Literaria." Sterling and I walked home together. Talked much about Friends; analyzed and admired many of their principles; discussed learned ladies. Talked over Bentham's and Coleridge's philosophy, and Mill's admirable review. When a certain conceited peer, who professed the right of appearing before royalty with his hat on, actually took advantage of it and appeared hatted at a Drawing-room, George III. said, "It is true, my lord, that you may wear your hat in the presence of the king, but it is not usual to wear it in the presence of ladies," at which he appeared much confounded.

February 28.—Found Sterling at Perran, where he had spent the last day or two. On hearing the bad account of Henry Mill, a struggle between duty and inclination took place, and the former triumphed. Though he felt that he could not be of the least real use, he thought his presence might possibly be some comfort; and we accompanied him some part of the way. We brought him his letters. So he went away, and we had the satisfaction of finding our uncle and aunt quite as enthusiastic about him as we could wish, observing that though we had had no outward sunshine, yet there had been abundance of sunshine within.

February 29.—Sterling came and walked with us to Pennance Cave on a day as brilliant as his own imagination. Some of our subjects were the doctrine of providential interference and the efficacy of prayer as involved in this question. His view of prayer is that you have no right to pray for any outward manifestations of divine favor, but for more conformity of heart to God, and more desire after the imitation

of Christ. He would not, however, dogmatize on this subject, but would that every one should act in this matter (as in every other) according to conscience. He views sincerity as the grand point; and a sincere, however erroneous, search after truth will be reviewed with indulgence by the Father of spirits. Spinoza is an illustrious example, a truly good, conscientious, honest man, who recognized a Deity in everything around him, but omitted in his system the idea of a presiding and creating God. A long, interesting, and eloquent summary of the opinions of the Pusey party; the question first arising was, "Where shall we find an infallible rule of conduct?" The answer was, "In the life of Christ." Then, "Where is this most clearly developed?" "In the gospel, and the writings of those immediately succeeding that period." This brought them to the Fathers, who, though abounding in error, are thus made the infallible exponents of the Christian religion. He is exceedingly delighted with Uncle Charles, and has been writing enthusiastically to his wife about him and Perran and all: he says he never spent happier days in his life. Gave many details of his experience of the Roman Carnival, whose origin was a rejoicing in the few last days when meat was allowed before the great dearth of Lent. He would always trust to the practical judgments of women, and thinks it the greatest mistake and perversion to educate them in the same manner as men: they have a duty equally clear and equally important to perform, but quite distinct. He has been reading Talfourd's Lamb (in consequence of my recommendation—Hem!), and has been perfectly delighted, and has come to the conclusion that his letters are better than Cowper's, and his essays than Addison's. Oh! there was such a vast deal more! I trust it remains in some measure in the spirit, though lost in the letter.

March 1.—Sterling and Clara called, and I joined them in a famous walk. Reviewed the poets, with occasional illustrations well painted. Shelley's emotions and sympathies not drawn forth by actual human beings, but by the creations of his own fancy, by his own ideal world, governed by his own

unnatural and happily ideal system. This species of egotism very different to Byron's, who recognized and imprinted George Gordon, Lord Byron, on every page. Shelley fragmentary in all his pieces, but has the finest passages in the language. Wordsworth works from reflection to impulse; having wound up to a certain point, he feels that an emotion is necessary, and inserts one,—the exact converse of the usual and right method. Coleridge had no gift for drawing out the talent of others, which Madame de Staël possessed in an eminent degree. She was by no means pleased with her intercourse with him, saying, spitefully and feelingly, "M. Coleridge a un grand talent pour le monologue." She would just draw out from people the information she required, which her champagne and her wit never failed to do, and then let them return to their dusty garrets for the remainder of their existence and live on the remembrance of an hour's beatitude. Sterling considers the female authors we have lately had very creditable to this country, though they have produced nothing that the world could not have done very well without. Mrs. Carlyle the most brilliant letter-writer he has met with.

March 2.—Found John Sterling waiting to challenge us to a walk; so with this right pleasant addition we went to Crill, collected money and ideas, the former to the amount of one shilling and fourpence, the latter to an extent irreducible to formulæ, so I'll barely glimpse at anything therewith connected. Talked about eloquence, of which he thinks Jeremy Taylor the greatest master; he had enough genius to ennoble a dozen families of the same name. It is very odd that so few of our great men should have left any sons,—Taylor, Shakespeare, Milton, etc. Talked over Coleridge; "The Friend" his best prose work; a terrible plagiarist in writing and conversation. Particularly addicted to Schlegel. Described Dr. Calvert's character beautifully as one of pure sympathy with all his fellows, who delights to trace the outlines of the divine image in even the least of his creatures. Talked over the mental differences between the sexes, which he considers precisely analogous to their physical diversities,

her dependence upon him,—he the creative, she the receptive power.

March 3.—Invited Sterling for this evening, preparatory to a visit to Kynance; and he came, and we had a pretty evening of it. Now for my notes. Socratic irony, common irony, but employed by Socrates against the Sophists for the purpose of ridiculing pompous error and eliciting simple truth. On physiognomy. He conceives that the features express the type of character, the forehead its force, compass, and energy. Lord Herbert, brother to the poet, a refined Deist, but inconsistent; he wrote a book utterly denying signs and miracles, and then prayed that he might be assured whether or no it was right to publish it by some trifling sign, he thinks it was of a bit of paper blowing in or out of the window. The sculptor Canova an accurate depicter of a certain low species of nature, voluptuous, addressed to the comprehension of the animal part of our nature. Flaxman the head of English art. Chantry's power in physiognomy wondrous in busts and likenesses, but no poetry or composition; he can't arrange a single figure decently. Stothard gave the design for the Lichfield Cathedral monument. Thorwaldsen one of the greatest geniuses and clearest intellects in Europe. When engaged over his Vulcan, one of his friends said to him, "Now, you must be satisfied with this production." "Alas!" said the artist, "I am." "Why should you regret it?" asked his friend. "Because I must be going down-hill when I find my works equal to my aspirations." Talked enthusiastically about his friend Julius Hare; invites us to meet him at Clifton this summer. Spoke of a coach-journey with Landor, who was travelling incognito, but made himself known by the strange paradoxical style of conversation in which he indulged; this wound Sterling gradually up to the point of certainty, and he said, "Why, this sounds amazingly like an Imaginary Conversation." He just started at this remark, but covered his retreat. He afterwards met him at one of Hare's breakfasts, and got into a hot dispute with him and a Frenchman concerning the Evangelicals, whom they were running down most

unfairly; so he supported their cause, showing that there was much good in them. Talked of Lamb; one idea evolved in a letter would have stamped him a man of genius: he speculates on the feelings of a man in the lowest state of servile degradation, to whom the thought suddenly came that he might revenge himself and plunge those who he fancied had oppressed him, in ruin and death by setting fire to their habitation. Bacon's idea finely commented upon, that whilst the whole physical universe underwent a change, no stream of time could wash out one of Homer's poems. He and papa had a very spirited argument on the progress of civilization since the Christian era. Papa contended that there were intervals when it retrograded; the other, that there was a constant zigzag progress. The Crusades Sterling considers a convincing proof of the reality of their belief and faith in the Christian religion; and in carrying them on they acted up to the lights they had. We of the nineteenth century should place ourselves in their circumstances before judging of the right or wrong of conduct, as standards alter so materially with time. Papa showed him the Polytechnic medal with Watt's head, when he wrote the following lines on a slip of paper and handed them to me:

> "I looked upon a steam-engine, and thought,
> 'Tis strange that, when the engineer is dead,
> A copy of his brains, in iron wrought,
> Should thus survive the archetypal head."

March 5.—Dr. Calvert joined us; we did not at first recognize him, as he was mightily muffled up, which he accounted for by remarking, "Why, inside I'm Dr. Calvert, but outside certainly Mr. Sterling," being enveloped in a cloak of that gentleman's. He is tenderly watching over Henry Mill from time to time, who is fast fading from the eyes of those who love him.

March 15.—Mamma had an interesting little interview with Henry Mill, and took him a bunch of *bignonia sempervirens*, which he exceedingly admired, and thanked her warmly for all

the little kindnesses that had been shown him. He peculiarly enjoys looking into the flowers, and wanted to have them explained, so we sent him Lindley as a guide. Mamma led the conversation gradually into a rather more serious channel, and Henry Mill told Clara afterwards that her kind manner, her use of the words "thee" and "thou," and her allusions to religious subjects quite overcame him, and he was on the point of bursting into tears. She gave him a hymn-book, and Clara marked one which she specially recommended,—"As thy day, thy strength shall be." For the last few evenings they have read him a psalm or some other part of Scripture.

March 16.—His eldest brother John is now come, and Clara brought him to see us this morning. He is a very uncommon-looking person,—such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely-chiselled countenance, more resembling a portrait of Lavater than any other that I remember. His voice is refinement itself, and his mode of expressing himself tallies with voice and countenance. He squeezed papa's and mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received. "Everything," he said, "had been done that the circumstances of the case admitted." Henry received him with considerable calmness, and has at intervals had deeply interesting and relieving conversation with him. On Dr. Bullmore's coming in he sent the others out of the room, and asked him how long he thought he should last. "Perhaps till the morning," he answered. When the morning was past and he was still in the body, he remarked to the doctor, "I wish your prophecy had come true."

March 17.—Saw John Stuart Mill after a morning spent in his brother's room, when they again had very interesting conversation as his strength permitted, particularly in giving many directions about his younger brother and sister, which from his own experience he thinks may prove useful to them. Indeed, his brother says, "We have all we could desire of comfort in seeing him in this most tranquil, calm, composed, happy state." He begs me to keep them informed of any

autographs I wish to have, as he has great facilities for getting them. To-day he was to have met Guizot at the Grotes'.

March 20.—J. S. Mill says that Henry has passed another tranquil night; he delights in everything that speaks of life, watching the boys at play and the men with their telescopes, and sympathizing with all. Cunningham is taking a likeness of him, and trying to convey some sense of the beauty, refinement, and sentiment of the original. He was a good deal fatigued by the exertion of sitting. John Mill speaks thankfully of the tissue of circumstances which had located them here: among others, he said, was the pleasure of making John Sterling and us known to each other; for, said he, it is very delightful to introduce those who will appreciate each other. He talked enthusiastically of him; I remarked on his writing being much more obscure and involved than his conversation even on deep subjects. "Yes," he said, "in talking you address yourself to the particular state of mind of the person with whom you are conversing, but in writing you speak as it were to an ideal object." "And then," said I, "you can't ask a book questions;" which, I was proud to be informed, was what Plato had said before me, and on that ground accounted books of little value, and always recommended discussions. "Certainly," he added, "it is of little use to read if you can form ideas of your own" (I suppose he meant on speculative subjects), "but there is an exquisite delight in meeting with a something in the ideas of others answering to anything in your own self-consciousness; then you make the idea your own and never lose it." He is a great botanist, so Anna Maria excited him about the luminous moss found in the cave at Argols; he informed us that the nature of all phosphoric lights is yet unknown, but it is generally believed to be an emission of light borrowed from the sun. We made a walking party to Pendennis Cavern, with which they were all delighted. Sterling is charmed with Elia's Quakers' Meeting. Talked about Crabbe's one-sided pictures of life, inferior to "Boz." A critique on the arts: he cannot bear the coloring of the Bolognese school; likes distinct, broad, decided color-

ing; mentioned a curious case of an amateur who was collecting pictures of animals, and bought one, which, upon examination, he found scrapable; he scraped and developed a Correggio, which is considered something first-rate, the subject a Magdalene. Those of whom he purchased it for a mere trifle brought an action against him, declaring that they did not sell a Correggio, but only the inferior painting. He thought we had better have the passage in the cavern excavated, "as you may very likely find the Regalia, for Charles II. was a very careless fellow."

J. S. Mill proposed leaving the lighted candles there as an offering to the gnomes. He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonizes with Nature, the reason being that it is adapted purely to natural requirements. Of the infinite ideas the ancients had of the world we do inhabit, and how they are limited and exactly defined by modern discoveries; however, it still remains for you to look above, and there is Infinity. The whole material universe small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all, and much more. Described some of his time in Italy, and the annoyances experienced from the narrow policy of the Pope. The Roman Catholic religion and customs held in great and ever-increasing contempt among the people. When the Pope bestowed his benediction in the Piazza, only the official people took off their hats, which was a strong symptom of public opinion. I asked what they had to fall back upon if they felt such contempt for the faith they professed. This he said he could only speculate on; possibly the spirit of Protestantism would be infused into their present faith, or, as most serious Roman Catholics feel and acknowledge the need for a reform, they might call a general council. Speaking of the women in France being those who kept up the appearance of religious zeal more than the men, he in part accounted for it by the sort of premium which the Bourbons would offer on regular attendance and support of established forms. This induced a shrinking from the service in

the stronger minds from a dread of the imputation of hypocrisy; and, though the effect is bad, the cause is creditable to human nature. Superstition and ceremony are the last things abandoned in a departing faith, because the most obvious and connected with the prejudices of the people. Then we got to Luther and the Reformers. Luther was a fine fellow; but what a moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days! He had taught people to *think* independently of their instructors, and had imagined that their opinions would all conform to his; when, however, they took so wide and various a scope, he was wretched, considering himself accountable for all their aberrations, and, though so triumphant in his reform, shuddered at the commotion he had made, instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority, which he himself had introduced. "No one," he said, with deep feeling, "should attempt anything intended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it, as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current, like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation, as Luther did." This was evidently a process through which he (Mill) had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined, countenance. He sketched the characters of some of the Reformers contemporary with Luther. Erasmus sincerely fancied that he promoted the Reformation by that bending smoothness of deportment and that popularity of manner which characterized him; this, indeed, recommended him to kings and emperors, but his friends were deeply cut by his flexibility and his "laisser faire" principle. Melanchthon's vocation was not to be a leader in any great movement, but to be a faithful follower to the last; and this he truly was to Luther. Among other great contingent effects of the Reformation was the influence it had on the German language; Luther's Bible stamped it,

and gave it a force, an energy, and a glory with which it has not parted. The Bible and Shakespeare have done more than any other books for the English language, introducing into the soul of it such grand ideas expressed with such sublime simplicity.

March 21.—At breakfast Sterling heartily thanked papa for the discussion of the other night; he had continued thinking on the subject, and had at last discovered a law for it, of which he had long been in search. The highest power of civilization of any age can only be determined by contemplating the best minds of that age. Descanted finely on the strength and energy of character which we had derived from our Teutonic ancestry. He somewhat deprecates the Italians, and had much rather be an American, where independence of thought and physical freedom prevail.

John Mill joined us at dinner, and Sterling came to tea. Looked at the Dresden lithographs: the introduction of a Cupid or Minerva or other myth into a Dutch painting much like the sudden appearance in a flat modern prosaic logical poem of some flight of fancy, some trope or classical allusion. On Hope's architecture, Sterling holds that the different styles were the result of the natural constitution of the different peoples, rather than a gradual imitation and adaptation of natural objects. Talked of Wheatstone. He was very glad to hear that there were such minds going, and adding by their researches to the infinite facts of existence. Many paintings finely discussed, Sterling as usual glorying in his ideal theory which went out when beauty of coloring came in; he loves the old Germans and the Italians of Masaccio and Perugino's time, whose souls were so imbued with the idea they strove to realize on the canvas that all beyond its simple and forcible expression was considered of little consequence. In Claude's pictures each distance has a single prominent object, which marks it and is truly effective. The evening was then devoted to a glorious discourse on reason, self-government, and subjects collateral, of which I can give but the barest idea. Sterling was the chief speaker, and John Mill would occasionally throw

in an idea to clarify an involved theory or shed light on a profound abysmal one. The idea of a guiding principle has been held by the best minds in all ages, alike by Socrates and St. Augustine, though under different names. There has ever been a cloud of witnesses to this moral truth, and the sun shining brightly behind them even in the darkest age; and a superhuman light in every one that has been or that is, and in it there is a distinct vision, a glorious reality of safety and happiness. There is also a guide to the path you should take in the intellectual and active world. Carlyle says, "Try, and you'll find it." Mill says, "Avoid all that you prove by experience or intuition to be wrong, and you are safe; especially avoid the servile imitation of any other, be true to yourselves, find out your individuality, and live and act in the circle around it. Follow with earnestness the path into which it impels you, taking reason for your safety-lamp and perpetually warring with inclination; then you will attain to that freedom which results only from obedience to right and reason, and that happiness which proves to be such, on retrospection. Every one has a part to perform whilst stationed here, and he must strive with enthusiasm to perform it. Every advance brings its own particular snares, either exciting to ambition or display, but in the darkest passages of human existence a pole star may be discovered, if earnestly sought after, which will guide the wanderer into the effulgence of light and truth. What there is in us that appears evil is, if thoroughly examined, either disproportioned or misdirected good, for our Maker has stamped his own image on everything that lives." Oh! how much there was this evening of poetry, of truth, of beauty! but I have given no idea of it on paper, though it has left its own idea engraven on my memory.

March 22.—Took the pony to the Mills for Clara, who is troubled with asthma and a little cough; and joined by her brother, we went to Lake's to get a keepsake which Henry wanted for his little niece, something that would amuse her now but will be valuable afterwards. So we chose two volumes of the Naturalist's Library with colored plates. He

has sat again to-day to Cunningham, with admirable result, though he feels it an exertion; he says, "I think you would like to have it now." He has been dividing all his things among his family, a deeply-affecting employment to them all. They think him growing decidedly weaker, and take it by watches to sit up with him; he'll just make a little remark sometimes, and then sink away again into sleep or its semblance: so their nights pass. Clara has been collecting flowers, and they have been together pressing many of them: he says, "this belongs to us two, and she is going to make it the foundation of a herbarium and the study of botany." J. S. Mill gave a very interesting sketch of the political history of India, the advantages derived by its princes from our supremacy there, preventing intestine wars, dethroning and pensioning sovereigns and princes, and thus preventing their extinction by rival powers. There is very little if any nationality in India, which must ever impede civilization; the provinces, states, and kingdoms are not clearly defined; the languor of the people hinders every species of improvement; but it is a curious fact that their effeminacy of constitution and habit is accompanied by a quickness and delicacy of perception generally known only among women. The difficulty of doing justice in India is great, in consequence of the involved terms of our alliances with the princes, and the pledges we make to all parties which it seems all but impossible to redeem. The progress of Christianity in those parts is slow, from the natural want of energy in the character of the people, as well as from their first samples of Europeans being those connected with politics, instead of, as in other parts of the world, men who gave the whole energy of their characters to the work of promoting Christianity and civilization, as the missionaries in the Pacific islands. Sketched a curious character, the Begum Saumarooz, who, with the idea of taking heaven by storm, has given large sums to the Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans. He gave many details of that horrid people the Thugs, "that black passage of history." It is a religious bond that unites them, all

being votaries of the goddess of Destruction; none but her peculiar worshippers are allowed to make the sacrifices, and these are under certain limitations to the initiated; they may kill neither a sweep nor a woman. They are fatalists and believers in omens, some of which they have recently disregarded, and, supposing therefrom that their time is come, they make no difficulty in delivering themselves up to the English. They are now almost eradicated. The absence of a postal system and of the practice of writing made the work of these wretches much easier, and concealment of the number almost secure. So much for the indirect benefits of civilization. Henry has been sketching a little to-day, and displayed his work to Cunningham. He said afterwards, "I wonder why I showed my sketch to him. I suppose it was to show the feeling of a fellow artist." Good conversation with papa on the state of things in China, but too complicated for me to chronicle. Sterling described Count D'Orsay coming to sketch Carlyle: a greater contrast could not possibly be imagined; the Scotch girl who opened the door was so astonished at the apparition of this magnificent creature that she ran away in a fright, and he had to insinuate himself the best way he could through the narrow passage. He is the most fascinating person that ever was, can make anything of anybody that he takes in hand; and the grand mistake of Sir Robert Peel, when the Lady-question was agitated, was not putting in his hands the business of negotiating it with the queen!

March 23.—Took Clara a ride. Spoke much of her father, and how he had entirely educated John and made him think prematurely, so that he never had the enjoyment of life peculiar to boys. He feels this a great disadvantage. He told us that his hair came off "when you were quite a little girl and I was two-and-twenty." He has such a funny habit of nodding when he is interested in any subject.

March 24.—John Mill joined us at dinner. Last night for an hour and a half Henry Mill conversed at intervals, partly about his past life, in which he thought he might have done

more and done better; now, however, he hopes that his death may be of some use to others: he feels perfect confidence in looking to the future. Talked of the misery of family separations, the uprooting of the tender plants and their transplantation to foreign soils: they have experienced it in their brother James's case, who is gone to India. Talked of Christian names: in Catholic countries they never put a surname in that position, but always attach a string of saints to their person. "Now, you see, I should have the protection of St. John the Evangelist, and the Baptist, and many others; but, as they have so much to do, it is well to court the favor of some more obscure saints." Of Conversation Sharp he spoke with much interest: "It was a fine thing for me to hear him and my father converse; some of these confabs are published in Sharp's 'Essays and Conversations;' a favorite good thing would often make its appearance." Asked him whether he was going to write a review of Coleridge as a poet (he has lately written a wonderfully lucid article on his philosophical character); he said, "No, those who would read Coleridge with pleasure seldom mistake his meaning or his character. Wordsworth prepared people's minds for the higher flights of Coleridge, and now that his fame is recognized by the second generation, the true umpires, it must be permanent."

March 25.—John Mill drew a parallel, by way of contrast, between his own character and Carlyle's; they are very intimate without much association. "Mill has singularly little sense of the concrete," says Sterling, "and, though possessing deep feeling, has little poetry. He is the most scientific thinker extant,—more than Coleridge was, more continuous and severe. Coleridge's silken thread of reasoning was sometimes broken, but then it was for the sake of interpolating a fillet of pure gold."

March 26.—Dr. Calvert at breakfast, in specially good spirits, and saying all sorts of funny things. He brought the portrait that Cunningham has taken of him; a beautiful thing, but, says he, "not the Dr. Calvert that I shave every morning." He was at Oriel College when he took his degree,

where they were said to drink nothing but tea; nevertheless, they kept up the gentlemanly appearance of good living by rolling about in the quads, as royally as the men of Christchurch. Oriel has always been a famous college for rows and diversities of opinion, because they had a very clever head who taught all the students to think for themselves; this naturally made them very troublesome. Talked over some absurd college regulations, and of some of the founders, "for whom," he remarked, "I am especially bound to pray." This induced a spirited discussion on the practice of prayer for the dead, carried on more for fun and practice than for conviction.

March 27.—Barclay desperately busy winding up affairs and acquaintance. He did, however, manage to meet us at Penjerrick, where Sterling, John Mill, Clara Mill, Anna Maria, and I prepared an elegant luncheon *al fresco*. Walked back not unpleasantly. My own experience only shall I thus perpetuate: First, with Sterling on Germany and the Germans; he is very anxious for all in whom he is interested to study German, for he thinks it contains the principles of knowledge more than any other language. He has, after much thinking, reduced this subject to a law: to handle the abstract ideas as real beings, and earnestly to believe in and reason from them, is the way to arrive at clear, definite conclusions, after the manner of the Germans. They had made a great start in the last fifty years. The love of thinking he partly derives from their geographical situation, so inland and so uncommercial that they are little called out from their quiet contemplations. He was much tickled last evening, when eating the body of Dr. Calvert's heron, to see the bird stuffed and looking like life, standing solemnly by viewing the proceeding. J. S. Mill says his acquaintance with Sterling began with a hard fight at the Debating Society at Cambridge, when he appeared as a Benthamite and Sterling as a Mystic; since then they have more and more approximated. They all went to Glendurgan; they were excessively delighted with the drive, and in one part, where there were a few trees, Sterling said, "Why, really, this reminds one of England." He has heard from the Car-

lyles; Mrs. Carlyle's letter was to this effect:—"Do come and see us! Here are many estimable families.—J. C." She plays all manner of tricks on her husband, telling wonderful stories of him in his presence, founded almost solely on her bright imagination; he, poor man, panting for an opportunity to stuff in a negation, but all to no purpose; having cut him up sufficiently, she would clear the course. They are a very happy pair. Carlyle and Edward Irving were schoolmasters at Annan, formed an intimacy there, and Carlyle loved Irving to the last, with all the ardor of an early affection; he deeply regretted the weakness which he exhibited, and considered that vanity was his friend's quicksand. He, like too many others, preferred shining immediately, when he himself could witness the blaze which would then go out in obscure darkness, to the gradual development of a clear, bright, steady light, fixed for ever in the firmament of Truth. This preference destroys all that is truly great, and has held back we know not how many from the noble ends for which their Maker designed them. When Irving was at one of Coleridge's soirées (where John Mill saw him) he looked as if trying to appear a disciple of the great sage, but it looked only like hypocrisy. People are very apt to form an ideal of their own character, and then their constant aim is to act up to it and to look it. On the difference between conceit and vanity: the first makes people very happy, it being the result of an independence of the opinions of others or almost an opposition to them; vanity, on the other hand, always causes unhappiness and discontent, because it is dependent upon others, and the more it is ministered to, the more it will require. They talked on politics. I asked if they would really wish for a Radical government. Sterling explained that under existing circumstances it was impossible such a thing could be. John Mill sighed out, "I have long done what I could to prepare them for it, but in vain; so I have given them up, and in fact they have given up me." He spoke of the extreme elation of spirits he always experienced in the country, and illustrated it, with an apology, by jumping.

On consumption, and the why it was so connected with what is beautiful and interesting in nature. The disease itself brings the mind as well as the constitution into a state of prematurity, and this reciprocally preys on the body. After an expressive pause, John Mill quietly said, "I expect to die of consumption." I lectured him about taking a little more care of himself. "Why, it does not much signify in what form death comes to us." "But time is important to those who wish to help their fellow-creatures." "Certainly," he replied, "it is pleasant to do some little good in the world." When Barclay joined us, the first question agitated was the influence of habits of business on literary pursuits. John Mill considers it the duty of life to endeavor to reconcile the two, the active and the speculative; and from his own experience and observation the former gives vigor and system and effectiveness to the latter. He finds that he can do much more in two hours after a busy day than when he sits down to write with time at his own command. He has watched the development of many young minds, and observed that those who make the greatest intellectual advances are of the active class, even when they enjoy fewer advantages than their contemplative friends; and nothing promotes activity of mind more than habits of business. Barclay was lamenting his sense of incapacity to attain, in his intellectual being, to the mark which was evidently set forth in his own mind. "This, with very few exceptions," rejoined John Mill, "was the case with all who ever reflected; men's strivings were divided by Carlyle into two classes,—to be and to seem: the former aimed high, and though they cannot attain to it, yet this very striving gives energy to their characters; the latter go about, deceiving and being deceived, using terms in speaking of themselves, and believing that those terms represented realities: these are doomed to a stationary position. Self-deception and the deception of others act reciprocally in increasing the delusion. Then on discouragements in intellectual pursuits. Here, too, you should ever aim high; work on, even when nothing you do pleases you; do it over again without

admitting discouragement; at the same time you must curb your fastidiousness, and not let your judgment and taste get too far in advance of your power of execution, or your ardor will be damped and you will probably do nothing."

March 28.—A walk with John and Clara Mill to Pennance and Penrose. The first subject I remember is Unitarians in America. These, it seems, are greatly increasing in number, so many of the Presbyterians having gone over and swelled their ranks. The Congregationalists form the largest body in America. He thinks in time the republican government in the country will be changed—perhaps for a monarchy. What especially fosters the spirit of Toryism there, is the feeling of the richer class that there is not the same deference shown them that there would be in other countries; also, the hunger for a literature, a history, and a romance, which other lands can produce, but not America. Talked about Barclay (who left for Wales this morning), and I said how glad I was that they had such open talk together yesterday. "Why," said he, "yesterday's conversation made just the difference between my knowing and not knowing your brother. Often it is an amazing assistance to detail a little of one's own experience when one has passed through similar discouragements yet come out of them." I remarked on the pleasure it must be to help others in this way. "I had much rather be helped!" he answered. The process of unhooking a bramble made him philosophize on the power of turning annoyances into pleasures by undertaking them for your friends,—a genuine alchemy.

Then we went to Germany, inquired into the reason for the contemplative character of its inhabitants: he lays great stress on the influence of the domestic affections, which are so strong there, and so much called out by circumstances; then they are not continually striving either to become rich or to appear so, as the English are, but settle down into quiet, contemplative habits, without an idea of happiness but what is subjective to themselves: this constant habit of carrying in themselves the elements of their happiness increases and gives

a tranquil tone to it; and then at the universities the studious men give the tone of feeling and superinduce a love of knowledge for its own sake; and Schelling being the president, has its influence. He therefore likes the plan, now so much followed, of sending young men to German universities. Talked a good deal about Italy: the Italians carry with and in them such a sense of native dignity, the result of associating themselves with remembrances of Rome in its glory. They are exactly the figures that Raphael, Titian, and others delineated, and serve in great measure to account for the cultivation of the arts being so successful there. Their great sensibility and emotion he ascribes to the general prevalence of music, and to the magnificence of their ceremonies. He wound up with Conversation Sharp's enumeration of the true accomplishments for ladies,—a love of reading and a love of walking.

March 29.—John Mill is going to concoct for me an almanac of the odors that scent the air, to be arranged chronologically according to the months, beginning with the laurel and ending with the lime. Speaking of motives, he said it is not well for young people to inquire too much into them, but rather let them judge of actions, lest, seeing the wonderful mixture of high and low, they should be discouraged: there is, besides, an egotism in self-depreciation; the only certain mode of overcoming this and all other egotisms is to implore the grace of God. Young things cannot thoroughly know themselves; nothing but experience and anxious examination can teach them their powers and their weaknesses; they should therefore not feel independent of the opinions of others about them till they are matured enough to judge for themselves. Our characters alter exceedingly in going through life, and this alteration enlarges our capacity of sympathizing with others, remembering what struggles we have encountered, and therefore appreciating their difficulties in passing through the same ordeal. When the change in character has been an extraordinary one, men are often observed to maintain a sort of personal hatred to

their former errors and weaknesses, and then, forgetting their struggles, they shut themselves out of the pale of sympathy.

Perran, April 1.—Dr. Calvert rode over, and spent an hour or two here. He saw Henry Mill yesterday, who asked him how soon Death was likely to appear. "My dear fellow, I can't pretend to say; but I may tell you that you are not likely to suffer any more pain." (When Dr. Calvert began to practice, a celebrated physician gave him this valuable piece of advice: "Never say when you think a patient is going to die; nothing can be more dangerous, and you cannot predict with certainty.") Last night John Mill sat for hours at the foot of Calvert's bed, who had a racking headache, expatiating on the delights of John Woolman (which he is reading), and on spiritual religion, which he feels to be the deepest and truest. In this Dr. Calvert thoroughly delights. Talked about the state of the heathen and their hope of salvation; Calvert would give the argument for sincerity its full weight, yet he added, "I should be very sorry to have the government and judgment of ten cities confided to me."

April 2.—George Mill has arrived. John sitting for his portrait; fell first into a revery, and then into a doze; nevertheless the artist is hopeful. To-day he spoke of teetotalism; on first thoughts it seems such a ridiculous idea that people should associate and pledge themselves *not* to do a thing; but the rationale of the experiment develops itself afterwards. Glorious collection of autographs from Sterling, with a kind note, and an exquisite little autograph poem of Wordsworth's.

April 4.—On returning from Truro, found that Henry Mill had quietly departed this morning at half-past ten; very sudden it was at the last.

April 5.—A great parcel arrived in the evening with John Mill's kind regards, containing all the "London and Westminster Reviews" from their beginning, with notes in his own hand, and the names of the writers attached to the articles; a most valuable and interesting gift.

April 6.—Dr. Calvert, in speaking of the great humility

compatible with high metaphysical research, spoke of John Mill standing on one side, and himself on the other, of his brother's death-bed. Dr. Calvert remarked, "This sort of scene puts an end to Reason, and Faith begins;" the other emphatically answered, "Yes;" the conversation which followed displaying such humility and deep feeling, and, as coming from the first metaphysician of the age, was most edifying.

Dr. Calvert talked of the aid metaphysics might afford to religion, and did afford in many cases; for many minds required more opportunity for the exercise of faith, and this the study of metaphysics and demonstrative theology afforded them. Then the Friends became our topic; he again extolled their code of laws, partly because they do not dogmatize on any point, do not peremptorily require belief in any articles. As to particular scruples, he would hold that circumstances should have the greatest effect in giving them a direction: in his own case, for instance, when living in a county where hunting is ruinously in vogue, he bore his testimony against it by neither riding nor lending his hunter: here he would not object to do either. So in George Fox's time, dress was probably made a subject of great importance; "but," he added, "Satan probably tempts the Foxes of Falmouth in a very different way to that in which he attacked their spiritual ancestors; he is vastly too clever and fertile in invention to repeat the same experiment twice."

April 7.—John Mill wanted to know all about the constitution and discipline of our Society (*à propos* of a quarterly meeting which is taking place here, some of our guests having, to our deep disappointment, scared them away, when they crept over last evening), then dilated on the different Friends' books he was reading; on John Woolman he philosophized on the principle that was active in him,—that dependence on the immediate teaching of a Superior Being, which gave him clear views of what was essentially consistent or inconsistent with Christianity, independent of and often opposed to all recorded or common opinion, all self-interest. He had read

Sewell and Rutty before he was ten years old. His father much admired Friends, thinking they did more for their fellow-creatures than any other body. He was a warm coadjutor of William Allen's in promoting the Lancastrian schools. He much admires the part Friends have taken about tithes, and values that testimony against a priesthood as at present organized. In a statistical table he has seen, the longest-lived professions are the Catholic priests, and the Protestants come very near them; the shortest are kings and beggars.

The "London and Westminster Review" is to be continued by Mr. Hickson under the title of the "Westminster:" he declares himself a disciple of Mill's,—"the first disciple I have ever had," said John Mill; but he believes his opinion to be very different in reality from his own, and therefore the spirit of the "Review" will probably greatly change. The "Review" has been much more influential than profitable, only about twelve hundred copies usually being sold; but that number represents many more than twelve hundred readers.

April 9.—I received from Sterling letters from Trench, Carlyle, and Coleridge. That of the latter was as follows:

"My dear Sterling,—With grief I tell you that I have been, and now am, worse—far worse—than when you left me. God have mercy on me, and not withdraw the influence of his Spirit from me! I can now only thank you for your kind attentions to your most sincere and afflicted friend,

"S. T. Coleridge.

"*P.S.*—Mr. Green is persuaded that it is gout, which I have not strength enough to throw from the nerves of the trunk to the extremities.

"Monday Afternoon."

The date is March 18, 1833.

Sterling says that he would not part with this except to a person he valued and who values S. T. C. All things considered, I thought it too precious a relic for me to keep, and returned it (a moral conquest!).

Talked with the Mills over their father, and of many of their friends. Bentham was long their next-door neighbor; such a mild good-natured person, always so kind to children. He and their father were very intimate, and they tried educational experiments on John! Many anecdotes of Carlyle; he has a peculiar horror of lion-hunting ladies. He will talk in a melancholy strain, entering with earnestness into the abuses, grievances, and mistakes into which men fall, deeply commiserating alike the oppressor and the oppressed,—the former gaining rather more of his pity, as being further removed from what must constitute happiness.

April 10.—John Mill is summoned to town, and goes to-night; the rest leave to-morrow. They feel leaving Falmouth deeply, and say that no place out of London will be so dear to them. Now for some last glimpses at Truth through those wonderfully keen, quiet eyes. On education: his father's idea was to make children understand one thing thoroughly; this is not only a good exercise for the mind, but it creates in themselves a standard by which to judge of their knowledge of other subjects, whether it is superficial or otherwise. He does not like things to be made too easy or too agreeable to children; the plums should not be picked out for them, or it is very doubtful if they will ever be at the trouble of learning what is less pleasant. For childhood, the art is to apportion the difficulties to the age, but in life there is no such adaptation. Life must be a struggle throughout; so let children, when children, learn to struggle manfully and overcome difficulties. His father made him study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. This method of early intense application he would not recommend to others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. "I never was a boy," he said; "never played at cricket: it is better to let Nature have her own way." In his essays on French affairs he has infused more of himself than into any of his other writings, the whole subject of that country so deeply interests him. The present tone of

feeling there indicates a great progressive change, not only among the thinking men, but the most influential,—the middle class. They have reached the point of earnest seeking after what is good and true and immutable. Their first opinions—those which they have simply imbibed from tradition and prejudice—they have forsaken, and their minds are anxiously open to truth. A republic, even if right on the abstract principle of men being trustworthy of the charge of self-government, would never suit them; they must follow a leader, so an elective monarchy will be their probable form of government in after-years. The French care most for persons, the English for things; therefore, much must be done in our country in the way of mental enlargement before any great progress can be witnessed. England in the time of Charles I., and France before the Revolution, were in much the same state; they believed in the infallibility of their own belief, and therefore felt warranted in persecuting others. Now, however, we believe nothing certainly, and cannot therefore venture to persecute for difference of opinion. Every one who, as Carlyle expresses it, "looks beyond eating his pudding," feels that he has a great warfare to accomplish; some there are who had rather die than continue the struggle, their sense of right just leading them to self-condemnation. Every one has an infallible guide in the sanctuary of his own heart, if he will but wait and listen; some continue for years in a state of unrest, but with few does it continue till the end without physical disease inducing it: at this point a judicious friend or a book has often a wonderful and delightful effect in opening truth, a clear belief, and a peaceful conscience to him who had sought them with such earnestness. Different men arrive at different points and views of truth by this process; none know Truth in its fulness, nor can know it whilst bound down to earth and time. Then to America; he is thankful that the experiment of a republic has been tried there; it has failed, and ever must fail, for want of the two contending powers which are always requisite to keep things in proper order,—government and public opinion. America subjects

herself to the latter only, and, public opinion there having decided in favor of one particular type of character, all aim at a resemblance to it, and a great sameness is the result. There is as much of tyranny in this process as in that more commonly so called. These two counteracting motive powers are essential to the well-being of a State; if either gains supremacy, it becomes, like all self-willed, unsubdued, spoiled beings, very troublesome. Its existence in excess changes its nature from good to evil. On capital punishments: to which he entirely objects, and thinks with Carlyle that the worst thing you can do with a man is to hang him. John and Clara had been to visit Henry's grave; it is to have just his name and age inscribed on the stone, no eulogy or epitaph. "*Henry Mill, aged* 19," is surely expressive enough for any who will rightly read it. J. S. Mill gave me the calendar of odors, which he has written for the first time:

A Calendar of Odors, being in Imitation of the various Calendars of Flora by Linnæus and others.

The brilliant coloring of Nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer is half ended. From March to July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odors fills the air by day, and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odors, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

March.—Common laurel.

April.—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple-blossom.

May.—Lilac, night-flowering stocks and rockets, laburnum, hawthorn, seringa, sweet-brier.

June.—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

July.—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweetgale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

In latest autumn, one stray odor, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance,—the creeping clematis, which adorns cottage walls; but, the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the Calendar of Odors.

To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend,

J. S. Mill.

Talked of Uncle Charles; something about both his person and manners reminds him of Southey. Dr. Calvert sees it also. Mill was much pleased to come to such a little oasis as Perran, a spot so different to the general character of Cornwall. Much Eastern talk; he recommends Shore's India, but begs us to ask him before believing anything Shore says about the India House, and especially the political department thereof. When Shelley was at Cambridge, he and Hogg supported each other in their negative views, and Shelley asserted that Bacon thought with him on religious subjects, quoting passages to prove it. At length it was whispered that Hogg was his Bacon; and so he was. Leave-takings had to be got through, and they were gone!

Cunningham showed us his portrait of J. S. Mill, which is very beautiful; quite an ideal head, so expanded with patient thought, and a face of such exquisite refinement.

April 11.—Dr. Calvert says he prefers Hartley Coleridge's poetry to his father's, because he finds in it more thought and less imagination. Speaking of Dr. Schleiermacher, whom he enthusiastically admires, he described his death-hour, of which he was so conscious that he begged for the sacrament, calling out, "Quick, quick!" He administered it to himself and his family, and expired. This may be compared with Goethe's dying exclamation, "Light! more light!"

April 13.—Dr. Calvert described old Lord Spencer (whose travelling and family physician he was) looking over and burning one after another of the letters his wife had received from the most eminent persons of the day, because he thought it a crying modern sin to make biographies piquant and interesting by personalities not necessary to them; he therefore resolved to leave nothing of which his executors might make this ill use. At length he came to one from Nelson, written just after a great victory, and beginning with a pious ejaculation and recognition of the Arm by which he had conquered. Dr. Calvert snatched it out of his hand—it was on its way to the fire—and put it in his pocket, saying, "My lord, here is nothing personal, nothing but what everybody

knows, and burn it must not." His lordship was silent. A few hours after, he said, "Doctor, where is that letter which you put in your pocket?" "Gone, my lord." "Indeed? I was wanting it." "I thought you probably would, so I immediately put it in the post-office and sent it to a young lady who is collecting autographs."

April 17.—In the evening the Rev. T. Pyne was announced, introduced by the Buxtons, who proved to be the tutor and travelling-companion of William Quantamissa and John Ansale, Princes of Ashantee, whose father had killed Sir C. MacCarthy (a particular recommendation). They had just arrived at Falmouth, and came to consult about plans, so papa recommended them to go on to-morrow to Penzance and return here to stay next week. They are youths of seventeen and nineteen, tolerably intelligent, quite disposed to be haughty if that spirit is fostered, have been educated in England, and are now travelling with their eyes wide open. But more anon of "these images of God cut in ebony."

April 18.—Parcel and note from John Sterling. He encloses the letter from S. T. Coleridge, on which he has written, "Given to Miss Caroline Fox by John Sterling," to oblige me to keep it, and other letters of his to read; also his memoranda of his first conversation with S. T. C., which Hare considers the most characteristic he has seen. Isn't that joyous?

April 21.—Met their Royal Highnesses and many others at Consols Mine; they were much delighted with the machinery. In Ashantee they have copper-mines as well as gold and silver, but they are not much worked. Yesterday they went sixty fathoms down Huel Vean and were much tired, but their Cornish exploration has charmed them. Each one keeps a journal, and a certain red memorandum-book which occasionally issues out of Mr. Pyne's pocket is a capital check on our little members. The princes have unhappily imbibed the European fashion of sticking their hands through their hair, which, says Dr. Calvert, they might just as well try to do through velvet. Every one was pleasant and witty according to their measure.

April 22.—Took them up the river to Tregothnan. T. Pyne gave interesting details of a visit to Niagara, and the inquiries he instituted there concerning poor F. Abbott. These were very satisfactory. His servant said that he used to sit up very late reading his Bible, and then meditate in silence for a long time. He also spoke of his extremely eccentric habits, hanging by his feet on a branch over the Falls.

April 23.—Dr. Calvert talked about those who, in intellectual pursuits, will not be at the pains of looking over the present or to the brighter future, who love not to sow their seed in faith, and leave posterity to reap the fruit: this was induced by a remark on missionaries being so often forbidden to witness any effect of their efforts.

April 24.—Our Ashantee friends enjoyed themselves thoroughly at Glendurgan, playing at cricket and leap-frog, and fishing. In the evening many joined our party, and all were amused with galvanism, blow-pipe experiments, and such-like scientific pastimes until between eleven and twelve. The princes concocted some autographs, and were much amused at the exploit, adding to their names "Forget me not," at William Hustler's instigation. They talked a great deal about Ashantee and what they meant to do there on their return, the schools they are to found, and the people they are to send to England for education. Their remembrances of their own country are, I should fancy, rather brighter than the actual fact. They speak of their father's palace as a magnificent piece of architecture, and of the costume of the ladies being generally white satin! and other things in keeping. They really seem very nice intelligent lads, gentleman-like and dignified. When too much puffed up, Quantamissa refuses to take his tutor's arm, which sorely grieves T. Pyne!

April 25.—We were a large party at breakfast, after which we had a capital walk to Pendennis. Mrs. Coope was in her chair, which the princes seized and galloped off with up the steep hill. They mightily enjoyed playing with the cannon-balls; their own Ashantee amusements consist in watching gladiatorial combats. They laugh in a knowing manner when

slavery is alluded to, and they left us this afternoon after a really pleasant visit.

April 26.—Barclay forwarded us the following letter from John Stuart Mill:

"INDIA HOUSE, 16th April, 1840.

"MY DEAR FRIEND (if you will allow me to adopt this 'friendly' mode of address),—Your kind and sympathizing letter has given us great pleasure. There is no use in my saying more than has been said already about him who has gone before us, where we must so soon follow; the thought of him is here, and will remain here, and seldom has the memory of one who died so young been such as to leave a deeper or a more beneficial impression on the survivors. Among the many serious feelings which such an event calls forth, there is always some one which impresses us most, some moral which each person extracts from it for his own more especial guidance: with me that moral is, 'Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh in which no man can work.' One never seems to have adequately *felt* the truth and meaning of all that is tritely said about the shortness and precariousness of life, till one loses some one whom one had hoped not only to carry with one as a companion through life, but to leave as a successor after it. Why he who had all his work to do has been taken, and I left who had done part of mine, and in some measure, as Carlyle would express it, 'delivered my message,' passes our wisdom to surmise. But if there be a purpose in this, that purpose, it would seem, can only be fulfilled in so far as the remainder of my life can be made even more useful than the remainder of his would have been if it had been spared. At least we know this, that on the day when we shall be as he is, the whole of life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then will be, Has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been for however short a time a source of happiness and of moral good, even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, and in the interpretations of creeds, em-

bracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this: try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou are capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT.

"You are very kind to say what you have said about those reviews; the gift of unsold copies of an old periodical could under no circumstances have called for so warm an expression of thanks, and would have deserved an opposite feeling if I could not say, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not expect you to read much of it or any of it unless thereunto moved. My principal feeling in the matter was this, You are likely to hear of some of the writers, and, judging of your feelings by what my own would be, I thought it might be sometimes agreeable to you to be able to turn to something they had written and imagine what manner of persons they might be. As far as my own articles are concerned, there was also a more selfish pleasure in thinking that sometimes, however rarely, I might be conversing with my absent friends at three hundred miles' distance.

"We scribblers are apt to put not only our best thoughts, but our best feelings, into our writings, or at least if the things are *in* us they will not *come out of us* so well or so clearly through any other medium; and therefore when one really wishes to be *liked* (it is only when one is very young that one cares about being admired), it is often an advantage to us when our writings are better known than ourselves.

"As to these particular writings of mine, all in them that has any pretension to permanent value will, I hope, during the time you are in London, be made into two little volumes, which I shall offer to no one with greater pleasure than to you. The remainder is mostly politics,—of little value to any one now,—in which, with considerable expenditure of head and heart, an attempt was made to breathe a living soul into the Radical party, but in vain: there was no making those dry bones live. Among a multitude of failures, I had only one instance of brilliant success. It is some satisfaction to me to know that, as far as such things can ever be said, I

saved Lord Durham,—as he himself, with much feeling, acknowledged to me, saying that he knew not to what to ascribe the reception he met with on his return from Canada, except to an article of mine which came out immediately before. If you were to read that article now, you would wonder what there was in it to bear out such a statement; but the *time* at which it appeared was everything; every one's hand seemed to be against him, no one dared speak a word for him; the very men who had been paying court and offering incense to him for years before (I never had) shrunk away or ventured only on a few tame and qualified phrases of excuse, not, I verily believe, from cowardice so much as because, not being accustomed to think about *principles* of politics, they were taken by surprise in a contingency which they had not looked for, and feared committing themselves to something they could not maintain; and if this had gone on, opinion would have decided against him so strongly that even that admirable Report of his and Buller's could hardly have turned the tide; and unless some one who could give evidence of thought and knowledge of the subject had thrown down the gauntlet at that critical moment, and determinedly claimed honor and glory for him instead of mere acquittal, and in doing this made a diversion in his favor, and encouraged those who wished him well to speak out, and so kept people's mind *suspended* on the subject, he was in all probability a lost man; and if I had not been the man to do this, nobody else would. And three or four months later the Report came out, and then everybody said I had been right, and now it is being acted upon.

"This is one of only three things, among all I attempted in my reviewing life, which I can be said to have succeeded in. The second was to have greatly accelerated the success of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' a book so strange and incomprehensible to the greater part of the public that whether it should succeed or fail seemed to depend on the turn of a die; but I got the first word, blew the trumpet before it at its first coming out, and, by claiming for it the honors of the

highest genius, frightened the small fry of critics from pronouncing a hasty condemnation, got fair play for it, and then its success was sure.

"My *third* success is that I have dinned into people's ears that Guizot is a great thinker and writer, till they are, though slowly, beginning to read him, which I do not believe they would be doing even yet, in this country, but for me.

"This, I think, is a full account of all the world has got by my editing and reviews.

"Will you pardon the egotism of this letter? I really do not think I have talked so much about myself in the whole year previous as I have done in the few weeks of my intercourse with your family; but it is not a fault of mine generally, for I am considered reserved enough by most people, and I have made a very solemn resolution, when I see you again, to be more *objective* and less *subjective* in my conversation (as Calvert says) than when I saw you last.—Ever yours faithfully,

J. S. Mill.

"It seems idle to send remembrances; they saw enough to know I am not likely to forget them."

April 28.—Visit from Dr. Calvert, who has been translating some of Schleiermacher's sermons, which he lent to us to illustrate the aid which metaphysics may yield to religion. They were very useful to a lady in Madeira, to whom he administered them. He (Schleiermacher) did more than any one to evangelize Germany, especially by letting Scripture constantly illustrate the different points of faith and practice for which he would claim a primary ideal reality. This just suits the Germans. Dr. Calvert has been examining the principles of Friends. He thinks that as much was done by George Fox as could be done at the time at which he lived, but it is not enough for the present time; forms and words are still too apt to be accepted instead of ideas, and a new prophet is wanted to give reality to the abstract. Fox's work was to lead man from his fellow-man to Christ alone; and

how great an aim was this! Talked of Darwin and his theory of the race being analogous to the individual man; having in the latter form a certain quantum of vitality granted for a certain period, he would extend the idea to the race, and thus would regard the Deluge, for instance, as simply the necessary conclusion of our race because it had lived the time originally appointed for it: this, though abundantly conjectural, is interesting as a theory, and probably originated with Herder. Then on the growth of religion in an individual mind and in the mind of the species as precisely similar; the first idea of God excited by the Wonderful, afterwards by the Terrible (Mount Sinai), and only Christianity points it out as specially legible in the small and little-noticed events of human life, or objects of creation. On prayer: social prayer useful and necessary to satisfy the gregarious nature of man, though less attractive to fastidious natures than silent and solitary communion with God. The plan of specific prayer, for changes in the weather, etc., is useful in giving an object for prayer in which the multitude can heartily unite, but certainly showing a want both of faith (trust) and enlargement of apprehension: still, he would never call that absurd which is the conscientious belief of any, even the weakest Christian, who is indeed a Christian.

May 2.—Dr. Calvert dined with us on the lawn at Penjerrick, amidst a party of school-boys. He spoke of having made up his mind not to expect anything positive in life, and he has found great comfort in this conclusion. He believes that the exertion of our powers and energies to effect an object is always of much greater importance than the objects themselves.

May 7.—He says that at Falmouth he has met with two new and most interesting facts, John Mill and grandmamma. The satisfaction he derives from finding that the experience of the latter—an aged and earnest Christian—tallies often with his own theories, is extreme.

London, May 19.—We had heard much of Thomas Carlyle from enthusiastic admirers, and his book on Chartism had

not lessened the excitement with which I anticipated seeing and hearing him. These anticipations were realized at the lecturing-room in Edward Street. We sat by Harriet Mill, who introduced us to her next neighbor, Mrs. Carlyle, who kindly asked us to come to them any evening, as they would both be glad to see us. The audience, among whom we discovered Whewell, Samuel Wilberforce and his beautiful wife, was very thoughtful and earnest in appearance: it had come to hear the Hero portrayed in the form of the Man of Letters.* Carlyle soon appeared, and looked as if he felt a well-dressed London crowd scarcely the arena for him to figure in as popular lecturer. He is a tall, robust-looking man; rugged simplicity and indomitable strength are in his face, and such a glow of genius in it,—not always smouldering there, but flashing from his beautiful gray eyes, from the remoteness of their deep setting under that massive brow. His manner is very quiet, but he speaks like one tremendously convinced of what he utters, and who had much—very much—in him that was quite unutterable, quite unfit to be uttered to the uninitiated ear; and when the Englishman's sense of beauty or truth exhibited itself in vociferous cheers, he would impatiently, almost contemptuously, wave his hand, as if that were not the sort of homage which Truth demanded. He began in a rather low nervous voice, with a broad Scotch accent, but it soon grew firm, and shrank not abashed from its great task. In this lecture, he told us, he was to consider the Hero as Man of Letters. The Man of Letters is a priest as truly as any other who has a message to deliver; but woe to him if he will not deliver it aright! He has this function appointed him, and Carlyle would even have his fraternity organized like the members of other professions, though in truth he could ill chalk out the plan; but their present mode

* These lectures on "Hero-Worship" are of course now known and read *in extenso* by every one; but it is interesting to compare them as published with the *résumé* here given from memory by Caroline Fox, who had no knowledge of stenography, and yet reproduces so much almost in the words they were given.

of existence is a sad and uncertain one, unprotected by that world for which they are often so unfit. As they are the teachers of men, he thinks them well worthy of a university. He spoke of education, and resolved it into the simple elements of teaching to read and write; in its highest, or university sense, it is but the teaching to read and write on all subjects and in many languages. Of all the teaching the sublimest is to teach a man that he has a soul; the absolute appropriation of this fact gives life and light to what was before a dull, cold, senseless mass. Some philosophers of a sceptical age seemed to hold that the object of the soul's creation was to prevent the decay and putrefaction of the body; in fact, a rather superior sort of salt. It is the province of the Man of Letters, if he be a true man, to give right views of the world, to set up the standard of truth and gather devotees around it. Goethe was the type of a Man of Letters, —all that such a man could be; there is more in his writings than we can at present see into. He, however, preferred taking Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns as illustrations of his subject; the common point of resemblance is their being *sincere* men: defined sincerity as the earnest living belief in what you profess to believe. He considers that every real poet must have a power in him to *do* the thing of which he sings, or he cannot treat it with effect, nor stir the sympathies of others. He exceedingly deprecates logic,—as giving a semblance of wisdom to a soulless reason, dry, and dull, and dead argumentation. Thus he holds Bentham's theory of human life to be one degree lower than Mahomet's. He would nevertheless call him an honest man, believing what he says, little as he can himself sympathize with his naked half-truths: his being a sincere prevented his being a useless man. Then we got to Johnson, who was born in an age of scepticism, when minds were all afloat in a miserable state of unrest, and their language indicating their belief that the world was like a water-mill working up the stream with no miller to guide it. His youth was one of extreme poverty; yet when a person who knew of his condition had a pair of old shoes

placed in his lodging, as soon as Johnson discovered them he flung them out of the window. This incident is an expressive type of the man's conduct through life; he never would stand in another's shoes; he preferred misery when it was his own, to anything derivable from others. He was in all respects a ponderous man,—strong in appetite, powerful in intellect, of Herculean frame, a great passionate giant. There is something fine and touching too, if we will consider it, in that little, flimsy, flippant, vain fellow, Boswell, attaching himself as he did to Johnson: before others had discovered anything sublime, Boswell had done it, and embraced his knees when the bosom was denied him. Boswell was a true hero-worshipper, and does not deserve the contempt we are all so ready to cast at him. Then Rousseau was turned to: he too was a warm advocate for reality, he too lived in an age of scepticism; he examined things around him, and found how often semblances passed for realities among men. He scrupled not to analyze them with unsparing hand, and soon discovered that you may clothe a thing and call it what you will, but if it have not in itself the idea it would represent, you cannot give it a substantial existence. And so he opposed himself to kingship as then existing. That man from his garret sent forth a flame that blazed abroad with all its horrors in the French Revolution, and was felt and recognized beyond garrets. Carlyle does not much sympathize with his works; indeed, he said, "The Confessions are the only writings of his which I have read with any interest; there you see the man such as he really was, though I can't say that it is a duty to lay open the Bluebeard chambers of the heart. I have said that Rousseau lived in a sceptical age: there was then in France no form of Christianity recognized, not even Quakerism. In early life he was unhappy, feeling that his existence was not turning to account; every one does or ought to feel unhappy till he finds out what to do. Rousseau was a thorough Frenchman, not a great man; he knew nothing of that silence which precedes words, and is so much grander than the grandest words, because in it those thoughts

are created of which words are but the poor clothing. I say Rousseau knew nothing of this, but Johnson knew much; verily, he said but little, only just enough to show that a giant slept in that rugged bosom." Burns was the last of our heroes, and here our Scotch patriot was in his element. Most graphically did he sketch some passages in the poet's life; the care with which his good father educated him, teaching him to read his Bible and to write: the family was in great poverty, and so deeply did anxiety about rearing his children prey on the mind of old William Burns that he died of a broken heart. He was a sincere man, and, like every sincere man, he lived not in vain. He acted up to the precepts of John Knox and trained his son to immortality. When Robert's talents developed themselves, the rich and the great espoused his cause, constantly sent for him when they would be amused, and drew him out of his simple habits, greatly to his own woe. He could not long stand this perpetual lionizing unblighted; it broke him up in every sense, and he died. What a tragedy is this of Robert Burns! his father dying of a broken heart from dread of over-great poverty,—the son from contact with the great, who would flatter him for a night or two and then leave him unfriended! Amusement they must have, it seems, at any expense, though one would have thought they were sufficiently amused in the common way; but no, they were like the Indians we read of whose grandees ride in their palanquins at night, and are not content with torches carried before them, but must have instead fireflies stuck at the end of spears. . . . He then told us he had more than occupied our time, and rushed down-stairs.

Returned with Harriet Mill from Carlyle's lecture to their house in Kensington Square, where we were most lovingly received by all the family. John Mill was quite himself. He had in the middle of dinner to sit still for a little to try and take in that we are really here. A good deal of talk about Carlyle and his lectures: he never can get over the feeling that people have given money to hear him, and are possibly calculating whether what they hear is worth the price they

paid for it. Walked in the little garden, and saw the Falmouth plants which Clara cherishes so lovingly, and Henry's cactus and other dear memorials. Visited John Mill's charming library, and saw portions of his immense herbarium; the mother so anxious to show everything, and her son so terribly afraid of boring us. He read us that striking passage in "Sartor Resartus" on George Fox making to himself a suit of leather. How his voice trembled with excitement as he read, "Stitch away, thou noble Fox," etc. They spoke of some of the eccentricities of their friend Mrs. Grote, whom Sydney Smith declares to be the origin of the word, "grotesque." Several busts of Bentham were shown, and, some remark being made about him, John Mill said, "No one need feel any delicacy in canvassing his opinions in my presence;" this, indeed, his review sufficiently proves. Mrs. Mill gave us Bentham's favorite pudding at dinner!

After a most happy day we walked off, John Mill accompanying us through the Park. He gave his version of John Sterling's history. In early life he had all the beautiful peculiarities and delicacies of a woman's mind. It at length dawned upon him that he had a work of his own to accomplish; and earnestly, and long unsuccessfully, did he strive to ascertain its nature. All this time he was restless and unhappy, under the sense that doing it he was not. This lasted till his returning voyage from the West Indies, where his patience and perseverance, his earnestness and sincerity, received their reward; he saw the use he might be to others, in establishing and propagating sound principles of action, and since that time he has known quietness and satisfaction. Though his writings are such as would do credit to anybody, yet they are inferior to his conversation: he has that rare power of throwing his best thoughts into it and adapting them to the comprehension of others. John Mill wrote him the other day that he would gladly exchange powers of usefulness with him. Talked on the spirit of sect as opposed to that of Christianity and subversive of it. Friends in their essential character must have less of it than any others; though, of

course, in theirs as well as in all sects, the *espirits bornés* will exalt the peculiarities and differences above the agreements,—the very spirit of sect.

May 22.—To Carlyle's lecture. The Hero was to-day considered as King, and Cromwell, Napoleon, and French Revolutionism were the illustrations chosen. Every ruler has a divine right to govern, in so far as he represents God, but in no other: the discussion on the divine right as commonly understood is too dull and profitless to be ever resumed. He soon got to his beloved antithesis, Reality *versus* Speciosity,—that which is, and that which seems; and that to call a man king, if he have not the qualities of kingship, can never give him real power or authority. Men have long tried to believe in a name, but seem now to be abandoning this attempt as fruitless. Goethe says that the struggle between belief and unbelief is the only thing in the memoirs of humanity worth considering. The most futile attempt to represent the idea of a king should nevertheless be treated with loyalty, or its attempts at right government will be rendered only the more futile. In matters of positive conscience alone can rebellion be justified, and here it requires a just balancing of the true ideal principle of loyalty. Cromwell comes before us with a dark element of chaos round about him; for he, in common with Johnson, lived in an unbelieving age, and the chaos would not take form till he had given it one. "He is said to have had a vision, which greatly impressed him, of a nymph, who informed him that he would be a great man; but I doubt but this vision was only the constant sense of his power, to which a visible form was given. I believe Cromwell not to have been ambitious; no really great man is so: no, he had the ideas of heaven and hell within him, and death and judgment and eternity as the background to every thought; and gilt coaches don't much affect these. Men say that he had the Protectorate in his eye from the beginning of his career, but this I deny; he, like others, became what he did through circumstances. Men do not, as is so often assumed, live by programme; historians can't make a

greater mistake than in tracing, as they so cleverly do, the steps which he they write of took to gain the point of eminence which he reached. Cromwell came out direct from Nature herself to deliver her message to England. To establish a theocracy was, I believe, the great celestial idea which irradiated all the dark conduct of him. When he came to the Long Parliament, he looked for one fit to carry out this idea, but he could not find one: he would, I believe, have preferred being a lieutenant could he have found another man worthy to be a king, but he could not; and so, having tried two Parliaments and found they wouldn't do, he was obliged to have recourse to despotism. He was in a situation similar to that of the present ministry: he *could* not resign." He gave a most graphic sketch of the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and Cromwell taking Colonel Hutchinson aside and imploring him to love him still, to examine and understand his motives, and not to abhor him as a traitor; but it was all in vain; a narrow confined mind like Hutchinson's could not take in anything so grand, and he too left him. After many other most effective touches in this sketch, which compelled you to side with Carlyle as to Cromwell's self-devotion and magnanimity, he gave the finishing-stroke with an air of most innocent wonderment: "And yet I believe I am the first to say that Cromwell was an honest man!" Then we had a glimpse at French Revolutionism. In the eighteenth century men worshipped the things that seemed; it was a quack century, and could not last. The representatives of kingship increased in imbecility and unreality, till the people could bear the delusion no longer; so they found out Truth in thunder and horror, and would at any cost have Reality and not Speciosity. So they had it, and paid its price. It is ill, even in metaphor, to call the world a machine; to consider it as such, has ever been a fatal creed for rulers. Napoleon was brought up, believing not the Gospel according to St. John, but the Gospel according to St. Diderot, and this accounts for his fundamental untruthfulness and moral obliquity. His bulletins were so full

of lies that it became a proverb, "as false as a bulletin." No excuse can ever be valid for telling lies, and this indifference of his must prevent him from coming up to the standard of true greatness. But he was a good governor: he went thoroughly into things, understood their bearings and relations, and took advantage of every opportunity. When he went to see the Tuileries, which was being very splendidly fitted up for him, he quietly cut off one of the gold tassels and put it in his pocket. The workmen were astonished, and wondered what might be his object. A week afterwards he came again, took the tassel out of his pocket, gave it to the contractor, and said, "I have examined the tassel and find it is not gold; you will have this mistake rectified." Such a man could not be taken in. In the midst of all his splendor he had little enjoyment; there is much pathos in the fact that many times a day his mother would say, "I want to see the Emperor; is he still alive?" No wonder, poor woman, when there were such constant attacks made on his life. One thing that would prevent Napoleon's taking a high place among great spirits was his thinking himself in some way essential to the existence of the world. Many a time at St. Helena would he wonder how Europe *could* get on in his absence. When a man believes himself the centre of the world, he believes in a poor Ego and loses his manhood. Napoleon exhibited a sad tragedy in trying to wed Truth with semblance, and nothing but tragedy can ever result from such an attempt. . . . He then told us that the subject which he had endeavored to unfold in three weeks was more calculated for a six months' story; he had, however, been much interested in going through it with us, even in the naked way he had done, thanked us for our attention and sympathy, wished us a cordial farewell, and vanished.

Upton, May 24.—The Buxtons dined here to-day, and after dinner Thomas Fowell Buxton addressed the assembly on the subject of the Anti-Slavery meeting next month, which he thinks it is the duty of Friends to attend. Prince Albert has become President, the first Society which he has patronized.

Afterwards, walking in the garden with Barclay and me, he talked much more about it, regretting the scruples of many as to the armed vessels which are to accompany the Niger Expedition; he thinks their arguments apply equally to mail-coach travelling. In going to meeting he gave a picture of his interview with the Pope, and other pleasant glimpses of people and things in the Eternal City. Wolff's bust of Uncle George Croker Fox especially delights him. John Pease gave us a striking sermon this evening, on which Fowell Buxton remarked that he exceeded in true eloquence—that is, in fluency, choice of language, and real feeling—any man he had ever heard.

May 25.—This afternoon the young Buxton party returned from Rome; their advent was performed in characteristic fashion. Fowell Buxton was sauntering in the Park when a bruit reached him that they were approaching; so he flung his ill-hung legs across the back of a coach-horse which crossed his path, with blinkers and harness on but no saddle, and thus mounted flew to the house shouting, "They are come!" so the family were fairly aroused to give such a welcome as Gurneys well know how to give.

London, May 28.—Met Dr. Calvert in Finsbury, and had some quiet talk in the midst of that vast hubbub. He has been seeing Sir James Clark about John Sterling, and has written the latter a letter which will drive all Italian plans out of his head. In his case it is the morale rather than the physique that must always be attacked, and a quiet winter in Cornwall with his family would be vastly better for him than the intoxication of Italy. Went with him to meet the Mills at the India House; met Professor Nichols and his wife, and Mr. Grant. Surveyed the Museum, wherein are divers and great curiosities: the confirmation of the Charter to the East India Company in Cromwell's own hand; four pictures representing the seasons, by a Chinese artist, in very fair perspective (many are glad to take advantage of English instruction in this and other arts, which is a great advance); the tiger crushing and eating the unfortunate Christian, who is made to groan me-

chanically (this was a favorite of Hyder's, as representing the Indian power crushing European interference!); Tippoo's own Koran; models of Chinese gardens; a brick from Babylon, inscribed with characters which none have been able to decipher; numberless snakes, insects, fish, beasts, and birds, some of rare beauty,—the horrid vampire especially fascinating. Then to the apartment of our host, where in all comfort he can arrange the government of the native states, raising some and putting down others. The political department of the East India House is divided into six classes, of which this is one. They have their Horse Guards in another part of the same immense building, which was built for the accommodation of four or five thousand, the population of the capital of Norway, to which number it amounted in its most prosperous days; now there are but two or three hundred. As we had a few hours at our disposal, we thought it a pity not to spend them together, so we travelled off to the Pantheon. John Mill very luminous all the way, spite of the noise. He considers the differences in national character one of the most interesting subjects for science and research. Thus the French are discovered to possess so much nationality; every great man among them is, in the first place, essentially a Frenchman, whatever he may have appended to that character. The individuality of the English, on the other hand, makes them little marked by qualities in common; each takes his own road and succeeds by his own merits. The French are peculiarly swayed by a leader, and, so he be a man of talent, he can do anything with them. Custom and public opinion are the rulers in England. Any man of any pretension is sure to gather some disciples around him in this country, but can never inspire a universal enthusiasm. The French take in all that is new and original sooner than others, but rarely originate anything themselves; and when they have sufficiently diluted it they reintroduce it to Europe. Thus almost all new doctrines come from France, in consequence of their being such clear statists; but if they find a subject too deep for them, they entirely give it the go-by. To the

Germans a new idea is but an addition to their list of speculative truths, which at most it modifies, but creates little disturbance, so essentially are they a speculative people. The English, on the other hand, being equally in their essence practical, and whose speculative opinions generally bear reference to the conduct of life and moral duty, are very shy of new truths, lest they should force them to admit that they had hitherto lived in vain; few have courage to begin life *de novo*, but those who have do not lose their reward. The Germans are the most tolerant people breathing, because they seem to form a community entirely for the development and advancement of truth; thus they hail all as brothers who will throw any light on their demigod, through however obscure and discountenanced a medium. The spirit of sect is useful in bringing its own portion of Truth into determined prominence, and comfortable in the repose it must give, to be able to say, I am sure I am right; on the other hand, it not only walls up the opinions it advocates within the limits of its own party, but it is very apt to induce a pedantry of peculiarity and custom, which must be injurious to Truth. He thinks that the principles of Friends would have been more influential in the world, and have done it a greater proportional good, had they not been mixed up with sect. On the great share self-love has in our appreciation of the talents of others, he said, it is indeed delightful to see the gigantic shadow of ourselves, to recognize every point in our own self-consciousness, but infinitely magnified. Without self-love you may also account for this; you are best able to appreciate those difficulties in which you have been yourself involved, and are therefore in a better position than others for recognizing the merit of having overcome them. The macaws and goldfish of the Pantheon prevented further settled conversation, but I think I had my share for one day.

May 29.—The Mills, Mrs. King, and W. E. Forster to breakfast. We had a snug time till eleven, and took advantage of it. Talked of the influence of the love of approbation on all human affairs; Mill derives it from a craving for sympathy. Discussed the value of good actions done from mixed or bad

motives,—such as dread of public opinion: this dread is a very useful whipper-in, it makes nine-tenths of those affected by it better than they would otherwise be, the remaining tenth worse; because the first class dare not act below the standard, the second dare not act above it. On the use of differences of manner when in company or at home; when a man assumes his every-day manners in society it generally passes for affectation. Society seems to be conducted on the hypothesis that we are living among enemies, and hence all the forms of etiquette. He can always judge from handwriting whether the writer's character is a natural or artificial one. On truth in things false: he holds that though right conclusions may be occasionally elicited by error, they can never in the nature of things be grounded on it. Then the Grecian character was dissected; there was no chivalry in it, it never cared to protect the weak; Christianity first taught this duty, but among the Greeks strength was the high-road to fame and credit: he has searched in classic lore, and the only passage he can find at all bearing a higher meaning was one in Thucydides which says, "It is nobler to combat with equals than inferiors." John Mill has a peculiar antipathy to hunting the hare, it is such a striking subversion of this fine Christian innovation of which we had been speaking: he has never attended races either. We all went off together, John Mill going with us to the door of Devonshire House, evolving his "clear because profound truths (as he calls Guizot's) in a crystal stream, his spirit's native tongue." Talked about party spirit, and how inadmissible it was except where subjects of vital import were concerned. In Geneva all the party spirit, all the Conservatism and Radicalism, turns upon pulling down the city wall, or leaving it; and on this subject all the vagaries are acted which we know so well in this England of ours under the name of party spirit. It might be well to send the leader of a faction thither, to convince him of the poverty of his motive power.

June 3.—Spent the evening at the Mills', and met the Carlyles and Uncle and Aunt Charles. Conversation so flowed

in all quarters that I could not gain any continuous idea of what took place in the most remarkable ones, but what I did catch was the exposition of Carlyle's argument about the progressive degeneracy of our lower classes, and its only obvious remedies, education and emigration: about Ireland and its sad state, and how our sins towards it react on ourselves; but it was to the Condition-of-England question that his talk generally tended. He seems to view himself as the apostle of a certain democratic idea, bound over to force it on the world's recognition. He spoke of George Fox's "Journal:" "That's not a book one can read through very easily, but there are some deep things in it, and well worth your finding." They had some talk on the teetotal societies, and his laugh at some odd passages was most hilarious. Mrs. Carlyle was meanwhile giving Aunt Charles some brilliant female portraiture, but all in caricature. Speaking of her husband in his lecturing capacity, she said, "It is so dreadful for him to try to unite the characters of the prophet and the mountebank; he has keenly felt it; and also he has been haunted by the wonder whether the people were not considering if they had had enough for their guinea." At last we were going, but our postillion was fast asleep on the coach-box. Barclay gave him an intimation of our presence, to which he languidly replied, "All right," but in a voice that showed clearly that it was all wrong. We asked for a hackney-coach, but J. S. Mill was delightfully ignorant as to where such things grew, or where a likely hotel was to be found; and, as our culprit was now a little sobered by fright and evening air, and passionately pleaded wife and children, we ventured forward, Barclay and J. Mill walking for a long way beside us.

June 13.—Went with the Mills to the Anti-Slavery meeting at Exeter Hall, and had capital places assigned us. It was soon immoderately crowded, and at eleven we were all ordered to take off our hats, as Prince Albert and an illustrious train appeared on the platform. The acclamations attending his entry were perfectly deafening, and he bore them all with calm, modest dignity, repeatedly bowing with considerable grace.

He certainly is a very beautiful young man, a thorough German, and a fine poetical specimen of the race. He uttered his speech in a rather low tone and with the prettiest foreign accent. As the history of the meeting is in print, I need not go into details of the brilliant set of speakers to whom we listened. Fowell Buxton's was a very fine, manly speech; and the style in which he managed the public feeling on O'Connell's entrance greatly raised my notion of his talent and address. Samuel Wilberforce's was a torrent of eloquence, seeking and finding a fitting vent. The prince's eyes were riveted upon him. Sir Robert Peel's demeanor was calm, dignified, and statesmanlike; the expression of his face I did not like, it was so very supercilious. He was received with shouts of applause, and truly it is a fine thing to have him enlisted in the enterprise. Lord Northampton was very agreeable, speaking as the representative of British science, which he hoped might have a new field opened in Africa. Sir Thomas Acland was manly and energetic, and would make himself heard and felt. Lord* Ashley, a very handsome young noble, spoke well and worthily. Guizot was on the platform; his face is very interesting, illustrating what John Mill said the other day about every great Frenchman being first essentially French, whatever else might be superadded. Guizot's head and face are indisputably French, but "de première qualité." He entered with much animation into the spirit of the occasion, nodding and gesticulating in unison with the speakers. O'Connell seemed heartily to enjoy the triumph of his own presence; though not permitted to speak, a large minority of the audience would hardly allow any one else to address them whilst he was silent. The meeting was altogether considered a most triumphant one; the prince's appearance, the very first as patron of any benevolent enterprise, is likely to tell well on other countries; and the unanimity of so many parties in resolving to try this great commercial experiment in Africa was most encouraging.

* The present Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

Clifton, July 17.—Whilst driving we met a fly, which hailed us right cheerily, and, to our no small delight and surprise, John Sterling issued forth and warmly greeted us. So Anna Maria got in with his wife, and he joined us; they had been paying mamma a visit at Combe, and were now wandering forth in search of us. He looks well, and was very bright. He has been more with the Carlyles than any one else in London, and reports that he is writing his lectures for publication, —the first time he has done so.

July 18.—We went off to the Sterlings'. He did the honors of a capital breakfast very completely, during which conversation, even on high matters, was not suspended. Methinks Sterling's table-talk would be as profitable reading as Coleridge's. His discussion with Samuel Wilberforce at the Sterling Club was alluded to. Wilberforce quoted and argued on Pascal's first principle,—that men begin life with perfect credulity, proceed to universal scepticism, and then return to their first position. If this statement were correct, the middle term would be altogether useless, though considered a natural road to the conclusion. Sterling examined this afterwards, and thinks its significance may be understood thus: you begin by believing things on the authority of those around you, then learn to think for yourself without shrinking from the closest, severest scrutiny which may probably bring you to be *convinced*, not *persuaded*, of the things you first believed, unless these were erroneous, in which case they may not stand the test. On Carlyle; his low view of the world proceeding partly from a bad stomach. The other day he was, as often, pouring out the fulness of his indignation at the quackery and speciosity of the times. He wound up by saying, "When I look at this I determine to cast all tolerance to the winds." Sterling quietly remarked, "My dear fellow, I had no idea you had any to cast." Sterling views him as one of the old prophets who could see no good, no beauty, in former institutions or beliefs, by which his mind might have been called off from its intense devotion to a better belief and purer institutions. He has all their intensity and their narrowness. Spite

of all his declamations against men as now existing, he weakens his theory sadly by uniformly addressing the higher feelings of humanity and expecting to work successfully through them. This proves that he must give them credit for possessing something with which he can sympathize. In comparing Carlyle with Jean Paul, you will find them each more like the other than any other man, but there is the difference of prophet and poet between them. Carlyle, with all his ideality and power of words, never creates an ideal character, rather the test of a poet; he is never affected, as a prophet,—he dare not be so, it would neutralize his earnestness and reforming energy: Jean Paul as an artist can venture to treat a subject as imaginatively and as fancifully as he likes. Sterling would define Carlyle's religious views as a warm belief in God, manifested in everything that is, whose worship should be pursued in every action. He religiously believes everything that he believes, and sees all things so connected that the line of demarcation between belief in things spiritual and things natural is not by any means distinct. Sterling then showed us portfolios of engravings, out of which he gave Anna Maria a beautiful Rubens, and me a drawing of an ideal head by Benedetto, Guercino's master. On my remonstrating against such overpowering generosity, he said, "As that is the only drawing I have, my collection will be much more complete without it." His engravings of Michael Angelo's are sublime. He has that wonderful figure of Jeremiah and another hung up in the drawing-room. He was saying something about them one day to Julius Hare, who answered, "Yes, I should admire those two pictures of him as much as you do, only they remind me of two passages in the life of W. S. Landor which I have witnessed: the first, Landor scolding his wife; the second, his lamentation over the absence of a favorite dish of oysters!" Then we looked over a book of portraits of the German Reformers. The only mild founders of new opinions on record are Swedenborg and the Moravian Father. He has that most beautiful engraving of Melanchthon which expresses all that his biography teaches. On the German poets: Klopstock be-

lieved, although contemporary with Goethe and Schiller, that Bürger was the only German poet living designed for worldly immortality! Julius Hare was the translator of those tales from Tieck which I have. Hare met Tieck once, and, reference being made to his translation, Tieck thought that he would have found some of the rhapsodical parts very difficult to render, but afterwards agreed with Hare that the soft, delicate touches and shades of feeling and opinion with which he abounds must have required the more careful handling. Madame de Staël was regretting to Lord Castlereagh that there was no word in the English language which answered to their "*sentiment.*" "No," he said, "there is no English word, but the Irish have one that corresponds exactly,—'blarney.'" Considering who the interlocutors were, this was inimitable. It is supposed to be Lord Castlereagh's one good thing. Then he showed a beautiful portrait of Guizot, so like him. The other day Guizot was sitting at dinner next a Madame M——, who has just written a novel, on which she imagines herself to have founded a literary reputation. She wished to extend a little patronage to her next neighbor, so began, "Et vous, monsieur, est-ce que vous avez écrit quelque chose?" "Oui, madame, quelques brochures," was the cool reply. He walked with us part of the way, greatly rejoicing in the elevation of Thirlwall to episcopal dignity,—a man every way worthy.

July 20.—Papa went on to Combe and left us in Clifton; so, accompanied by our good friend Sterling, we explored the cathedral of Bristol. Talked about the great want of taste for the arts among the English, though they have the finest paintings (the Cartoons) and noblest sculptures (the Elgin Marbles). Yet only the educated, and they often only from the spirit of dilettantism and fashion, attempt to admire with judgment. Wandered into the Institution, and contemplated some fine casts from the Ægina Marbles of the wars of the Amazons, also of those from a Grecian temple, the originals of which are at Munich. Some of the learned consider them to be in masks, to account for the unimpassioned expressions of

their faces in perilous circumstances. Sterling dissents from this idea,—masks were not at that time invented,—but reconciles matters by considering masks to be merely a form of speech used to express the absence of any attempt to render the human face in marble, which was, in those modest, self-mistrusting times, considered as above and beyond the province of Art. He introduced us to Bailey's "Eve," considered the best specimen of modern sculpture, and truly a most lovely, expressive, altogether womanly creature. She is in the act of contemplating her charms reflected in the water, as hinted at by Milton. Then, the Dying Gladiator called forth some good remarks; this figure is the perfection of the animal man, a perfect mechanical example of the species. To increase the love of art in England he would have good engravings and casts, if not paintings, attached to mechanics' institutes.

Talked about J. Wilson Croker. He is a worshipper of chandeliers and wealth in all its forms, and withal is the supposed author of that article in the "Quarterly" of which John Keats died. Talked about sculpture and pictures in churches, which he rather likes than otherwise, thinking them calculated to fix the attention and give a direction to the devotion of the uneducated. On the "No Popery" cry: there is thus much in it by way of groundwork; all positive forms of religion are, in this thinking age, preferred to indifference; hence Roman Catholicism extends its influence and infidelity likewise. On the probable ultimate religious faith of countries, now professedly Catholic, but really unbelieving in a great measure: he thinks they will become rather of the creed of *la giovane Italia*, a belief poetical and German, of which Silvio Pellico is a worthy representative. Carlyle was not a little astonished the other day at a man informing him with deep gratitude that his works had converted him from Quakerism, in which he had been brought up, to Benthamism, and from that to Roman Catholicism! Talked about the Mills. It is a new thing for John Mill to sympathize with religious characters; some years since, he had so imbibed the errors which his father instilled

into him as to be quite a bigot against religion. Sterling thinks he was never in so good a state as now.

He told us a story which Samuel Wilberforce mentioned to him the other day. The Archbishop of Canterbury was examining a Girls' National School, and, not being a man of ready speech, he ran through the gamut of suitable openings: "My dear young friends—My dear girls—My dear young catechumens—My dear Christian friends—My dear young female women:" the gamut goes no higher. Then we trotted off to St. Stephens, J. Sterling declaring that he knew we were the walkingest young women wot is,—a nice character.

July 21.—John Sterling appeared at breakfast. Last night he was very much exhausted, for, as it was his birthday, his children expected him first to play wolf and afterwards to tell them stories. He and papa discussed the Corn Laws, in which papa is much more Conservative than he is. He talked extremely well about popular education. It is not those who read simply, but those who think, who become enlightened. Real education had such an effect in restraining and civilizing men, that in America no police force is employed where education is general. In a democracy it is all-important; for, as that represents the will of the people, you must surely make that will as reasonable as possible. Looked over some portfolios of drawings,—the angular style of drapery, picturesque because not statuesque. Asked him concerning his belief in ghosts: "Of course I believe in them. We are all spectres; the difference between us is that some can see themselves as well as others. We are all shadows in the magic-lantern of Time." When S. T. Coleridge was asked the same question, he replied, "No, ma'am, I've seen too many of them." Then we gravely discussed the subject: he imagines the number of cases in favor of the common belief in ghosts to bear no proportion to those where ideal ghosts have been seen and no answering reality or coincidence to be found. As in the temple of Neptune, where the votive offerings were displayed of many who had been saved from shipwreck on praying to Neptune: "But where," asked the sceptic, "are the records of those

who prayed to Neptune and were drowned?" And so Sterling went away, leaving us many tangible proofs of his kind remembrance, in portfolios full of engravings, "to keep for three years if you like."

August 3.—J. Sterling has made up his mind not to go to Italy.

Falmouth, August 7.—Dr. Bowring paid us a charming little visit. He spoke of the National Convention: he has been much blamed for countenancing such a political union, but he thinks the enthusiasm manifested therein not only excusable but necessary, as it rouses the quiet philosophical thinkers to do well what they see would otherwise be done in a very unsystematic fashion, and so the work makes progress. He spoke of Mill with evident contempt as a renegade from philosophy,—*Anglicé*, a renouncer of Bentham's creed and an expounder of Coleridge's. S. T. Coleridge's mysticism Dr. Bowring never could understand, and characterizes much of his teaching as a great flow of empty eloquence, to which no meaning was attachable. Mill's newly-developed "Imagination" puzzles him not a little; he was most emphatically a philosopher, but then he read Wordsworth, and that muddled him, and he has been in a strange confusion ever since, endeavoring to unite poetry and philosophy.

Dr. Bowring has lately had to look over multitudes of James Mill's, Bentham's, and Romilly's letters, in which there are many allusions to the young prodigy who read Plato at five years old. The elder Mill was stern, harsh, and sceptical. Bentham said of him, "He rather hated the ruling few than loved the suffering many." He was formerly a Scotch farmer, patronized for his mental power by Sir John Stuart, who had the credit of directing his education. For Carlyle Dr. Bowring professes a respect, in so far as he calls people's attention, with some power, to the sufferings of the many, and points out where sympathy is wanted; but he regards him as ignorant of himself and sometimes of his meaning, for his writings are full of odd, unintelligible entanglements, and all truth is simple. "The further men wander from simplicity, the

further are they from Truth." This is the last of Dr. Bowring's recorded axioms. He is Bentham's executor, and is bringing out a new edition of his works. He lives in the Queen's Square, where Milton's house still stands, and the garden in which he mused still flourishes, as much as London smoke will let it.

August 18.—At Helston; called on the Derwent Coleridges. He is much interested in Carlyle, though of course he does not sympathize with him in many things. He thinks his style has the faultiness peculiar to self-taught men,—an inequality; sometimes uttering gorgeous pieces of eloquence and deep and everlasting truths, at others spending equal strength in announcing the merest trivialities. Then, again, he thinks that he hardly ever modifies his manner to suit his matter,—an essential to excellence in art.

August 20.—Dined at the Taylors' to meet a very agreeable Prussian family, the Count and Countess Beust, with their sister and cousin. The countess talked about Schlegel, whom they know very well at Bonn. He gives a course of lectures every year, sometimes for gentlemen only, with a license to a few to bring their wives; at others only for ladies, with a similar proviso for some husbands. The last series was on German Criticism. She had not met Elizabeth Fry, but heard her spoken of with enthusiasm by one of her friends who had made her acquaintance. The count is a most energetic, clever, bright person, and full of laudable curiosity. He was vastly entertained at our making such a fuss about the miners' ascending troubles, and yet he is Government Mine Inspector of the Hartz! Also, he was very merry at the English plan of drinking healths with the adjunct "Hip! hip! hip!" which they are accustomed only to hear applied to the Jews.

CHAPTER VII.

1841.

"I see the lords of human kind pass by."—GOLDSMITH.

Falmouth, January 27.—To our great surprise and pleasure, Dr. Calvert suddenly appeared among us; though only an hour landed, he declared himself already better for Falmouth air; certainly he looks better.

January 30.—He spent much of the morning with us, and he proved to us most satisfactorily that mankind, up to those who take wooden meeting-houses to kangaroo districts, and ranging downwards without limitation, are not exempt from that sorrowful consequence of Eve's improper and useless conduct,—a tendency to deceive and a liability to be deceived.

January 31.—Dr. Calvert has been taking a malicious pleasure in collecting primroses and strawberry flowers to send to his sister as evidences of climate. Talked of Carlyle. He found it would not do to be much with him, his views took such hold on him and affected his spirits. None but those of great buoyancy and vigor of constitution should, he thinks, subject themselves to his depressing influences. Carlyle takes an anxious forlorn view of his own physical state, and said to him one day, "Well, I can't wish Satan anything worse than to try to digest for all eternity with my stomach; we shouldn't want fire and brimstone then."

February 2.—Dr. Calvert descanted on the vicarious nature of the system in physical life: the balancing power which exists in the body; if one part is weak, another is proportionally strong; if the cutaneous action goes on too vigorously, it draws on the stomach, and there is bad digestion, and *vice versâ*. If the brain is too much worked, the health gives

way; the only method of adjusting this is, when you devote yourself to head-work, be doubly careful about diet, exercise, cleanliness, etc. He entered into much illustrative comparative anatomy. He described a curious old record he has lately picked up, the apocryphal books of the New Testament, containing an Apocalypse of St. Peter, divers epistles, and the germs of certain strange Roman Catholic legends. There is a fine tone of primitive Christianity discernible throughout, but, after much grave debate, it was not deemed of canonical authority. He talked with a certain Carlylesqueness of the clergy *versus* men of letters, and says that in Holland education is conducted on more liberal principles than in any other country, and there not a single clergyman has even a little finger in the pie.

February 8.—A thaw came on, and Dr. Calvert crept in. Talked much of the Germans; Goethe's definition of the pure *Mährchen* as a tale in which you are to be in no wise reminded of the actualities of existence; every passage must be supernatural, the persons all inhabitants of a witch-world. This he has illustrated in the one which Carlyle has translated. He made me a present of "Hermann and Dorothea." Papa and he agree in believing that the doings of this world, and the phenomena we call action and reaction, are but manifestations of some great cyclical law, profoundly unknown but not unfelt.

February 12.—Instructive exhibition of the comparative anatomy of the stomachs of a Brent goose and a diver: the former lives on fuci, and is accordingly provided with amazingly strong muscles of digestion; the other depends on fish, and, though a much larger bird, its stomach is far smaller and less muscular. Dr. Calvert took seventeen fish out of it.

February 18.—Our afternoon visit to Bank House was enlivened by Dr. Calvert's presence and occasional outbreak into words. He talked on medical subjects; the prescription of red cloth for smallpox and some other diseases has only been discontinued quite lately. Dr. Jephson is no quack, he only trains the stomach to perform its functions rapidly; the

patient must take beef-steaks and porter, but then he must take plenty of exercise too; on leaving Leamington he is apt to remember only the first part of the prescription, and accordingly falls into a very sorry state of oppression and discomfort. I am exceedingly enjoying Boz's "Master Humphrey's Clock," which is still in progress. That man is carrying out Carlyle's work more emphatically than any; he forces the sympathies of all into unwonted channels, and teaches us that Punch and Judy men, beggar children, and daft old men are also of our species, and are not, more than ourselves, removed from the sphere of the heroic. He is doing a world of good in a very healthy way.

March 3.—Dr. Calvert announces the coming of his friend Sterling next week. He talked of their first intercourse in Madeira. John Sterling had heard of him as eccentric and fancied him Calvinistic, and in fact did not fancy him. They met at the house of a very worthy lady, who argued with Sterling on points connected with Calvinism. Dr. Calvert was a silent listener, but at last shoved a German book, which he was reading, right under John Sterling's nose, the significance of which made him start and see that he had read him wrongly. A warm friendship almost instantly resulted, and they soon took up their abode together.

March 6.—Dr. Calvert told us interesting things of the Jesuits. When he was ill in Rome, one came to him and begged to be made useful in any way. "Thank you, sir, I have a servant; pray don't trouble yourself." "Sir, my profession is to serve." They are picked men from childhood, and brought up at every stage in the strictest school of unquestioning submission to authority and a fixed idea. The Roman Catholic priests are always better or worse than the Protestant clergy,—either intensely devoted to God and their neighbor, or sly, covetous, and sensual.

March 7.—Little Tweedy and Bastin, two beautiful boy-children, to dinner; the theory of the latter concerning his majority is that in twenty months from this time (he being now of the mature age of four) he shall awake and find him-

self a man. He concludes he shall have to pass three days in bed whilst new clothes are being made.

March 8.—In our ride to-day Dr. Calvert talked of Savonarola, his influence over all the highest minds at Florence and elsewhere. Luther was the first who revived the conviction that it was the inward principle, rather than the outward manifestation of forms or ceremonies, to which Christ claimed man's loyalty,—the heart rather than the senses which should do him homage. This sublime and all-important truth was only revealed to him by degrees: he began attacking abuses, and was mightily startled at finding that the principle was in fault: he was frightened at the work before him, and not less alarmed as the work proceeded, fancying that he did more harm than good by the stir of thought which he had impelled throughout Europe. This alarm was perfectly natural, and it was natural too that evil should be evolved in the process,—natural and almost necessary. There has been through all time a constant hankering after the law as opposed to the gospel; it has been perpetually restored in some form or other: one form wears itself out, then a master-mind arises, teaches a pure principle, and can only transmit it by a new form, which in its turn wears out and dies, and another takes its place. Form is in its nature transitory, but the living principle is eternal.

March 13.—The Doctor at breakfast again; he actually drinks tea like any other Christian. He talks of going to Kynance or somewhere to rusticate for a little, probably as a place of refuge. He described the present Lord Spencer's mode of proceeding when his good nature has been grossly imposed on. A confidential butler was discovered to have omitted paying the bills for which he had received about two thousand pounds: this came to light in an investigation preparatory to settling a life-annuity on him. Dr. Calvert asked Lord Spencer, "Well, what shall you do now?" "Oh, I shall settle the annuity on his wife: I can't afford to lose two thousand pounds and my temper besides." In early life Lord Spencer was accustomed to give full sway to his passions, and

his love of popularity was very conspicuous. He has taken a true estimate of his own character and made a fine stand against the evil part of his nature: thus, an act like this was port wine and bark to his moral system. On the question being mooted, "Is such conduct morally right in a social system?" the Doctor replied, "Why, charity begins at home: if I should lose my temper in punishing a man, it would be an evil hardly counterbalanced by the advantage his suffering would be to society. I would never punish a man till I was sure I would not disturb my temper, nor unless it were likely to do him good." This is, of course, very liable to abuse from weak, kind-hearted people, but what principle is not? The difficulty of ascertaining the narrow line of safety may never be a sound argument against a principle: the highest are the most beset with perils.

March 16.—A nice long gossiping breakfast visit from Dr. Calvert. He has made up his mind to go to Penzance and see how it suits him. We shall miss him much. He talked with some enthusiasm of the true *Mährchen* nature of Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-Killer, etc. "As I have none to talk nonsense with but the dead, let me have such things as these to amuse some of my idleness. When a sedate friend has caught me thus employed, and sharply rebuked me for such mal-occupation of my time, and I have gone home with him into his family and heard him talking the veriest nonsense to his children, I have felt fully countenanced in continuing my amusement."

March 18.—The Doctor went away this morning, leaving a farewell note. He speaks of half envying a simple friend of ours who told him this morning that she had never been farther than Redruth, and on his asking her if she were born here (meaning Falmouth, not his house), she answered, "Oh, no, sir, down below in the town."

March 29.—Barclay heard from Sterling on his way to Torquay. He writes in the highest terms of Carlyle's volume of lectures; thinks it more popular and likely to do more good than any of his other books.

April 1.—Charming letter to Anna Maria from J. Sterling, in which he compares the contemporary genius of Michael Angelo and Luther; something of the Coleridge *versus* Bentham spirit: both fine, original, and clear, though opposite and apparently contradictory poles of one great force.

April 10.—At about seven o'clock, what was our delight and astonishment to meet John Sterling in the drawing-room, just come per "Sir Francis Drake" steamer, looking well, though anything but vigorous, and going almost directly to Dr. Calvert. We exchanged the warmest, kindliest greetings, and he agreed to lodge here: so we had an evening with plenty of talk. I wish I could preserve something of the form of Sterling's eloquence as well as the subject of it. To begin with a definition, Sterling is derived from Easterling, a trading nation of Lombards who settled in England; hence pounds sterling, etc. He doubts whether there was one murder in Ireland on strictly religious grounds. With respect to the present condition of the Irish, he remarked, "It is a hard thing to convince conquerors that they are responsible for the vices of the conquered. More infidelity has been learned from the reading of Church history than from any other source, —from the weak and futile attempts to prove too much and to brand all dissentients with quackery or heresy." Guizot's "Civilization in Europe" the highest history that has appeared in modern times: a thorough acquaintance with that work alone would constitute an educated and cultivated man. Michelet a much more impulsive writer; falls in love with his own thick-coming fancies, and dallies with them to the fatigue of third parties! Talked of Sir Isaac Newton and the sad meanness and jealousy of his character: he was desperately jealous of Leibnitz, and retracted an eulogistic mention of him in later editions of his works. Knows George Richmond well: he is painting portraits till he can afford to devote himself to historical painting and live in Italy. He has lately done one of Christ and the disciples at Emmaus, but there is not incident enough in the scene to explain itself without the words, —an essential consideration.

April 11.—Got up at six o'clock to make coffee for Sterling. As the talk fell on Luther, he sketched a fine imaginary picture of him at the moment of seeing his friend struck by lightning. It must happen at the junction of two roads,—one dark, but for the tree to which the lightning had set fire; frightened animals peering through the flames, painted indistinctly to remind us of fiends,—his friend being in this road dead: the other road, which Luther takes, the sun shines upon, and you see it winding in the distance till it ascends to the monastery, at the top of which is a shining cross which the rays of the sun have caught. He spoke of Savonarola as a Roman Catholic Puritan, a hard and narrow-minded enthusiast. His influence over the high spirits of his age was the effect of his conscientiousness simply; conscience ever must and will command reverence and influence without limit; it was curious enough that he should be the great destroyer of pictures, and a portrait of him by Raphael was the *amende honorable* which the next Pope paid to his memory. Talked of the dry, hard spirit of modern Unitarianism, and recommended Wordsworth's poetry or Barclay's "Apology" for such a case. Carlyle has been staying in the Isle of Wight with his brother, Dr. Carlyle, who is a man of no paradox, prejudice, or genius like his brother, but possesses strong sense and sound judgment. With reference to the miraculous power pretended for some of the Fathers and their relics, it is curious that none of the Fathers themselves ever assumed the power; it was left for tradition and their bones.

April 19.—Between the hours of nine and ten, Sterling returned from Penzance. He is come to look at some habitations with an eye to inhabitancy. He told us Dr. Calvert has been depressed and poorly for some time. Spoke of ladies taking notes at Carlyle's lectures, of dates, not thoughts, and these all wrong. On the law having a right to inquire about belief in future rewards and punishments with reference to administering the oaths. The idea of connecting religious belief with the law of the land, utterly preposterous; yet Sir Matthew Hale's narrow-minded dictum, that whoever would

not subscribe to the creed could not be a good subject, has been a precedent for after-lawyers. A drawing of Shelley being produced, he remarked, "What an absence of solidity in the expression of that face!" When at college, Sterling had venerated and defended Shelley as a moralist as well as a poet, "being rather youthy." Whenever Shelley attempted to enter into a real human character, it was a monstrous one, —the Cenci, for instance. He was only at home and freely breathing in a quite abstract empyrean. Shelley's head was most strangely shaped,—quite straight at the back.

April 20.—Sterling asked if we had seen "Trench on the Parables," a very interesting work, though he cannot sympathize with the idea that every expression and every feature in the parables is intended to bear a moral significance, but thinks they are often added for the completeness and picturesqueness of the story. Some talk on capital punishment; his views much more worthy of him than last year. Of the many mysteries in Germany and elsewhere: after thoroughly examining the subject, he believes that Caspar Häuser was an impostor. The Iron Mask much more fascinating, but unluckily there was no prince in Europe missing at that time. Spoke complainingly of the critical spirit superinduced by trying to perfect his own writings. Of Mrs. Carlyle's quizzeries, he thinks she puts them forth as such evident fictions that they cannot mislead with reference to the characters of others. Talked about men of science: he does not wish to attend the British Association; such would be the hurry and bustle that it would only be like intercourse on a treadmill. He called Whewell (with whom he is well acquainted) a great mass of prose, a wonderful collection of facts. Whewell once declared that he could see no difference between mechanic and dynamic theories, and yet the man reads Kant, has domesticated some of his ideas, and thinks himself a German. Sedgwick he owns to be of a different stamp, a little vein of genius running through his granite. He knows the Countess Beust well; she was the woman at Bonn whose manners he thought most calculated to make society agreeable. Schlegel had clear poetic

feeling and a fine insight, which enabled him to give those masterly criticisms on Shakespeare, till Madame de Staël came in his way, and by her plaudits of "société, esprit," etc., he learnt to think that for such things man was to live! He has therefore turned his energies all that way, and is now about the vainest man in Europe. Beau Brummel once plaintively remarked, "The ladies! they ruin all my wigs by begging locks." When Calvert reads "Tom Thumb," he (Sterling) betakes himself to Molière. He thinks "The Misanthrope" his best, and considers that all the din and stir of French Revolutionism is prefigured in it. Speaking of the advantage of reading on familiar subjects in foreign languages, he said he knew a lady who learned German on purpose to read Luther's Bible. At last the word was "Farewell," as he went to Perran with Aunt Charles.

April 26.—At about one o'clock J. Sterling entered and announced that he had bought Dr. Donnelly's house! How little did we think of such a climax a month since! and even now I can't realize it. They intend moving early in the summer. We talked about motives; he does not like too much self-scrutiny, and would rather advise, "Take the best and wisest course, do what you know is right, and then don't puzzle yourself in weighing your motives: forget yourself in the object of your striving as much as possible; any examination that brings Self under any colors into the foreground is bad." I don't altogether agree with him here, for a hearty sincere inlook tends, I think, in no manner to self-glorification. He talked of the strange breaking-up of sects and bodies everywhere remarkable, with a half-melancholy sagacity, mixed with wondering uncertainty. There is so much of the destructive spirit abroad that the creative, or at least the constructive, must be cherished. After a very interesting hour or two, we separated.

April 29.—Very bright note from Sterling with reference to his talk with mamma about dress. He says, "I would cut off all my buttons to please her."

May 5.—J. Sterling arrived last evening. We went all over

his comfortable house with him, and were his assistants in choosing papers, positions of store cupboards, and other important arrangements. He spent the evening here. Much pleasant conversation, but little to record. Spoke of the influence of books, and of Carlyle's remark, "that every one who read a novel from the Minerva Press had his or her life more or less colored by it;" this he made more precise by saying, "Though the pattern of the mind may not be changed, yet its tinting probably is, by every object that even temporarily takes hold on the feelings." He has such a genuine enthusiasm for art, and traces his love of sculpture to two figures in their Paris dining-room, which rooted themselves into his sympathies when quite a boy. How he revelled in the casts from the Elgin Marbles this evening!

May 6.—Busy gardening at "Sterling Castle;" after which its governor joined us in a sauntering ride. He was talking much to-day of his own early life, when he took a step which he has never regretted. His parents designed him for the bar, and raised their hopes high on this foundation; but when he decided that he could not honestly accept this for his profession, because he knew well how specially dangerous to his temperament would be the snare of it, he had to disappoint them by telling them he must absolutely give up all thoughts of the law for his career. He seems to consider that this choice or renunciation laid the foundation for a steady preference of the highest above all earthly and present ambitions and advantages. He thinks Barclay's poetical power is deepening perceptibly; a greater steadiness of aim and less verbosity are its growing characteristics. Spoke of J. S. Mill and his wonderful faculties; "he is like a windmill, to which he can always apply water-power;" this he attributes in great measure to his early education, when mental control was the thing aimed at.

May 7.—J. Sterling busy gardening with us: talked over many people. Of Buxton's civilization scheme: he has little faith that the savages of Africa will perceive the principles of political economy, when we remember the fact that the highly-

educated classes of England oppose the alteration of the corn laws. What he would recommend is the establishment of British empire in Africa, to be accomplished by alliances with the natives in their different international wars, though he does not expect us to agree with him here. Much discourse on special providences, a doctrine which he totally disbelieves, and views the supporters of it as in the same degree of moral development as Job's comforters. Job, on the contrary, saw further; he did not judge of the Almighty's aspect towards him by any worldly afflictions or consolations; he saw somewhat into the inner secret of his providence, and so could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." We must look for the hand of his providence alike in all dispensations, however mysterious to us. Every movement here has its first impulse in heaven; though, like a pure ether, it may be contaminated or altogether changed by collision with the atmosphere of this world, yet its origin is divine. Thus, on the ruins of the doctrine of particular providences may be built up our belief in the constant superintendence and activity of our Infinite Father; and, though some highly-extolled species of faith may lose their value for us, we shall, instead of them, see our entire dependence on Omnipotence for every gift, however trifling, and feel that he doeth all things transcendently well.

May 8.—To-day father received a letter from Captain James Ross, informing him that they have discovered the south magnetic pole, a result they could not have attained without papa's deflector.

On Hartley Coleridge and his beautiful introduction to Massenger: S. T. Coleridge once said to Sterling that Hartley often exhibited a sort of flat-sharpness, which he did not think he derived from him, but probably picked up from Southey. He thinks that about "genius not descending like scrofula" is a signal instance of it. On the horrible in painting and poetry: Sterling thinks it inadmissible in the former, because you can't get clear of the painful impression by subsequent pleasing ones, as you can in poetry. For this reason

he thinks the Crucifixion an unsuitable subject for a picture, as physical suffering must be the prevailing sentiment. He has just been reading "Mémoires sur Mirabeau," and increasingly thinks with Carlyle that his sins are greatly exaggerated, that his circumstances were so unfavorable for the cherishing of virtuous sensibilities, and so many influences urged, nay, almost drove, his proud spirit the other way, that we should be lenient in our judgment.

May 10.—Amusing day. J. Sterling has a friend and connection here, a Mr. Lawrence,* an Indian judge, and he brought him to call. India the principal topic. Lawrence was describing an illness he had, in which he was most tenderly nursed and borne with by his native servants. "Yes," said Sterling, "patience, submission, fortitude, are the virtues that characterize an enslaved nation; their magnanimity and heroism is all of the passive kind." Lawrence spoke of the stationary kind of progress which Christianity was making among them. When a native embraces this new creed he retains his old inveterate prejudices, and superadds only the liberty of the new faith. This Lawrence has repeatedly proved,—so much so that he would on no account take one of these converts into his service; all his hope is in the education of the children, who are bright and intelligent. The Indians will, from politeness, believe all you tell them; if you speak of any of Christ's miracles they make no difficulty, but directly detail one more marvellous, of which Mahomet was the author, and expect your civility of credence to keep pace with theirs. If you try to convince them of any absurdities and inconsistencies in the Koran, they stop you with, "Do you think that such a one as I should presume to understand it?" Sterling remarked, "Have you never heard anything like that in England?"

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* *Lawrence* (John Laird Mair), Baron of the Punjaub and Grately. Born at Richmond in Yorkshire, 1811. For his services in repressing the Indian Mutiny he was created a baronet, also receiving a G.C.B. and a grant of two thousand pounds a year. In 1863 he was created a peer. Was Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and, dying in 1879, is buried in Westminster Abbey.

May 13.—Of his friend Julius Hare, and the novelties of spelling which he has ventured on, Sterling remarked that his principle is to keep up the remembrance of the original root of the words: thus, he would retain the *u* in honour, to remind us of its French extraction. Our language wants weeding greatly, and the right meaning of words should be restored by any one able and willing for the task. Voltaire did wonders for French in this way.

May 16.—Pleasant visit from Sterling and Lawrence. Dr. Calvert has had a sad illness, and is coming here: Sterling will stay and nurse him. He has just heard from Carlyle, who says that the problem which of all others puzzles him is whether he is created for a destroyer or a prophet. (Is he not both, and must not every great man, if a destroyer, be also a builder?) Sterling does not at all support his view of Cromwell as a man without ambition, filled to the last with the one idea of the presence and government of God, but takes the common and more rational view that his aim was pure, but that circumstances turned his head. What one thing has Cromwell done for England, when he had it in his power to do so much?

May 20.—After a busy morning at Falmouth and Flushing, Sterling offered to take us back to Penjerrick in his car. He said, "You must see many eminent persons: why don't you make notes of their appearance as well as their conversation?" The idea being good, I'll try my hand.—John Sterling is a man of stature, not robust, but well proportioned; hair brown and clinging closely around his head; complexion very pale, eyes gray, nose beautifully chiselled, mouth very expressive. His face is one expressing remarkable strength, energy, and refinement of character. In argument he commonly listens to his antagonist's sentiments with a smile, less of conscious superiority than of affectionate contempt (if such a combination may be),—I mean what would express, "Poor dear! she knows no better!" In argument on deep or serious subjects, however, he looks earnest enough, and throws his ponderous strength into reasoning and feeling: small chance then for

the antagonist who ventures to come to blows! He can make him and his arguments look so small; for, truth to tell, he dearly loves this indomitable strength of his; and I doubt any human power bringing him to an acknowledgment of mistake with the consequent conviction that the opposite party was right. Sterling possesses a quickness and delicacy of perception quite feminine, and with it a power of originating deep and striking thoughts, and making them the foundation of a regular and compact series of consequences and deductions such as only a man, and a man of extraordinary power of close thinking and clearness of vision, can attain unto. He is singularly uninfluenced by the opinions of others, preferring, on the whole, to run counter to them than make any approach to a compromise.—We found no lack of conversation; but really, as he has become a resident, I dare not pledge myself to continued noting. He offered to-day to have readings with us sometimes, in which his wife would join. This will be a fine chance for us. He spoke of there being but three men in England in whom he could perceive the true elements of greatness,—Wordsworth, Carlyle, and the Duke of Wellington. We took poor Billy, the goat, a walk with us, when Sterling chose to lead it, and presented a curious spectacle,—his solemn manner with that volatile kid!

May 24.—Dr. Calvert appeared at our Penjerrick tea-table, to our great surprise, and talked very much as if he meant to remain at Falmouth. He says, "I know when I come to you I need not talk unless I like it." Certainly he has rather lost ground during his stay at Penzance, but he has come to the conclusion that he is not to be well in any climate, which he says teaches him to make the best of, and be thankful for, the one he is in. He does not agree with Carlyle and others who think that we all have a message to deliver. "My creed is, that man, whilst dwelling on the earth, is to be instructed in patience, submission, humility." He and H. Molesworth dined with us, with John Lawrence,—Dr. Calvert's mild wisdom flowing as usual in its deep and quiet channel.

Joseph Bonaparte, his son, and grandson, in the harbor. Barclay and Lawrence visited them under the shade of the American Consulate. Shook hands and conversed with the old man for some time, and admired exceedingly the little boy, who is the image of Napoleon. His father, the Prince Charles Bonaparte de Canino, a fine-looking man.

May 25.—The Suttons, Macaulays, and J. Sterling dined with us. Sterling quoted the Italian lady who was asked by Napoleon whether all the Italians were thieves: "Non tutti, ma buona parte!"

June 2.—We had a nice talk with Sterling about Frederick II. of Prussia, whom he greatly admires, and thinks the greatest man that was ever born a king. In the controversy with Voltaire, Frederick shines in every respect. Voltaire's blackest spot was his hatred and jealousy of Rousseau.

June 6.—Uncle and Aunt Charles paid the Carlyles a delightful little visit when in town, the most interesting point of which was that Carlyle ran after them and said, "Give my love to your dear interesting nephew and nieces!" which had better be engraved on our respective tombstones. I walked *tête exaltée* the rest of the day consequentially! On consulting Sterling on the singular fact of Carlyle remembering our existence, he said, "Oh! he's interested about you; he likes your healthy mode of Quakerism; it's the sort of thing with which he can sympathize more than any other." Sterling is deep in Emerson's "Essays," and said, "It would answer your purpose well to devote three months entirely to the study of this one little volume; it has such a depth and originality of thought in it as will require very close and fixed attention to penetrate."

June 8.—J. Sterling showed me Emerson's book, and drew a parallel between him and Carlyle; he was the Plato, and Carlyle the Tacitus. Emerson is the systematic thinker; Carlyle has the clearer insight, and has many deeper things than Emerson.

June 9.—Anna Maria and I paid Dr. Calvert a snug little visit by special invitation. He is growing sadly weak, and

every day more sleepy. "I used to find it a difficulty," he says, "to sleep one hour; now I find it none in the world to sleep twenty-four." He has formed an intimacy with a cheery-hearted old woman, Nancy Weeks, who busies herself with the eggs of Muscovy ducks; they exchange nosegays, and he sits for much of his evenings with her and her husband. He has stuck a portrait of papa over a painting to which he has taken a great antipathy, and, spite of the incision of four pins, his landlady quite approves of the arrangement. He is still often able to shoot curious little birds, which he brings to Anna Maria to draw and stuff.

June 14.—On leaving the bathing-machine, Dr. Calvert joined us; he is extremely weak and tottering, ready to fall off little Z's back (so he has named a recent purchase of his, thinking it the last of ponies both in size and price,—five pounds). However, he brightened up and was quite cheerful.

June 15.—Dr. Calvert joined us at dinner, and we all lounged under our drooping spruce, with Balaam the ape, which I had borrowed for the afternoon, in the foreground, and the kid near by, quite happy in our companionship. The Doctor told us a good deal about the peasantry in Madeira, and how much they are generally maligned: so strong a class feeling exists in that island that they seem quite cut off from sympathy; no doctors attend them when ill, and they are only represented as a most degraded set of people, shut out by nature from communion with their fellow-men. When he was there he determined to find them out for himself: some fever was very prevalent, so he used to ride out and give them physic and money, and sit with them, and enter into their interests; they soon got much attached to him, and when he was going away he received all sorts of little presents from the poor ill-used creatures, whose loud laments accompanied him to the ship: his gratis practice among the poor had soon excited the ill will of the Portuguese doctors, who actually laid an information against him. "Here's a fellow who has no right to practise among the

Portuguese physicking the poor gratis; all confounded quackery, with some ultimate object, of course: he must be stopped." When he heard of these proceedings, he went to the head physician, and told him that, though he had nothing to do with Portuguese colleges, he had his English M.D. degree with him; that if they interfered with his practising among the poor, he should take his revenge and practise among the rich. This was a final check for them. The medical art, as well as every other, is in a lamentably low state there. Wherever Spain or Portugal has influence, there pride and indolence form barriers to all improvement. After a good deal more talk, he declared, "Now I'm tired of ladies' society;" but, as all the servants were gone out haymaking, he had to submit to it a little longer, whilst I enacted groom and brought out his little pony; in consequence of which, when we met next at Trebah, he gave me a delicious piece of soap, which he thought would surely be useful in my new office. John Sterling's wisdom and Aunt Charles's wit seemed to do him good, but he speaks of himself as physically very miserable. She has given him a Neapolitan pig, which is an amusement to him; he has it washed and shampooed every morning.

June 16.—All the Trebahs dined with us. J. Sterling joined us at dessert in famous spirits. Barclay spoke of women's veneration for power; he amended it to a universal veneration for all that was high and good.

June 21.—Called on the Sterlings. Found Dr. Calvert squatting in a corner at the prospect of a call from the candidate for Falmouth; J. Sterling sitting bolt upright, anxious to give every support to the Liberal candidate; but, alas! we had not our expected diversion, for a card was the only candidate for our favor. Sterling talked excellently on the corn laws; he would amend them at once and forever. Statistics are mightily in his favor respecting the rise and fall of wages with the price of bread; in Ireland and Holland, the result is precisely the converse of what the landholders here predict. Much fun about Dr. Calvert's Neapolitan pig, which has shown no marks of civilization so far. Sterling considers

it a crying error of the day to make one's own individuality one's own circle of consciousness, one's own convictions the standard by which we judge those of others,—their greater or less approximation to which decides their value in our eyes.

We cannot, without a mental effort too vast for the majority, look at Truth as a congeries of Light, of which no human eye can bear more than a part. Then heaven forbid we should condemn or hardly judge our fellow-man, to whom the same point of Light is not granted, by which we see: he may behold a larger portion or an intenser light, which would utterly dazzle and put out our quite human eyes. "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;" and, above all things, "have fervent charity among yourselves." John Sterling is not answerable for the above outbreak of morality.

June 25.—A pelting afternoon; nevertheless it brought us the Sterlings. He spoke of seeing two madmen employing themselves in painting in some Italian asylum; it was the strictest copying work: he does not remember an instance of poetic imagination simply inducing madness; it is the presence of a solitary, all-absorbing passion or emotion that has such result.

June 27.—Saw the Sterlings. Looked at some interesting portraits: remarkable contrast between S. T. Coleridge and Schleiermacher,—such restless energy and penetrating acuteness in the latter, such contemplative indolence and supineness in the other. He wishes me to translate some of Schleiermacher's sermons, which I think I shall attempt.

June 28.—To breakfast with grandmother. William Ball very eloquent on the subject of Wordsworth; they never heard him praise any poetry but his own, except a piece of Jane Crewdson's! To strangers whom he is not likely to see again he converses in the monologue style as the mood is upon him, but with his friends he is very willing, and indeed desirous, of hearing them state their own opinions. He makes no secret of his view that poetry stands highest among the arts, and that he (William Wordsworth) is at the head of it. He

expresses such opinions in the most naïve manner, pleasant to witness. He so feels the importance of high finish as not to begrudge a fortnight to a word, so he succeed at last in getting a competent one.

We wandered down to Dr. Calvert's. He has now given up all thoughts of being better, and only considers whether he is more comfortable one day than another. He watches his various symptoms with perfect calmness, and pronounces them manifest proofs of a breaking up of the constitution. Conversation turned to church matters, and the importance of even children going regularly, were it only to cherish those reverential feelings which unite one with all in worship. Long after he himself gave up going to church on account of his health, he continued to take the sacrament, because that is a ceremony on the force of which none dares to dogmatize; the wisest and best are divided concerning its true meaning, so that each may take it according to his own conscience.

July 19.—An interesting evening at the Sterlings'. Time spent in looking at Raphael's heads from his frescos in the Vatican. Certainly the wondrous scope of vision and feeling displayed in the infinite variety of type in these heads raises Raphael far higher as a philosophical painter, that is, possessing an open sense and a deep sympathy with man in all his phases. Sterling's critique was most interesting. He spoke of them being far inferior in grandeur to Michael Angelo's, but then Michael Angelo's were perpetual transcripts of himself. Now, Raphael was able to look quite out of himself, alike into the faces of his fellows and their opposites, and to render them truly on the canvas. He called Cruikshank the Raphael of Cockneydom. We examined a portrait of him which he has just given forth. It is not known if it be a genuine likeness or a capital joke, but it is quite what one might fancy him to be.

Webster, the American, after being three months in town, was asked what his feeling was about London. "The same as it was at first," he replied. "Amazement!"

July 27.—The Doctor has brightened up a little since the

arrival of the Stangers,* and to-day crept out with us on "Z" to Penjerrick; he gave a beautiful little glimpse of some of the analogies between Society and the Individual. Each must, he holds, be left more to itself and its God; there are epochs and diseases and difficulties through which each must pass, but for these there is a remedy deeper than restraining and constraining laws. Plato discovered this analogy, and accordingly created the words microcosm and macrocosm; yet the world will not learn that Society cannot fall to pieces if left to right itself. He went into some of the intricacies of his own character,—his want of self-esteem, which, though it does not hinder him from objecting to the theories of all others, prevents his confidence in his own, unless built up on indisputable, reasonable, manifest truth. Rumball, the phrenologist, has been examining his head, and he is quite willing that his character of him should be seen, because he thinks it an instructive one, just as he would have his body examined after death for the benefit of medical science.

Plymouth, July 30.—Attended the British Association Meeting here. Sir Henry de la Beche was President of the Geological Section, which was by far the most popular, and certainly very interesting. He was a most spirited president. This evening, as we were taking tea at Colonel Mudge's, he wandered in, and was forcibly reminded of old times in seeing us all. On education in general, and popular education in particular, he spoke in a tone and dialect not foreign to Carlyle. "Say honestly, education they want and education they shall have, and the thing is done, but let it be said honestly or not at all." He talked with strong sympathy of Carlyle's "Chartism," and remarked concerning the fallacies discoverable therein, "Why, no perfect book, any more than a perfect character, can exist whilst the world and we are human."

August 3.—Dined at the W. S. Harris's, and met a very

* Dr. Calvert's only sister and her husband, who now came to nurse him in what proved his fatal illness.

pleasant party. My lot at dinner was cast with Henry de la Beche. He talked of the all-importance of an honest belief. I see he is very careful not to give his opinion until he has really studied the subject, he so dreads and deprecates untrue statements both of opinion and fact. He was complimented on the way in which he had performed his duties as chairman, and confidentially told me that the secret of pleasing in that department was to bring others forward and keep yourself in the background.

Falmouth, August 7.—Professor Lloyd* and his wife appeared after breakfast; we took shipping and went to Trelissick. Talked about Quetelet: he is a sort of universal genius, his present object the investigation of cycles. Babbage has been attempting to form statistics of suicides, but remarked, "We must have many more examples before we can get at an accurate result." When the Franklins and Sabines were excursing in Ireland, they went through some difficult pass. Professor Lloyd was with them, and vastly amused at Lady Franklin again and again saying, "John, you had better go back, you are certainly giddy." At last, poor woman, she had to change her feint, and could proceed no farther. Sir John found it advisable to carry her back, and asked Colonel Sabine to assist him. The colonel thought it nervous work, and hesitated, until encouraged in a grave matter-of-fact way by the excellent husband: "Don't be afraid, Sabine; she never kicks when she's faint!"

August 8.—Took a calm little walk with Professor Lloyd, in which he beautifully analyzed Whewell's character, sermons, and scientific standing. To each the objections are rather negative than positive, but nevertheless they are objections. Charming evening over poetry, ghosts, etc. He rec-

* *Lloyd* (Rev. Humphrey), D.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., born in Dublin 1800. He was especially devoted to the sciences of Light and Magnetism, and in 1838 the newly-founded Magnetical Observatory in Dublin was placed under his direction. He was made Provost of Trinity College in 1867, and died in 1881. He wrote many valuable works on the subjects in which he took so especial an interest.

ommends Taylor's "Physical Theory of another Life." His own belief in ghosts extends thus far; at the moment at which the soul is separated from the body, he thinks the spirit may range for any definite purpose, our comprehension of which is by no means necessary for its reality.

August 10.—Went to Grove Hill, where we found Ritter, a most remarkable object, with a most Goethean countenance and grand forehead. He was much interested in hearing Sterling talk on Germany and the Germans. His own part in the dialogue was very "so-so." Speaking of Bettina's mode of bringing up her children, he said, "She does no ting to dem, but let dem go, and yet dey all turn out well." Professor Owen was of our party. He said, with reference to an analogy he spoke of last night, "It is only the first step to a boundless field of analogies; there are many I have discovered of a most profound nature, of which that is merely a hint." He is a very interesting person, his face full of energetic thought and quiet strength. His eye has in it a fixedness of purpose, and enthusiasm for that purpose, seldom surpassed.

August 12.—Breakfast made most joyous by Colonel Sabine* announcing that he had got glorious news for us, which he set us to guess. His wife looked keenly at him, and asked, "It is about Captain Ross?" Such is the sympathy between these married magnetists; for in very truth it was about Captain Ross,—that he had reached 78° South lat., being 11° farther than any one before him. He had discovered snow-capped mountains. Twenty-two years since (in 1818), Colonel Sabine and he had stood upon the North Pole ice, and the former said, "Well, Ross, when you become a post-captain and a great man, you must go through the same work at the South Pole." Colonel Sabine's excitement is delightful,

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* *Sabine* (General Sir Edward), K.C.B., F.R.S., born 1788. Took a part in the explorations in the Northern Seas with Ross and Parry in 1818. Was secretary to the Royal Society from 1827 to 1830, and to him we owe the establishment of magnetic observatories. He succeeded Sir Benjamin Brodie as President of the Royal Society in 1861.

and the spirit of reverent thankfulness with which he receives the tidings truly instructive. They are so charmed at the coincidence of the news arriving here, when Lloyd, Sabine, and Fox are assembled together.

To Hunt's lecture in the evening, on "The Influence of Poetry and Painting on Education." John Sterling in the chair, where he sat with tolerable composure till the conclusion. He then thanked our lecturer for the pains he had taken to instruct us, and added a few impressive words: "Guard against self-deception of every species. True poetry is not the plaything of an idle fancy, nor the pursuit of a vacant moment, but the result of concentrated energy and the offspring of untiring perseverance."

August 18.—Breakfasted at the Joseph Carnes' and met Conybeare, who was very interesting about his theological lectures and some of their effects. He once attended a Unitarian chapel, and was much astonished at their prayer at the end; it was no petition, but a sort of summary of the perfections of the Deity. He went with Dr. Pritchard to one of J. J. Gurney's meetings, and listened to a kind of apologetic discourse for the peculiarities of our Body. He was especially tickled at his mention of women's preaching. "Shall we silence our women? We cannot do it! We dare not do it!" He takes a very bright impression of the present race of scientific men, so much religious feeling among them. Told us of Sedgwick's listening to a party of ladies talking phrenology. He joined in with, "Do you know I have been much interested in watching X—— lecturing? He begins with rather a barrenness of ideas, but as he proceeds his views enlarge and spread themselves, till at last his wig becomes quite uncomfortable."

August 30.—John Sterling is extremely pleased with his visit to Carclew, and the society there of two men of European celebrity. He characterizes Lloyd as a highly cultivated and naturally refined abstract thinker, living and dreaming in his abstractions, feeling "the around him" as nothing and "the beyond him" everything; his course, therefore, very naturally

takes the direction of pure mathematics. Owen, with his strong perceptions, vigorous energy, and active will, chooses organic matter for his investigations, and dwells rather in what is and what has been, than in what may be. It is interesting to observe how these antithetical characters have alike arrived at the fact of the extreme importance of analogies.

A large party met on Meudon beach to draw a seine for Professor Owen, the result of which was one cuttle-fish, which he bore back in triumph on his stick. We all lounged on the beach most peacefully, John Sterling reading some of Tennyson to us, which displays a poetical fancy and intense sympathy with dreamy romance, and withal a pure pathos, drawn direct from the heart of Nature.

Owen was very delightful; he is such a natural creature, never affecting the stilted "philosophe," and never ashamed of the science which he so ardently loves. He is passionately fond of scenery; indeed, all that the Infinite Mind has impressed on matter has a charm and a voice for him. A truly catholic soul! He is delighted with the Cornish character of independence, kind-heartedness, intelligence, and energy.

Interesting ride home; talked much of Sterling: the struggle he had in his voyage from the West Indies was an emancipation from the authority of man, and a conviction that thenceforth he must live according to conscience. Grandly as that divine fiat stands forth, "Let there be light," by which a material world was revealed, how infinitely more sublime is the act of Deity when "Let there be light" is again spoken, and a human soul beholds its Maker!

September 1.—Went to the Sterlings', where he talked of poetry. Milton and Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe, are illustrious antithetical examples of lyric and dramatic poets. John Milton was legible throughout all his writings, and Schiller painted himself in all his characters. The other two are world-wide, addressing the sympathies of the race. This higher tone of feeling, and expression of feeling, not to be attained by any cultivation, affectation, or sudden leap, but by a conscientious and loving sympathy with all. Wilson, the

landscape-painter, when he first looked on Tivoli, exclaimed, "Well-done water—by God!"

September 2.—With Sterling, who professes himself quite happy with society, philosophy, scenery, and Cornish cream. He delights in Owen, with all his enthusiasm for fossil reptiles; and then he so cordially acknowledges Shakespeare as one of the hugest among organized fossils! Dora Lloyd asked Sterling what Kant thought. "He thought fifteen octavo volumes," was the reply.

September 4.—Mrs. Owen gave us many sketches of her own life and experiences. She has been a great deal with the Cuvier family, and considers Cuvier an infinitely great man,—so great, indeed, that you could never approach him without feeling your own inferiority. Her husband strongly recommends Cuvier's "Eloges" as very beautiful pieces of biography. He thinks him the greatest man since Aristotle, not to be repeated for two thousand years. He has great faith in cycles applied to great men: such regular intervals occurred between the epic poets. Mrs. Owen told us about her education, which was very much left to herself. She said, "I determined to get to myself as much knowledge as possible, so I studied languages,—even Russian,—music, drawing, and comparative anatomy. My father being Curator at the College of Surgeons, I had great facilities for this latter branch. I determined I would never love any but a very superior man, and see how fortunate I have been." She is a very perfect little Fact in the great history of the world.

September 5.—Professor Owen talked about phrenology, which he considers the most remarkable chimera which has taken possession of rational heads for a long time; his strongest argument was that animals have no room for what are called the animal organs, therefore the intellectual ought to be placed at the back of the head. Talked enthusiastically of Whewell and his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," a book which he thinks will live by the side of Bacon's "Novum Organum." He considers him as deep as he is universal. A rare eulogy. He is delighting in Carlyle's "French Revo-

lution." Carlyle reminds him of Milton in his prose works, whence he thinks he derived much of the peculiarity of his style. Talking of Carlyle's message of sympathy with the entire race, Owen dissents, from adopting Johnson's principle, "I like a good hater." We battled this, and the result did not weaken my faith in the premises. In the evening Owen gave us the individual adventures of different specimens of heads and a foot of the dodo now existing in this country, the history of the Oxford one traceable from Elizabeth's time. In Ashmole's time it was a whole bird, but his executors, finding it dusty, broke off the head and burnt the rest, and successive naturalists have chanted a loud miserere. He gave a lecture on going to bed early: the two hours before midnight the most important for health.

September 6.—On the Pennance Rocks in a *dolce far niente* state; the Professor perfectly happy. He gave me lesson No. 1 on the primary divisions in natural history. John Sterling joined us there, and we had some talk over Wordsworth, Carlyle, and collateral subjects. Lady Holland has established a sort of tyranny over matters of literature and criticism. Henry Taylor dining one day at Holland House, Lady Holland asked him what he was doing now. "I am writing a review of Wordsworth for the 'Quarterly.'" "What!" exclaimed her ladyship, "absolutely busied about the man who writes of caps and pinafores and that sort of thing?" Taylor replied, in the gravest, quietest way, "That is a mode of criticising Wordsworth which has been obsolete for the last ten years." And Taylor has not since been asked to Holland House.

Sterling attributes the obscurity often met with in Wordsworth to his unavailing attempt to reconcile philosophical insight with those forms of opinion, religious and political, in which he had been educated, and which the majority around him held. Owen thinks that Coleridge had a bad effect on the young literary men about him, in teaching them to speak, instead of write, their thoughts. His delight in Carlyle is refreshing to witness.

The Owens and Sterlings joined us this evening to listen to a very beautiful lecture on light which Professor Lloyd was so good as to give us. He felt great difficulty in his task, being shut out from mathematics for this evening, but told us wonderful facts and exhibited beautiful phenomena, and gave an interesting sketch of the progressive views of light which have been held by our greatest men. Newton considered it to consist of an infinite number of molecules flung in all directions from the bright body, and reflected or refracted according to the nature of the substance with which they came in contact. Huygens, on the other hand, discovered the two-sidedness of light-beams, and hence got at the true view of light and its wave-like mode of transmission. All experiment and analogy confirmed this view,—the coincidence or interference of the waves of light producing an intense light or darkness analogous to the nodal points in sound; the interference of rings in water into which two stones have been thrown; the points of intense heat, and cold produced by fire; and, in fact, all the phenomena attendant on vibration. With reference to the vastness of his subject, he quoted some one who speaks of the pendulum of eternity which beats epochs as ours do seconds. Sterling was greatly struck with the magnificence of the conception that if the fixed stars were annihilated we should not be conscious of it for many years, spite of the rapidity with which light travels.

Professor Owen was busy taking notes; he is so glad to have heard this lecture, for whenever he got at strange phenomena, such as mother-of-pearl appearances, and consulted Whewell, he was briefly assured that it arose from the polarization of light, which seemed a clear and conclusive answer to every difficulty, whereas our dear lecturer could only view it as a monstrous bugbear which he could not get hold of.

September 7.—The Owens started with us, and we had an extremely pleasant drive to Heligan. He told us some capital stories concerning Irish landlords and their clever methods of helping their tenants; also an amusing story of Lord

Enniskillen, who on his father's death found a piece of waste land the subject of desperate contention between him and an old lady. So he called on her, and found her rather stiff and shy, as was natural. At last conversation got to the Chancery suit in which they were embarking. Lord Enniskillen took out a sovereign, and, remarking, "Well, I think this is a better way of settling the business," tossed it up, crying, "Heads or tails?" "Tails!" cried the old lady, falling involuntarily into the humor; and tails it was, and the land was hers! A few days after, Lord Enniskillen had to preside at a Dispensary meeting, when a very handsome sum was sent in by this old lady, who had had the land appraised, and, feeling some misgivings, had sent the exact amount to this charity.

September 9.—Sterling was asking this morning what outward impulse A. B. had had to her deep thoughtfulness. I could think of none, and queried if any were necessary. "No," he said; "George Fox had his Bible to go to, and A. B. also has had the Bible, and power to draw deeply from so pure a well." He talked very impressively about work and what we all had to do, and the wasting confusion which lasted until we found out what our work was. With the majority, he thinks philosophy rather likely to confuse than clear the mind: spoke of some primary truths, on which the most cloudy heads may see bright sunshine; that man is a religious animal, and must have a Higher than himself to reverence; that, spite of all cants, there is such a thing as genuine love of Truth. These are glorious and eternal facts in the life of the mind.

September 13.—Dr. Calvert so much better as to be again in his garden. His state lately has been distressing from extreme languor, weakness, and depression. If he ever gave way to such expressions as "I wish I were dead," he always suffered afterwards most bitterly from self-reproach.

September 14.—John Sterling said this morning that he supposed Schiller was the only person who could bear to have all his words noted down. Of him, Goethe said to a friend

of Sterling's, "I have never heard from him an insignificant word." That was high praise.

September 20.—Evening at Grove Hill; met John Sterling. Looked over multitudes of engravings in search of a head of Simonides, because Sterling fondly hoped to find some likeness between it and Goethe. Talked of Dante: he calls his poem not an epic but a lyric, the head of the lyrics, on account of its unhesitating subjectivity; the poet not only speaks his own thoughts but is his own hero. Looking at a little alabaster Samuel praying, he quoted Carlyle's criticism, "that it was dilettante prayer!" Coleridge called a Gothic cathedral "petrified religion," a striking term. Spoke of the extreme reverence which the Germans entertain for the antique. I objected that they showed little mercy or veneration for the opinions and creeds of their ancestors. "No," he said; "they strive to remove every crust and encumbrance, that the form may be perfectly preserved and restored."

September 21.—John Sterling talking of Emerson. He thinks him a one-sided man, but that it is well worth while to look thoroughly into his theory of the world and its government. Talked characteristically of Spinoza, a Dutch Jew: I had quite fancied him an Italian; also of the Jewish and philosophical views of our dependence on a Higher Power, which he thinks may coexist in the same person; at least he says he feels it so himself, and that it is viewing God as an intellectual as well as a moral being.

September 23.—John Sterling joined us. Spoke of the different ages of the world: difficult to be compared or dogmatized on as relatively good. One age is concentrative, and its great men are Titans; another diffusive, and all men nearly alike. No man ever grew to his spiritual height without sympathy, nor can he ever. This is a most beautiful and deep and universal fact of our nature. We are intended to live in love one with another, and any contradiction of this fundamental law entails just so much halfness and futility and narrowness of insight. A Plato never rose among barbarians. He thinks Barclay amazingly improved in his poetry, and his

admiration is great for one line,—"A plant that seeks the sun, yet grasps the soil,"—as being perfectly felicitous, simplicity and depth united.

Uncle Joshua remarked that the majority of fashionable women keep themselves in tolerable health by talking: they would die otherwise for want of exercise.

September 30.—Saw Dr. Calvert again to-day, who was quite his old self, talking on his old subjects in his old way. He reads little now but Chinese stories, which he thinks suit him well. He defined Deism in its pure form as the religion of Christ towards God. Harriet Martineau's works are pure Deism; you would look for Christianity from her pen, but as far as they go they are admirable.

October 5.—Colonel Sabine forwarded Captain Ross's Journal to papa, which is very interesting,—full of the spirit of British enterprise, and enthusiasm for his object, and intolerance towards all other nations which attempt discovery, as though it were the indisputable prerogative of England.

Attended Hunt's lecture on Chemistry; very pretty, popular, explosive, and luminous.

October 16.—Interesting visit to John Sterling, who was not well. He was enjoying "Wilhelm Meister," which he considers worth any ten contemporary works. He contrasts it with Novalis, who was young, untutored, and passionate, and transcribed his crude self with his ardent aspirations and unequal attainings. "Wilhelm Meister" he would rather characterize as the gospel of experience. It abounds with indecorums, but contains no immoralities; he ventures not to recommend it to young ladies, but would wish all young men to study it earnestly. Goethe had, like the Greeks, a most delicate ear for quantity; number is generally much more attended to in England than quantity.

October 26.—Paid Dr. Calvert and his sister a charming visit. The Doctor quite himself, advocating passive rather than active heroism, yet making vast allowances for his friend's physical mistakes about this, "for it must be tremendously hard for him who deems himself a teacher to sit down in ac-

quiescing patience in a do-nothing state." What Dr. Calvert lays stress on is the general tone of mind to be prescribed, not the particular book or engagement which will do good or harm: of that every individual must judge by his own feelings and perceptions, but a quiet satisfied sense of being in your right place and doing your own duty is the best physical state imaginable. The young aspirants after eminence and fame fancy themselves made up of a pure divine intellect and a lower animal nature, and for the higher to make any concessions to the lower is, they think, an intolerable sin; whereas in reality all parts of our nature have been alike created by Divine Wisdom, who has himself subjected them to certain laws of co-operation, any infringement of which brings certain punishment with it. In carrying out the Divine will, in whatever direction it may be, our higher nature or intellectual and moral faculties can surely suffer no loss.

November 3.—John Sterling read us extracts from a letter from Carlyle received to-day. Much was in reference to a remark of Sterling's whether any one had ever actually loved Goethe. Carlyle thinks that Schiller did, though with a full appreciation of the distance which separated them; but he adds, "However we may admire the heavens' lightning, we are not apt to love it in the way of caressing." Carlyle speaks of himself as busy, but does not say what about; congratulates Sterling on being willing to let some of his work lie quiet and unnoticed, during which time he supposes it undergoes a process of parting with its carbon and all extraneous substances, that it may be brought out pure at last. Speaks of a loving sympathy with man as the soft summer heat which will make this wide seed-field flourish.

November 6.—This morning I began to disbelieve in accidents; does not everything, both in mind and matter, act definitely, every event have a necessary cause? In nature, events are called accidental which are the direct consequences of some pre-established law of being, known or unknown; in mind, the result of a conflux of causes, equally definite and certain, though often mysterious and unfathomed. Thus, a

carriage is overturned by some infringement of the laws of matter generally discoverable enough. A man is led to adopt a particular line of conduct consequent on his peculiar constitution, modified by his education, association, line of thought, and outward surrounding circumstances. Suppose he were to get drunk and neglect his family. This proves his animal instincts strong, and his social ones weak, a deficient moral sense and an abused understanding, the intensity of all heightened by bad association. Suppose he at length recognizes his mistaken mode of life. Self-love, respect for the good opinion of his fellows, brightening intellectual vigor, or the power of religion, may any of them be a sufficient motive to induce him to change his mode of life; and it is an irrefragable law of mind, that moral efforts become definitely easier by repetition. That which first discovered to him his altogether false position did so because exactly addressed to his perceptions and consciousness; whilst another might have passed it by, and been roused by quite a different cause. In all cases the cause is sufficient to produce the effect. This consideration might make us more lenient in judging others, that motives or reasons which present themselves to us as irresistible are not recognized in precisely the same manner by any other existing individual, whilst we might pass by, as foolish or insufficient, arguments which our heavenly Father has disposed his weak and erring prodigal to accept as unanswerable, and of power to regulate the remainder of his existence. Thus, in Luther the monstrous imposition of indulgences was just of sufficient weight to overbalance his devotion to Rome. The passion into which this discovery kindled him, and the mode he took to express it, just availed to stir up the particular sort of opposition by which his antagonists tried to suppress him and his doctrines. This reacted on him, and he learned self-confidence, and confidence in Him who is the Truth, and continued his opposition with equal vigor and more system. His intrepidity drew to his cause those whose mental constitution could best appreciate that part of his activity: his logical deductions attracted others:

his honest devotion to truth had its disciples: his assertion of freedom of conscience was embraced by others again: and every fresh adherent reacted on Luther in some often unappreciable manner, either cheering him on to vigorous action, or modifying his innovating spirit: every smallest fact in his history had a definite result, and necessitated the Reformation in the form we see it.

November 10.—Took an early dinner with the Sterlings, to draw and talk in peace. One of the last Yankeeisms has greatly amused him, that a child in Kentucky was so exceedingly small as to be obliged to stand upon a footstool to kick the kitten.

Talked strikingly of Pym, Cromwell, Hampden, and the Long Parliament; then of his beloved Germans. Leibnitz he thinks the most universal man since Aristotle. Talked on the mighty Faith required when a new Truth is received and recognized as the God's-Truth; to leave all its consequences in his hands, the consequences both practical and speculative.

November 27.—An interesting visit to Sterling: he still keeps the house, but his chest is better even than in the summer. Talked of the utter inability of men of a certain age and literary standing to take in Carlyle and grant that he does anything but rave. He thinks it a very favorable symptom of the present state of English thought, that the Radicals are giving their minds to German literature; it either proves that a higher, more thoughtful class of men have embraced Radicalism, or else that the former set found something which Benthamism and Political Economy could not supply. Political parties now, though retaining the same names, differ widely from those of ten or twenty years since. Indeed, all England is changed and changing.

November 30.—Dr. Calvert is increasingly ill, generally extremely depressed, though at times cheerful, and always striving after submission. "Beg Mr. Patey to pray for my release," was his pathetic injunction to his sister on her going to church. Dr. Boase paid him a long visit. His sister asked what he had recommended. "An apple," answered the

doctor. "Dear me! that does not seem a matter of great importance." "Oh, yes," said her brother; "an apple drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and perhaps this apple may drive me in." He amused himself afterwards by always calling Dr. Boase "Eve."

December 3.—Went to the Sterlings'. He talked of the poets. Shelley a complete master of arabesque poetry, the peculiarity of arabesque being that the human figure is never introduced. Shelley never draws either a distinct person or a distinct character, but only abstractions and monsters. This is the one department of poetry in which Byron exceeded him; throughout his writings there is one vague gigantic figure moodily brooding. It is said that Byron got some of his boldest thoughts from "Faust"; but this does not seem likely. Goethe got a little in advance of the highest tendencies of his age, but still that was the tendency which Byron also felt. Contrasted Wordsworth's calmness of spirit with Byron's passionate emotion: one like moonlight on snow; the other, torchlight in a cavern.

Talked of Philip van Artevelde (Taylor), Irving, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb being together; and, the conversation turning on Mahomet, Irving reprobated him in his strongest manner as a prince of impostors, without earnestness and without faith. Taylor, thinking him not fairly used, defended him with much spirit. On going away, Taylor could not find his hat, and was looking about for it, when Charles Lamb volunteered his assistance, with the query, "Taylor, did you come in a h-h-hat or a t-t-t-turban?"

December 5.—Sad account of Dr. Calvert to-day. He is very, very low, lying in silence all day and taking interest in nothing. "Will you see Sterling to-day?" "Why, yes," he said; "he may come and look at the beast, but I can't speak to him. He may just shake hands with me, but nothing more." He speaks of his mind being through all in great peace.

December 7.—John Sterling has written him a most touchingly beautiful leave-taking letter, which they have not yet ventured to show him.

December 9.—He feels as if the Almighty had hidden His face from him, and yearns for the bright glimpses which have been so often vouchsafed him. A few days since, he had a full outpouring to his sister concerning his faith in his Redeemer being the only support for him now.

December 18.—He has taken a fancy to have a series of old nurses to sit by him at night: he is interested in drawing them out on their experience of life.

December 26.—This morning he was supposed to be dying, he had passed twelve hours without food, and then fell asleep in utter exhaustion, from which they thought he could scarcely awake. He was himself surprised at the vigor he showed, and said, "Perhaps God may see it best for my further purification that I should again be shipwrecked into life!" He said he had had a glorious prospect, a view of such happiness, and ejaculated a little prayer for its realization. Last evening he fancied that some of his family who are dead were around him, and he enjoyed the idea: he dwells much on the departed ones. He had long since told Sterling that when on his death-bed he should not wish to have those about him who would interest or excite him in any high degree, and accordingly he now very often wishes to be alone. The other day J. Stanger gave him some wine, which he liked and asked for another glass; in this a large dose of morphia was insinuated, which the doctor presently discovered, and insisted on his mild brother-in-law swallowing. He was so peremptory that there was no escape. This is very characteristic of the fun which still lurks in his nature.

December 31.—At twelve o'clock the Old Year went out in obscure darkness, leaving us, I hope, somewhat wiser and better from our intercourse and close friendship with him. He has been a faithful friend to me, and his sunny side has been generally turned towards us. May we use the young Heir well for the sake of its ancestors and its own!

CHAPTER VIII.

1842.

"His leaf also shall not wither."—PSALM i. 3.

Falmouth, January 1.—What an era is every New-Year's if well considered! Another stage in our journey, a shifting of the scene without interrupting the continuity of the piece, but rather essential to its representation as a whole, a unity; the winding-up of our watch that it may tell us the time to-morrow; a fresh page in our Book of Existence, on which much may be written; by itself a fragment, but how important to the order of narration and to the train of thought, shaping, coloring, modifying, developing! how much does a quiet year silently affect our condition, character, mode of thought and action,—explain mysteries of outward and inward life, and trace some of the sequences in the phenomena of Being!

Our dear friend Dr. Calvert is very low. On hearing that John Sterling inquired after him, he said, "I sha'n't see Sterling again, but I love him very much." He is so earnest that every one should rather rejoice than grieve for him when he is gone, that he wishes, through Barclay, to give dinners at the workhouse and make it a time of festivity.

January 6.—Large party of Bullers, Tremaynes, Dykes, and J. A. Froude to lunch. There were too many to enjoy any thoroughly. Anthony Froude, a very thoughtful young man, with a wonderful talent for reading lives in written characters. To John Sterling he spoke of the beautiful purity of the early Christian Church; Sterling answered, "If any of those early Christians were to appear now, I rather think we should disclaim fellowship."

Dr. Calvert very restless and wandering. He is often heard saying to himself, "There is a great Unseen near me."

His old love of incongruities looked out when his sister spoke of his brothers William and Racely being in heaven. "Yes," he said, "William and Racely, and Nimrod and Solomon, all in heaven."

January 7.—Sterling read us a New Year's letter from Carlyle, thanking him for much kindness, and wishing him increasing steadiness, zeal, and spiritual life. He had thought that Sterling's talent was rather for prose than poetry, but "Cœur de Lion" made him recant.

Sterling gave me what he conceives to be the Idea of "Faust." A man who has built himself up in theories, speculations, and abstractions, enters the world, and finds that they will not support him amidst its temptations and the strength of his own passions, and in his fall brings misery both on himself and others. He considers the piece quite unfinished, as a final reconciliation was needed to carry out the design of the Prologue. He does not at all think that Goethe meant to indicate that Faust was ultimately the victim of Mephistopheles. I am glad of it, for it now bears the painful appearance of Goethe's having conceived the evil principle victorious over the good.

January 8.—Dr. Calvert's longings for death this morning were most touching. "Oh, lead me to the still waters!" was his cry.

January 9.—Our dear friend Dr. Calvert was this morning permitted to put off the life-garment which has so painfully encumbered him, and is, I trust, drinking of those still waters after which he pined. Oh, we do rejoice that he is at rest, though his poor sister is overwhelmed by the sense of being the sole survivor of her family. He fell into unconsciousness last evening, and his first awakening was in that eternity which is so far off and yet so near. We spent a quiet hour with the Sterlings, to whom this event is a great sorrow; but John Sterling earnestly congratulates his friend on having finished his battle well. He went into a beautiful analysis of his character, contemplated different passages in his life, and delighted to dwell on their close friendship. He spoke of the enthu-

siasm with which he had rushed into his profession, like a French grenadier storming a fort; dilated most justly on the kindliness of his nature, his consideration for the feelings of others, his morbid sympathy with physical suffering, the gentleness, goodness, and moral beauty of his character. He considers that he had little sense of the Beautiful as such, but liked an idea that pleased him as much in an ugly as a beautiful form; also, that he had no taste for the purely speculative, but unless he could ally thought to action so as to give it a bearing on his practical duties, he cared little for it,—not seeing that all speculation having Truth for its object must in the long run affect our outward life. He talked with much feeling of his religious views and the ability which he had received to cast his sins behind him on the plea that Christ had died. "This must be done," said Sterling, "if progress is to be maintained."

January 10.—Visit from John Sterling; he was very full of a letter from J. S. Mill on Puseyism: it is written in the same spirit of calm philosophical toleration as Carlyle's Essay on Diderot; he views it as a consistent expression of Church-of-Englandism, very interesting to investigate.

Went to Perran: Sterling came too. Uncle Charles asked if Neander was a neologian. "Why," said Sterling, "just as every German is one,—that is, submitting the Bible to the same rules of criticism as are applied to other ancient records." Belief in its plenary verbal inspiration would be as phenomenal there as mesmerism is in England. What the Germans call "neologists" are those who carry this doctrine to the extent of disbelieving its records of miracles. Rationalists, of whom A—— is the representative, hold the reporters to have given in their histories incorrectly; for instance, that Jesus was walking on the shore, when they say he was walking on the sea. The last and now prevailing philosopho-theological creed is that of the mythical interpretation of Scripture, of which Strauss's book on the "Life of Christ" is the best exponent.

January 13.—Our dear friend was followed to his last resting-place on earth by a heavy-hearted train of mourners.

John Sterling wrote this little epitaph, to be read hereafter over his grave :

"To the Memory of John Mitchenson Calvert, M.D., who died on the 9th of January, 1842, aged 40.

Pure soul ! strong, kind, and peaceful, 'mid the pain
That racked and solemnized thy torch of Love,
Here in our world below we mourn in vain,
But would not call thee from thy world above.
Of varied wisdom, and of heart sincere,
Through gloomy ways thy feet unfaltering trod,
Reason thy lamp, and Faith thy star while here,
Now both one brightness in the Light of God."

His sister showed me a series of his letters from Germany and Italy when travelling there with John Sterling. They are as much a journal of his inner as of his outer life, telling, among other things, how the impulses from without—those old religious paintings, for instance—affected his inward being. The practical exhibition of a perfect acquiescence in the will of God amidst great suffering and depression, of almost the dissolution of his individual will into that of the higher will, is touchingly beautiful.

January 19.—Mr. Stanger showed us a letter of condolence from Wordsworth, in which he says that the bequest of Dr. Calvert's uncle, Racely, was what enabled him to devote himself to literary pursuits, and give his talents, such as they were, opportunity to develop themselves. He also says that the last two lines of Sterling's epitaph are excellent ; rare praise from Wordsworth.

January 28.—A long walking ride with John Sterling. On Goethe's "Tasso" and "Iphigenia :" he says the latter is by far the grander work, but fewer people could have written "Tasso," it displays such dainty, delicate touches, just letting us into the secret of the princess's feeling, but not playing with it. Also, the exact tone of a court which it gives is inimitable by any who have not lived there on the same terms as Goethe. On Coleridge he was very interesting. Spoke of

the womanly delicacy of his mind: his misfortune was to appear at a time when there was a man's work to do,—and he did it not. He had not sufficient strength of character, but professed doctrines which he had ceased to believe, in order to avoid the trouble of controversy. He and Carlyle met once; the consequence of which was that Coleridge disliked Carlyle, and Carlyle despised Coleridge.

Sterling spoke of the great importance of making allowance for inward as well as outward conditions. "Some are naturally so constituted as to make certain trains of thought and feeling, which appear to you natural and necessary, impossible to them. If you admit this principle, you will get at wide results. Contrasted the outward facts which bind most Christians together, such as a church, and ordained minute ceremonies, and the inward fact of spiritual communion, the belief in which has united the Society of Friends since the days of George Fox." He, however, thinks that this invisible bond will not forever keep the latter together as a separate body, and is, I think, disposed to wish that by a general amalgamation with other bodies their high and peculiar doctrines may be more widely disseminated and felt.

February 2.—Cousin Elizabeth Fry sends a simple and characteristic account of her dinner at the Mansion-House on the occasion of Prince Albert's laying the foundation-stone of the Royal Exchange: "I think you will be interested to hear that we got through our visit to the Mansion-House with much satisfaction. After some little difficulty that I had in arriving, from the crowd which overdid me for the time, I was favored to revive, and when led into the drawing-room by the Lord Mayor I felt quiet and at ease. Soon my friends flocked around me. I had a very satisfactory conversation with Sir James Graham, and I think the door is open for further communication on a future day. It appeared most seasonable, my then seeing him. I then spoke to Lord Aberdeen for his help, if needful, in our foreign affairs. During dinner, when I sat for about two hours between Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel, we had deeply interesting conversation

on the most important subjects. With Prince Albert upon religious principle, its influence on sovereigns and its importance in the education of children; and upon modes of worship, our views respecting them,—why I could not rise at their toasts, not even at the one for the queen, why I could rise for prayer; also on the management of children generally; on war and peace; on prisons and punishment. I had the same subjects, or many of them, with Sir Robert Peel. The kindness shown me was extraordinary. After dinner I spoke to Lord Stanley about our colonies, and I think I was enabled to speak to all those in power that I wanted to see. I shook hands very pleasantly with the Duke of Wellington, who spoke beautifully, expressing his desire to promote the arts of peace and not those of war; he said he was not fond of remembering the days that were past, as if the thoughts of war pained him. Although this dinner, as numbers I have been at, may not in all respects accord with my ideas of Christian simplicity, I have felt, and feel now, if on such occasions I seek to keep near to my Guide and in conduct and conversation to maintain my testimony to what I believe right, I am not out of my place in them, when, as it was the other day, I feel it best to go to them."

February 4.—Bessie Fry sends an account of the King of Prussia's visit to Cousin Elizabeth Fry. They spent the morning at Newgate, where Cousin Fry read with the women, and then prayed for them and for the king, which greatly affected him; he knelt all the time. Bunsen went with him to Upton, where all the small Fry were introduced to him, and he did them the honor to wash his hands and to eat their luncheon.

April 7.—Letter to Barclay from J. S. Mill, dwelling on Sterling's character and intellectual position, and condoling with us on his absence. He says, "Sterling fancies himself idle and useless, not considering how wide an effect his letters and conversation must produce; and, indeed, the mere fact of such a man living and breathing among us has an incalculable influence."

April 8.—Barclay took a carriage-full to the Mines. The Vice-Chancellor Shadwell was very interesting about New Zealand and the character of his cousin, the new bishop, who has gone out to live there in the true spirit of a Christian missionary, with a wife as an able assistant.

April 18.—Gossiping with Lucy Ellice about her literary friends. She is C. J. Fox's cousin, and was almost brought up at Holland House. She spoke of the stool which Lady Holland always kept by her side, to which any one was to be called whose conversation her ladyship fancied for the time being. Once when Lucy was called there to describe some Paris ghost for the benefit of a large party, she told her hostess that she reminded her of a French lady who was getting up a conversation with some *savants*, and, after having gone systematically through a number of subjects, said, "Et à present, monsieur, un peu de religion s'il vous plaît." Sydney Smith said, "Lady Holland is not one woman, but a multitude; just read the Riot Act, and you'll presently see them disperse."

April 20.—At Meeting a Friend spoke very sweetly, but, from circumstances over which she had little control, her sermon forcibly reminded me of "going to Bexico to zee de Bunkies."

May 12.—Barclay had one of John Mill's letters. He writes of his (Barclay's) lecture on Modern British Poets in the warmest terms: had it been the production of a young writer unknown to him, he should have said that he had taken the right road, and was likely to go on far. His "Logic" comes out at Christmas.

London, May 17.—To the College of Surgeons to meet Professor Owen, who showed us over their museum and added infinitely to its interest by his luminous expositions. The things are arranged altogether physiologically on the idea which Hunter first struck out and worked on, that there is a certain analogy of structure running throughout nature, vegetable as well as animal; a hyacinth, for instance, has its fibres, but no internal stomach, so the earth in which it is imbedded

acts as one. Owen believes that no animal has sensation unless furnished with a brain; therefore the cuttle-fish is the lowest creature which can be effectively treated with cruelty. Examined a long series of skulls; those of babies so much phrenologically better than grown persons,—which Owen thinks quite natural, as they came uncontaminated from the Author of all goodness, and degenerate after contact with the world.

May 28.—Called at Cheyne Row, where Carlyle and his wife received us with affectionate cordiality. He looks remarkably well and handsome, but she has not at all recovered the shock of her mother's death. He wanted to know what we were doing at the Yearly Meeting, and what were its objects and functions, and remarked on the deepening observable among Friends; but when we told of the letter to the queen recommendatory of peace in Afghanistan, he was terribly amused. "Poor little queen! She'd be glad enough to live in peace and quietness if the Afghans would but submit to her conditions." He feels somehow but little interest in the whole affair, it is such a long way off, and there is plenty of stirring serious work to be done at home. "I take a greater interest in Sir Alexander Burn than in any of them, I suppose just because I have seen him, and can represent him to myself as a person not very fit for the sharp work they had for him to do, and so they took the life out of him at last, poor fellow!" Of himself he says that it is just the old story of indigestion; dyspepsia is a sort of perennial thing with him (how much does this explain!); he can do no work before breakfast, but is just up to viewing life in general, and his own life in particular, on the shady side. Got somehow to Emerson, who is quietly but deeply influencing a few both in England and America. Fraser tells him that the English edition of the "Lectures" is disappearing, which he is glad to hear of. In America he is indeed a great phenomenon; he must live and feel and think, apart from public opinion, on the adamantine basis of his own manhood. The Carlyles like his conversation much better than his books, which they think

often obscure and involved both in conception and execution. I remarked on the democratic way in which he had levelled all ranks of subjects and holy and unholy personages. "Why," Carlyle answered, "they are all great facts, and he treats them each as a fact, of value rather with reference to the whole than to any preconceived theory. I was amused, on asking Webster about him the other day, to hear him say, 'Oh, do you mean the Socinian minister?' You see, he has no vote in Congress, no recognized authenticated outward influence. He is going to send me a man called B——, who is coming over with some 'new ideas' about making a new world, but it hasn't seemed to strike him that he has a world within his own waistcoat which would employ all his thought and energy if he would but give it. Some time since there was a little Frenchman here, and he wanted to make a new world, for he too had some 'new ideas,' and so he was collecting money from all quarters, for it takes a good round sum to make a new world; however, it turned out but a swindling affair, after all." Carlyle gave me a number of the "Dial," which Emerson has marked and sent him as a good sample of the tone and struggling nature of earnest American thought; also an American pamphlet on Capital Punishment, with some of his own characteristic notes in the margin. Carlyle does not like capital punishment, because he wishes men to live as much and as long as possible; he rejoices in the increasing feeling that it is a right solemn thing for one man to say to another, "Give over living!" But on my characterizing it as a declaration that though God could bear with the criminal, man could not, he said, "Why, there are many things in this world which God bears with: he bears with many a dreary morass and waste, yet he gives to man the will and the power to drain and to till it and make oats grow out of it. But you'll make no oats grow out of men's corpses. This pamphlet-author is oddly inconsistent; with all his enthusiastic feeling for the value of individual life, he is quite in favor of going to war with England, thus willing to sacrifice thousands of brave fellows, while he would save the life of a

miserable rascal like Good, who cut his wife into pieces and stuffed them into a coach-box." Carlyle's laughs are famous fellows, hearty and bodily. He was interested in hearing of Sterling's Polytechnic lecture, and amused to learn the horror which the mention of his (Carlyle's) name aroused. "I suppose they took me for Richard Carlile; but they say that even Richard has taken another turn and become a religious character. I remember when his father was a bookseller and his shopmen were constantly being taken up for selling the sort of book he kept, yet there was such an enthusiastic feeling towards him, such a notion that he was supporting the right cause, that no sooner was one taken up than another offered himself from the country, and so he was always kept supplied. Edward Irving fell in with one of them at Newgate, who appealed to him as to whether it was not very hard to be imprisoned for disseminating views which he honestly believed to be true. Irving rather agreed with him, and he afterwards paraded Irving's opinion in a somewhat mortifying manner." He (Carlyle) spoke on politics and bribery, and the deep and wide influence of money, which seems now the one recognizable claim to human esteem. "But that can't last long," quoth I. "No, it can't last," he replied; "unless God intend to destroy the earth at once and utterly." He looks to Parliament for some great vital change in our condition, and expects that ere long some sincere, earnest spirit will arise and gradually acquire and exert influence over the rest. Not that he supposes it will ever again take the form of Cromwell's Revolution. Roebuck, he thinks, would very much like the place of the Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland! The other day he was talking with him about bribery, when Roebuck said, "Really, if you so remove temptation, you will take away opportunity for virtue." "Then," said Carlyle, "we must acknowledge as a great encourager of virtue one who certainly has not got much credit for it yet,—namely, the devil." He thinks it would have a wonderful effect in the House if Roebuck was to raise his small curious person, and with his thin, shrill voice give utterance, "Either

bribery is right or wrong: if wrong, let us give up practising it and abuse it less; if right, let it go on without outcry." They were very kind, and pressed us to spend an evening with them, which I trust we shall be able to do.

May 29.—The Derwent Coleridges have given up the school at Helston and settled near London, at St. Mark's College. To-day he showed us over the place with great delight, himself so completely in keeping with it, in the mixture of Byzantine and German, ecclesiastical feeling and speculative poetry. In pointing out different arrangements, he would say, in an explanatory tone, "This is, according to *our* views, very important." Their object is to train up a class of teachers intermediate between the present aristocratic constitution of the Church and the extremely ignorant set who have now to fulfil its inferior offices. This link is in the way to be supplied, as this is a sort of college, where they not only study, but practise teaching and reading subordinate parts of the service. He sees that a similar plan has been of wonderful use among the Methodists and has long been a desideratum in the Church. What may not be hoped when the Church can thus stretch out ten thousand arms at once,—all-embracing! all-gathering!

Steamed away to London Bridge, and saw the Maurices, and liked them much. He* is not at all dogmatic in his manner, but kind and conciliating. He thinks that Carlyle has much more real sympathy with moral excellence than intellectual force, thus that he raves a great deal, but never really sympathizes with Goethe as he does with Dante. He has just been with Wordsworth, who is now in town and seems in force and vigor.

May 30.—A very pleasant chatty tea with the Owens, talking over phrenology, mesmerism, and interpersonal influence. Faraday is better, but greatly annoyed by his change of memory. He remembers distinctly things that happened

* *Maurice* (Rev. Frederick Denison), born 1805; chaplain to Lincoln's Inn; Professor of Modern History to King's College, London, etc. He died in 1872.

long ago, but the details of present life, his friends' Christian names, etc., he forgets. Lyell is away lecturing in America.

May 31.—Dined at the Mills',—a biennial jubilee; John Mill in glorious spirits; too happy to enter much into deep things. He alluded to the indescribable change and growth he experienced when he made the discovery that what was right for others might not be right for him. Talked of life not being all fun, though there is a great deal of fun in it. His view of Goethe's character is a refined selfishness, but then he added, with a sincere modesty, "Sterling used to say the same sort of things of Goethe as I do now, and, as he is always making progress, I fully believe that he is right in his enthusiasm, though I cannot now sympathize with it. He says that 'Hermann and Dorothea' make you *love* Goethe: I confess that I never met with anything yet which had that effect on me." He is greatly relieved at having finished his "Logic," and is going to mark the best passages for me with notes of admiration. He said, "My family have no idea how great a man I am!" He is now saving up his holidays for a third journey to Italy: he had serious hopes of an illness in the winter, but was conscientious enough not to encourage it! He is inclined to agree with Wordsworth in the defence of capital punishments, but I am glad to say has not quite made up his mind. He thinks Carlyle intolerant to no class but metaphysicians; owing to his entire neglect of this mode of thought, he is presently floored by Sterling in argument. Carlyle is not getting on pleasantly with his work on the Civil Wars: he finds so little standing authority; and the mode of revolutionary thought then was so different to what the present age can sympathize with; all its strivings were for immediate results, no high abstract principles apparently influenced them,—except transiently. John Mill had designed writing a work on the French Revolution, when he heard of Carlyle's purpose, and accordingly made over his books of reference to him; the world has also been deprived of a History of Greece from his pen, because Thirlwall was just beforehand with him.

June 1.—Visit from the Edward Sterlings, who were much excited at another attempt at shooting the queen, which happened last evening in the Park. The day before, the man had been there ready for action, but was unavoidably prevented; this was mentioned to her Majesty, who ordered a double number of police in their plain clothes to be stationed in the Park, and forbade her ladies to attend her and expose themselves to danger from which she would not shrink. The man raised the pistol within three paces of the carriage, when a policeman struck it down harmless. The queen and prince stood up in the carriage and were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.

June 2.—Amelia Opie to breakfast. Two of the themes she wrote for our school-room are published, or to be published, in America. She is having her swing of London excitement.

Hampstead, June 4.—Gurney Hoare brought us the good news that William Wordsworth was staying at old Mrs. Hoare's; so thither he took us. He is a man of middle height and not of very striking appearance; the lower part of the face retreating a little; his eye of a somewhat French diplomatic character, with heavy eyelids, and none of the flashing which one connects with poetic genius. When speaking earnestly, his manner and voice become extremely energetic; and the peculiar emphasis, and even accent, he throws into some of his words, add considerably to their force. He evidently loves the monologue style of conversation, but shows great candor in giving due consideration to any remarks which others may make. His manner is simple, his general appearance that of the abstract thinker, whom his subject gradually warms into poetry. Now for some of these subjects.

Mamma spoke of the beauty of Rydal, and asked whether it did not rather spoil him for common scenery. "Oh, no," he said; "it rather opens my eyes to see the beauty there is in all; God is everywhere, and thus nothing is common or devoid of beauty. No, ma'am, it is the *feeling* that instructs

the *seeing*. Wherever there is a heart to feel, there is also an eye to see; even in a city you have light and shade, reflections, probably views of the water and trees, and a blue sky above you, and can you want for beauty with all these? People often pity me while residing in a city, but they need not, for I can enjoy its characteristic beauties as well as any." I said that Lamb's rhapsody on London might not then have been sent to him in a spirit necessarily ironical. "Oh, no," he answered, "and Lamb's abuse of the country and his declared detestation of it was all affected; he enjoyed it and entered into its beauties; besides, Lamb had too kindly and sympathetic a nature to detest anything." Barclay asked him about Hartley Coleridge. He thinks that there is much talent but no genius in his poetry, and calls him an eminently clever man. One thing he has learnt,—that poetry is no pastime, but a serious earnest work, demanding unspeakable study. "Hartley has no originality; whenever he attempts it, it is altogether a mistake; he is so fond of quaintness and contrariety, which is quite out of keeping with a true poet: and then he is of that class of extreme Radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downward, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself in opposition to the opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathies of ages and generations. I hold that the degree in which poets dwell in sympathy with the past marks exactly the degree of their poetical faculty. Shelley, you see, was one of these, and what did his poetry come to?" "But," said I, "some would not be true to themselves unless they gave a voice to their yearnings after the Ideal rather than the Actual." "Ah, but I object to the perpetual ill humor with things around them," he replied; "and ill humor is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it." He spoke of S. T. Coleridge, and the want of

will which characterized both him and Hartley; the amazing effort which it was to him to will anything was indescribable: but he acknowledged the great genius of his poetry. Talked of superstition and its connection with a young state of society: "Why, we are all children; how little we know! I feel myself more a child than ever, for I am now in bondage to habits and prejudices from which I used to be free." Barclay quoted Emerson's advice to imitate the independence of the school-boy who is sure of his dinner, which greatly pleased him. We got, I forget how, to the subject of the divine permission of evil, which he said he has always felt the hardest problem of man's being. When four years old he had quaked on his bed in sharp conflict of spirit on this subject. "Nothing but faith can keep you quiet and at peace with such awful problems pressing on you,—faith that what you know not now you will know in God's good time. It is curious, in that verse of St. Paul's about faith, hope, and charity or love, that charity should be placed the highest of the three; it must be because it is so universal and limitless in its operations: but faith is the highest individual experience, because it conquers the pride of the understanding, —man's greatest foe. Oh, how this mechanical age does battle against the faith! it is altogether calculated to puff up the pride of the understanding, while it contains no counteracting principle which can regulate the feelings; the love of the beautiful is lost in notions of shallow utility, and men little think that the thoughts which are embodied in form around them, and on which the peasants' shoon can trample, are worth more than all their steam-engines and railroads." "But this cannot last: there must be a reaction," said I. "No," he said, "it cannot last; God is merciful and loves His earth, and it cannot last. I have raised my voice loudly against it, particularly in the poem on the treaty of Cintra; and others have taken up the sound and under many forms have given the world to know that there are thoughts in man, by which he holds communion with his God, of far higher moment than any outward act or circumstance whatever."

We took a truly affectionate leave; he held my hand in both of his for some time, which I consider a marked fact in my existence! Mrs. Wordsworth was there, but we were too much absorbed for any collateral observations.

June 6.—To the Carlyles', where we were received with great cordiality in the library, which looks well suited to the work performed there. Wax medallions of Edward Sterling and his son hang over the chimney-piece. Thomas Carlyle came in in his blouse, and we presently got, I know not how, to Swedenborgianism. Swedenborg was a thoroughly practical, mechanical man, and was in England learning shipbuilding. He went into a little inn in Bishopsgate Street, and was eating his dinner very fast, when he thought he saw in the corner of the room a vision of Jesus Christ, who said to him, "Eat slower." This was the beginning of all his visions and mysterious communications, of which he had enough in his day. He gave exactly the date—I think it was the 5th of May, 1785—when Christianity died out, that is to say, when the last spark of truth left its professors, which is truly the death of anything: and that, he thought, was the day of judgment; not our old notions of it at all, but a sort of invisible judgment, of which he got informed in his visions. "There was a great deal of truth in the man, with all his visions and fancies, and many hold with him to this day. Law got many of his notions from him. Then there's Böhme: I could never follow him in his books; it is the most distracted style of writing possible. His first vision was of a bright light stretching all across the road, which turned out to be an angel, who communicated with him ever after. George Fox and Novalis, and many others, were among his followers; for there's a deep truth in him, after all." Then he continued:

"'Tis an odd thing this about Queen Victoria. After having had a champion to say before the whole assembly of them, 'O queen, live forever!' a little insignificant fellow comes up, points his pistol at her, and says, 'Chimera! die this minute!' Poor little queen! I have some loyalty about

me, and have no wish to see her shot; but as for her having any right to hold the reins of government if she could not manage them, all the cart-loads of dirty parchment can't make that clear. There are thousands of men about her made of the same flesh and blood, with the same eternities around them, and they want to be well governed and fed. It is something to get it recognized that the ablest man should be the one to guide us, even if we may never see it carried out." Something led us to John Mill: "Ah, poor fellow! he has had to get himself out of Benthamism; and all the emotions and sufferings he has endured have helped him to thoughts that never entered Bentham's head. However, he is still too fond of demonstrating everything. If John Mill were to get up to heaven, he would hardly be content till he had made out how it all was. For my part, I don't much trouble myself about the machinery of the place; whether there is an operative set of angels or an industrial class, I'm willing to leave all that. Neither do I ever quake on my bed like Wordsworth, trying to reconcile the ways of Providence to my apprehension. I early came to the conclusion that I was not very likely to make it out clearly: the notions of the Calvinists seem what you cannot escape from, namely, that if it's all known beforehand, why, it all must happen. This does not affect your actual work at all; and if you have faith that it is all just and true, why, it won't harm you to shape any notions about it. I don't see that we do any good by puzzling our poor weak heads about such things while there is plenty of clear work before them in the regions of practicability. In the mean time, I know that I have uncontrolled power over one unit in creation, and it's my business in life to govern that one as well as possible. I'm not over-fond of Bolingbroke's patronizing Providence, nor of Voltaire's—'If there were no God, we should be forced to invent one for the completion of the system.'"

On finding out what one's path in life really is, he said, "You're better judges of this than any one else, yet you must often waste half your life in experimenting, and perhaps fail

after all! There is a set of people whom I cannot do with at all,—those who are always declaring what an extremely perfect world this is, and how very well things are conducted in it; to me it seems all going wrong and tending irresistibly to change,—which can't but be for the worse." I asked if there was a single institution existing which was as he would have it. "Why, I can't say there is, exactly." Asked him concerning his early history, as compared with Teufelsdröckh's. "Why, my advent, I believe, was not at all out of the common: one extraordinary fact of my childhood was that, after eleven months' profound taciturnity, I heard a child cry, and astonished them all by saying, 'What ails wee Jock?' A small acquaintance of mine was looking at some soldiers, and turned solemnly to his father: 'Papa, these were once men!'—it is his last speech on record." The description of Entepfuhl is identical with that of his (Carlyle's) native village; also the indivisible suit of yellow serge is historical, into which he had daily to insinuate himself. Talked of "Hermann and Dorothea," which Mrs. Carlyle says he likes to read on a warm day; he thinks Wordsworth might have written it, but there are thoughts in Goethe, and particularly in "Wilhelm Meister," which a dozen Wordsworths could not see into. Their two maids got hold of his translation of the book and were always at it, scrubbing with one hand and holding the book with the other. Talked much on the misery of the Scotch poor: he feels a great jealousy of the quantity of black benevolence which goes out of the country, when so much yellow and green benevolence is wanted at home,—at Paisley and elsewhere: people should sweep clean before their own door. He spoke vehemently in favor of emigration. He told us of having once been with Elizabeth Fry at Newgate, where she read the story of Mary Magdalene in those silver tones of hers: it went from the heart, and therefore to the heart; there was nothing theatrical about it. Mrs. Fry and one or two Quakeresses who were with her looked like a little spot of purity in a great sweltering mass of corruption. We then talked on self-forgetful-

ness, how attainable? You can soon ascertain whether there is any affectation about you, and get rid of that first, and then the faults you are continually falling back into keep down your vanity and help to hold the balance fair. His wife was very affectionate; her health and spirits are deeply depressed by what she has gone through. On asking her which work her husband had had the greatest pleasure in writing, "Oh," she said, "he has pleasure in none, he is always so dissatisfied with what he does; but the one which gave him the greatest torment was the 'French Revolution.'" He lent the MS. of the first volume to a gentleman who had an extensive knowledge of French affairs and was to make notes and corrections for him. One day he called, ran up-stairs, gave three little taps at their door, and sent her down to a lady who was waiting outside, just saying, "Something dreadful has happened; she'll tell you what." She sprang into the carriage, but the lady would only say, "Oh, you'll never speak to him again!" Mrs. Carlyle suggested all imaginable misfortunes, among others, "Have you left your husband?" "Oh, no; but how good you are to think of such a thing!" In fact, she could not get it out at all, and accordingly rushed back to the gentleman, and saw her husband smiling and cutting up a candle-lighter. "Tell me what has happened." "What! hasn't she told you? Your husband's MS. is entirely destroyed." She was relieved at first, and said she had expected to hear of a murder; but afterwards, when she saw her poor husband almost frantic over his work, not having kept a single note or rough copy or reference of any kind, she felt the full force of the trial. He always writes on little scraps of paper, copies them once fairly, and twists the original scraps into matches.

Carlyle's conversation and general views are curiously dyspeptic, his indigestion coloring everything. There was something particularly engaging in his reprobation of a heartless caricature of the execution of poor Louis XVI., which he desired us not to look at, but introduced a beautiful one of himself smoking in his tub, which John Sterling compares to one

of Michael Angelo's prophets. He stood at the window with his pipe to help us to draw a comparison.

June 10.—John Mill told us that he sent "Arthur Coningsby," with other books, some years ago to Carlyle in Scotland, which so interested him that he wished to know the author, and thus he and Sterling began their friendship. Called on Sir W. Hooker at Kew Gardens; his enthusiasm for his New Holland shrubs and plants knew no bounds. They are in many respects totally distinct in general character from what we are accustomed to, presenting the edge of the leaf to the sun, and other fantastic arrangements. His son is with Captain Ross.

June 11.—Elizabeth Fry took us to Coldbath Fields Prison. Asked her concerning her experience of solitary confinement: in one prison, where it was very limitedly used, she knew of six who became mad in consequence of it. Met the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar (sister to our queen-dowager), her two pretty daughters, and Lady Denbigh. The survey of the prison was exceedingly interesting. It is, on the whole, the best of our houses of correction, though a severe one, as whipping and the treadmill are still allowed. It was sad to see the poor exhausted women ever toiling upward without a chance of progress. The silent system is enforced with as much strictness as they can manage, but of course it is sometimes evaded. It was beautiful to hear Cousin Fry's little conversations with them; her tone of sympathy and interest went to their hearts. She had no reading, owing to the High Church principles of the directors and chaplains of the prison, but she craved leave to tell them a story of the effect of one passage from the Bible on a poor prisoner, which melted many of them to tears. The tact with which she treated the two chaplains who went round with us was inimitable, telling them that if the duchess was very anxious for a reading she would propose to turn out all the gentlemen except her brother, for they had said it would be impossible to be present at worship which they did not conduct. The duchess was much pleased, and with her unaffected daughters drove off to Chiswick.

June 16.—Met John Sterling, fresh from Italy, at Temple Bar, and proceeded by appointment to the rooms of William Smith,* a quiet, recluse, meditative, abstract-looking man, somewhat like F. D. Maurice. It was pleasant to see the warm and surprised meeting between him and Sterling after a separation of many years. Progressed to the old Church of the Templars, built on the model of the church at Jerusalem. W. Smith obtained admission for us by means of a weak brother Bencher, who was not aware of a recently issued prohibition, consequent on the rush of visitors. They are endeavoring to restore it to its antique gorgeousness by painting the ceiling in arabesque after contemporary patterns, inserting beautiful colored glass windows, relieving the marble from the stucco by which it had been concealed in the days of the Puritans. The Mills joined us in the survey. This was the opening scene of the "Onyx Ring," and the only church in London, as the author said, fit for the scene. It was much to listen to him and John Mill on Italy and the thoughts it inspired. Sterling has advanced to the conviction that Correggio is, after all, *the* painter; he alone achieved the Impossible: the others are all attempts more or less successful. Raphael you can carry away in the understanding, but you must always return to Correggio to drink afresh at that delicious fountain of pure feeling. Mill remarked, quietly, "I am greatly confirmed by what Sterling has just said. I have for some time come to the same conviction about Correggio." Visited the grand old Templars, all lying in state under a shed, waiting for readjustment. Sterling expressed all the feeling one has about them in quoting Coleridge's lines,—

> "Their bones are dust,
> Their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, I trust,"—

which just give the Middle-Age spirit of chivalry and religious faith. It is said that all monuments of Templars have

* *Smith* (William), author of "Guidone," "Athelwold," "Thorndale," "Gravenhurst," and other works.

the legs crossed, but, as the opposite case has been equally proved, Smith remarked, "I am gradually coming to disbelieve everything that has ever been asserted." John Mill talked about his book on Logic, which he is going to give us; but he declares it will be more intelligible than interesting,—how intelligible he will find out in two years. He forbids my reading it, though, except some chapters which he will point out. "It would be like my reading a book on mining because you live in Cornwall: it would be making friendship a burden!"

June 18.—To Bridgewater House, to see the pictures, where we met Sterling. His criticisms very useful and illuminating. A fine ecclesiastical head suggested the following story. A Protestant bishop was declaiming to a Roman Catholic on the folly of a belief in Purgatory. "My lord," was the reply, "you may go farther and fare worse."

We then went to Westmacott's studio, introduced by Fanny Haworth. He is a man of extreme energy and openness of countenance, real enthusiasm for his art, and earnest to direct its aim as high as heaven. He and Sterling had several spirited discussions on Greek feeling for art, and how far we may benefit by studying from such models. Westmacott thinks that our enthusiasm for Greek forms is merely the effect of education, because their mythology has given place to something so far higher and purer. Sterling maintained that it was their embodiment of all that was worshipful and venerable, and in so far as they succeeded, it must be venerable to all time and to universal man. The highest conquest of Art is to combine the purest feelings with the highest forms, and if this is effected we need not be fastidious about the medium, or be deemed profane for reverencing a head of Jupiter. Westmacott delights in Flaxman, and pointed out a bas-relief of his Mercury and Venus "as a little piece of music." "A most pagan illustration by a most Christian artist," said Sterling. "I cannot desire further confirmation of what I have said."

June 19.—Saw the —— Foxes. They are very full of De-

ville, the phrenologist, with whom they have had some intercourse. He told them of an anonymous lady whom he had to caution against sensitiveness to the opinion of others. Some years afterwards she came again and brought a daughter, who, when finished, was sent into another room, and the lady consulted him upon her own cranium. He found the sensitiveness so fearfully increased as almost to require medical treatment. He afterwards met her at a party, when she introduced herself to him as Lady Byron. Her third visit to him was made whilst Moore's Life of her husband was being published, and, in accordance with his prescription, she had not allowed herself to read it.

June 21.—At the African meeting; Lady Parry with us, and very amusing. We sat in a little gallery with the Duchess of Sutherland, her three daughters, and Lady John Russell, all very striking women. The meeting was not very interesting, with the exception of a brilliant speech from Samuel Wilberforce, full of eloquence from the heart, and a capital one from Lord John Russell, in which he thoroughly committed himself to measures of justice, humanity, and civil progress.

June 22.—Met Samuel Gurney at Paddington, and reached Hanwell in a few minutes. Were most kindly received by Dr. Conolly; he has had the superintendence for two years, and at once introduced the system of non-coercion in its fullest sense, though feeling that it was a very bold experiment and required intense watching: but he dared it all for the sake of a deeply-suffering portion of humanity, with most blessed result. It was delightful to observe the pleasure with which he was greeted by the patients, and their anxious inquiries after his health, for he has been ill lately; and the extreme kindness, gentleness, and patience of his manner towards them was the triumph of sympathy, forbearance, and love. All the assistants seem influenced by his spirit, and it is a most delightful and heart-cheering spectacle to see madness for once not treated as a crime.

June 27.—A charming visit from M. A. Schimmelpenninck,

who looks bright, handsome, and active. We soon got to Roman Catholicism and a book of Miss Agnew's, "Geraldine," which sets forth the sunny side of the doctrine. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck would define the principle of Roman Catholicism as Belief, that of Protestantism as Examination, and a just mixture of these two she conceives to be the true article. As for any one party getting at the whole truth, she justly considers this preposterous enough, and illustrated her view by the account an Indian missionary gave her of a Christian native, whom he had been asking how the diversity of Christian belief which had come before them from the settlement of some fresh missionaries, had affected them. "Why," he said, "it is like a city of the blind when an elephant is brought among them for the first time. Each tries to give an account of it. One says it is like the tail of a thing, another, it is like a hoof, and so on; and when they begin to quarrel, a seeing man tells them, 'It's quite true that part is like a tail, part like a hoof, but none of you have any idea how large the elephant is, and how impossible it is for any of you to have felt it all.'" Thus she is always anxious that we should not condemn others for their views, however little we can see with them. She talked with a good deal of poetical truth on Quakerism, and she loves the conventual effect of our costumes.

Falmouth, July 12.—Capital walk with John Sterling. He gave a very interesting chronological sketch of German philosophy, showing how one man and his system were the almost necessary deduction from the preceding. Leibnitz began the chain of those Germans who addressed themselves to think; then a long interval, at the end of which Kant appeared and taught the supremacy of reason as exhibited in the Divine works, and, above all others, in the nature of man. Fichte carried this still further, and dogmatized on his view of Truth to the exclusion of tolerance towards all other thinkers. A witness told Sterling of an interview between Fichte and Schelling, which concluded by the former declaring that a man who could believe that there was any revelation in the dead Nature around him, and not that it dwelt only in the

brains of the few wise men, was not a fit companion for any reasonable being! with which appalling words, exit Fichte. Schelling's mission was to proclaim the living, tuneful voice of Nature, and to teach that she was animated by a higher principle than material existence. Fichte viewed the universe as a mere logical process in the Divine mind.

On Goethe's character: the more Sterling examines, the less he believes in his having wilfully trifled with the feelings of women; with regard to his selfishness, he holds that he did but give the fullest, freest scope for the exercise of his gift, and, as we are the gainers thereby, he cannot call it selfishness. On Carlyle and their recent expedition together to Hampton Court: Carlyle was in gloomy humor and finding fault with everything, therefore Sterling defended with equal universality. At last Carlyle shook his head and pronounced, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." Sterling was reminded of a poem which Goethe has translated, which introduces the carcase of a dead dog, which one after another approaches, expressing disgust at the smell, the appearance, etc.; at last Christ passes, looks on it, and says, "What beautiful white teeth it has!"

July 14.—Tea at the Sterlings'. I did not notice in its right place the admirable living sketch of Carlyle which Mrs. Carlyle told Sterling of, saying it was the best that had been done, and that she thought the artist, Samuel Laurence, meant to give it her. Sterling went to Laurence, found that he had no such intention, bought it, and with much triumph displayed it to the lady. It is a thoroughly satisfactory portrait.

July 21.—Visit to the Sterlings'; he was strong against the confusions and misconstructions prevalent on all modes of philosophy, and thinks that practical subjects should be studied unless there is an irrepressible tendency towards the abstract, otherwise endless and dangerous confusion generally results. He is devouring the new and greatly improved edition of Maurice, whose notion of Quakerism is that it is all included in the belief of the Church of England, and

therefore that George Fox mistook his calling when he separated himself and followers into a sect. Sterling would fain abolish all sects, and desires that all might concentrate their light into one pure crystal. But I fear that this crystal will never be discovered but in Utopia or—heaven.

July 27.—John Sterling is interesting himself much about George Fox, whose life he means to write. He sadly misses his earnest, prophetic spirit in the present day, and thinks Carlyle the only one who at all represents it. He read us a grievous letter from the latter, complaining of finding great difficulty in doing his work, "his right hand having forgotten her cunning." The American regenerator of his species, of whom he talked to us, has been with him; he finds that his nostrum for the ills of life is a simple agricultural life and a vegetable diet. They had him at their house, gave him various strange accommodating dishes, but, as he could not make Carlyle a believer in vegetables, he left him in despair. Speaking of the old Puritan preachers, Carlyle comments on the excessive fun which bursts out even in their sermons, and says that he believes all really great men were great laughers too, and that those who have the gravest capacity in them have also the greatest fun; therefore he cordially hails a hearty guffaw even from a Puritan pulpit.

July 28.—Sterling, commenting on some essays by a clever young man of twenty, and finding a want of solidity in them, remarked, "Why, I was once a clever young man of twenty, and I know the quantity of inefficient thought which possesses you at that age. Not that any true effort at thought is useless, though you have often to think yourself out of it again. You frequently come to your original position, but on principles how different from what before possessed you!"

August 3.—John Sterling and Samuel Gurney were talking over Quaker peculiarities of language, S. Gurney going to the derivation of words to prove that truth was our object. Sterling entirely agreed with him, but remarked, "You see, we have but lately been required to weigh sovereigns, which most people think of much greater importance than words."

August 22.—Sterling has finished George Fox's Journal, which has interested him much, though he does not find it as remarkable as he had expected,—less originality and outflashing of the man's peculiar nature. He is greatly amused at Fox's placid conviction that he has never committed a fault or made a mistake; also his undoubting belief in the most astounding judgments pronounced and executed around him on his account. Thus: "A judge treated me very cruelly; accordingly God smote him with a fever, so that he died the next day!"

September 4.—Saw John Sterling: he has heard from Carlyle, who has been greatly interested by two interviews with Professor Owen, from whom, he says, he has learned more than from almost any other man. He is charmed by his naturalness, and the simplicity he has preserved in a London atmosphere.

September 16.—Floated in the harbor with the Sterlings, a very calm, thoughtful, and merry opportunity, as fancy led us. Books and men engaged us more to-day than angels or speculations. Sterling is truly an invaluable person to consult on any literary or logical difficulties, and his ready friendship seems really rejoiced to be able to help any who desire it in earnest. He read us some admirable letters from Carlyle, who has just been making a pilgrimage to Ely, and enjoyed the music in the cathedral so as to wish it might always last, and whenever the spirit of worship inspired one, he might go in there and worship with congenial tones from invisible sources. He smoked a pipe sitting on Cromwell's horse-block, and felt it a sort of acme in possible human positions.

John Sterling rather impertinently compared Stanfield's coloring to a literary Quakeress, all drab and blue!

September 27.—This morning Sterling gave a capital sketch of Carlyle. The occasion of his first publishing was this. Edward Irving was requested by the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine" to contribute an article; he looked into the magazine and discovered in one of the papers the expression, "Good God!" This, he said, must prevent his having

anything to do with it, but he had a friend not so scrupulous, who would be glad to send a paper and was well qualified for it. This friend was Thomas Carlyle, who continued in connection with this magazine (in which the "Essays of Elia" first appeared) until Jeffrey induced him to write for the "Edinburgh," where his "Life of Schiller" first made him notorious. Sterling read these papers with the strongest interest, which he once expressed in the presence of Charles Buller. "Oh," said he, "he was a tutor of ours;" and from that time Buller got prettily pumped for information concerning this said tutor of theirs.

October 4.—At the Falmouth Polytechnic; met Anthony Froude, who was thoughtful, speculative, and agreeable. He was interesting in analyzing character. From Sterling's handwriting he calls him enthusiastic but not sanguine, rather desponding; an amazing flow of ideas and great choice of language. Defined affectation as an attempt to seem. Thus the high are as affected in imitating the low, as the low in aping the high. On the study of history: he is as delighted with Arnold as I am; on his remarking to Dr. Pusey on the beauty of Arnold's comparing the Church and State to the soul and body, Pusey quietly but most solemnly said, "I consider the Church belongs to a much higher Body."

October 10.—Sterling has been told that in person he resembles Metternich, however little in the talent of getting on in the world, "possibly because I have never tried to get on." Talked of our responsibility in the guidance of ourselves; of living in inward and outward consistency with such light as has dawned upon us; not attempting, like the foolish virgins, to walk by the lamps of any companions, however wise, if God has intrusted us with lamps of our own. On the entire self-sacrifice which is due to Truth: fearful is the wrench which must be endured in the separation from every form of falsehood, but if you can stand this, glorious will be the reward in light and confidence of spirit. Sad and perplexing is the search, and often vain, for the wisest man of your time, whom you may joyfully accept as a leader. "But," I ven-

tured to say, "rather than this harassing search among the multitude of conflicting rays which show but an infinite number of tiny light-beams, would it not be wiser, in simplicity and faith, to direct the earnest gaze upward, where all rays of light converge in one glorious focus, and inward, if one ray is permitted to shine there to guide the teachable spirit through this misty, half-developed chaos of a world?"

Herman Merivale has been at Falmouth and spent some time with Sterling; he has a clever head and much good sense.

October 14.—Sterling told us of General Wolfe; when with a small party awaiting some final arrangements for attacking Quebec, he said to them, "We may as well read a MS. poem I have just received from England," and, taking Gray's "Elegy" out of his pocket, read it aloud to them, slowly and with deep feeling. On concluding, he said, "I had rather have written that, than take Quebec."

October 16.—A. B. went with us to see some of the old women; he rather shrank from it on the ground of not being a clergyman, but was reassured by Sterling reminding him that St. Paul was not a clergyman either.

October 17.—A discussion between William Edward Forster and Sterling on the purity of motive in martyrdom,—whether any would yield his life for the sake of an abstract moral truth, if there were no prospect of reward or punishment in the background. Sterling said, "Life would not be worth living without such a faith in the entire devotion to Truth being experienced by some high minds." Both parties argued well, and it was continued for the evening, William admitting that all actual martyrs were probably actuated by both motives, and that in this, as in most cases, a mixed theory was the true one. Sterling was pointing out many things that were to be remembered when in St. Peter's. "What is to be forgotten?" asked I. "Nothing but yourself," he answered.

November 4.—Carlyle writes complaining of the mighty dust-mountain which he has to dig into, as yet with little

result, in his Cromwellian researches. Laments the death of Allan Cunningham, as one face that has ever looked kindly on him and will look on him no more,—"a loss," Sterling says, "which he can little afford, such is the warmth and exclusiveness of his affection." Anna Maria heard also in the evening from Mrs. Carlyle, who thanks her for a copy of Laurence's portrait of her husband. She speaks of her husband's present subject being a particularly toilsome one, if you may judge from the spluttering he makes; he is trying whether some teeth and a shin-bone dug up from the field of Naseby may not inspire him.

November 14.—Note from Carlyle begging Sterling to make inquiries about the miner at Caridon* who so heroically devoted himself to the saving of his comrade, and suggesting whether anything, and what sort of thing, might be done for him. "At all events," he says, "let me know whether there is one other such true brave workman living and working with me at this time on this earth; there is help and profit in being sure of that."

November 19.—Heard that the Caridon miner Verran is saving up his money till he has got thirty or forty pounds, in order to leave off work and get six months' learning,—a good fact.

December 17.—John Sterling brought a letter from Carlyle, written in the spirit of his "Essay on Burns," together with the following petition:

"To Michael Verran, seemingly a right brave man, and highly worthy of being educated, these small gifts of money, if they can assist him therein, are, with all hopefulness and good regard, presented by certain undersigned fellow-wayfarers and warfarers of his."

In his letter to Sterling he says,—

"This man Verran is evidently a hopeful person; one of those rare human beings whom it is not very difficult to help.

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* For the story of this miner see Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," chap. iii. pp. 264, 265.

Decidedly he ought to be tried to a certain extent. In what way, with what precautions, pre-inquiries, etc., I will leave you and our benevolent Friends altogether to decide. A sum of forty or fifty pounds to aid him in his noble purpose of schooling himself might at any rate be useful. I put down my sovereign on the adjoined leaf (the post-office order goes along with it); do you and other kind men add what more you can in the shape of money or of better than money: my poor faculty in regard to the matter is as good as out. But just men beholding such a thing are *bound* to acknowledge it, to cherish it, and the like of it, as heaven's sacred fire on the altar of this our common earth, not too copiously supplied with fire at present! I have rarely fallen in with a more assistable-looking man than this same most meritorious Verran. Tell the Misses Fox that I specially recommend him to them. Tell all people that a man of this kind ought to be hatched,—that it were shameful to eat him as a breakfast egg! And so heaven prosper him and you, and all the benefactors he can find; and may some blessing come out of this inquiry, and not a curse to any one."

December 22.—Barclay had a letter from J. S. Mill: he speaks of his growing conviction that individual regeneration must precede social progress, and in the mean time he feels that the best work he can do is to perfect his book on Logic, so as to aid in giving solidity and definiteness to the workings of others.

CHAPTER IX.

1843.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."—WORDSWORTH.

Falmouth, January 6.—I was made somewhat conceited this morning by a kind note from Thomas Carlyle. He makes amusing reference to my saying "thou" to him, and threatens to say "thou" to me too, but must not venture at present. Speaking of Verran, he says, "We are not to neglect such when they offer themselves among the half or wholly useless things so enormously copious among us."

January 9.—Another characteristic note from Carlyle:

"DEAR CAROLINE,—Thanks for your excellent news. We will not scold the poor fellow much, at least not till he get fully well again. As to the Hero Verran, I wish you to understand that, at such a distance, and with such friends' eyes close on the very scene, I cannot presume to form any farther judgment of his interests, but will leave them altogether to the eyes and hearts of said friends. Do, therefore, what seems to *you* wisest. Perhaps if there be, as it seems there is, in Verran's personal neighborhood a good discerning man who will take charge of this twenty pounds, to do his best therewith for the poor miner's behoof, it will be wiser in several ways to give it up to that man at once and for altogether; saying merely, 'Do thy best with it for him.' Verran may thus gain another friend and occasional guide and patron, which may be worth more to him than several guineas. 'Twenty,' I think, is no bad result. To find twenty persons, in any locality, who reverence worth to the extent of paying

one pound sterling to it, is verily something in these days. Days (as I sometimes feel, when I reflect sorrowfully on them) altogether unexampled since the creation of the world in that respect! Even the fickle Athenians did at least put Socrates to death, had at least the grace to hate him, did not merely seek to amuse themselves with him! It is unutterable, and will lead to conclusions by and by.

"Meanwhile, what the good Caroline has to do is happily utterable enough; not abstruse or fearful at all! What I have to do is also, alas! too plain: namely, to go about my business, and, with many wishes and salutations, vanish, as one in haste and double haste,—subscribing myself cordially, once more Caroline's friend, T. CARLYLE."

January 21.—Fanny Allen sends a very interesting account of a visit she and her father paid to Michael Verran. He is a thorough Methodist, who sometimes feels so full of joy that his skin seems too small for him, and he is obliged to lie down and pray that he may be enlarged, to make room for his bursting happiness. He gave a simple, quiet account of the Caridon affair, during which, it seems, his mind was so full of the prospect of being so soon with his Saviour, that the idea of death and its suffering hardly occurred to him; and on coming to the surface he fell down on his knees in the shed and "gave glory." He is not getting on very brilliantly at school, but is steady and persevering, and means to be a dairyman, or an ore-dresser.

February 3.—Aunt Charles Fox told us of an American Friend who once felt a concern to go somewhere, he knew not where. He ordered his gig, his servant asking where he was to drive. "Up and down the road," said his master. At last they met a funeral. "Follow this funeral," said the master. They followed in the procession until they came to the church-yard. Whilst the service was being performed, the Friend sat in his gig; at its conclusion he walked to the grave, and exclaimed, solemnly, "The person now buried is innocent of the crime laid to her charge!" and then returned

to his gig. An elderly gentleman in deep mourning came up to him in great agitation, and said, "Sir, what you said has surprised me very much." "I can't help it; I can't help it," replied the other; "I only said what I was obliged to say." "Well," said the mourner, "the person just buried is my wife, who for some years has lain under the suspicion of infidelity to me. No one else knew of it, and on her death-bed she again protested her innocence, and said that if I would not believe her then, a witness to it would be raised up even at her grave-side!"

February 9.—Sir Edward Belcher dined with us to-day, and sailed when the post came in. He has a high appreciation of papa's dipping needle. He talked of the Pacific Islanders he has visited: they all appear to have a common origin, and their languages to be derived from, and very analogous to, Hebrew. A gentleman who understood Hebrew well had first a Tahitian, then a New Zealander, then some other islander, brought to him, and understood perfectly what each said. Their grammar is most simple, all their words being deduced from the nouns and verbs. The inhabitants of Raratonga are innocent and incorruptible beyond all others. The Chinese never take an oath, but their most solemn promise is "can secure." They keep their right hands as "gentlemen," to do no work but grow long nails and write, and their left hands as "scrubs," to do all the dirty work and shake hands with ignorant Englishmen. The ladies steep their nails in hot water at night, and then twist them round their wrists, and they wear little silver shields to preserve them. Sir Edward has been rather tried at having to publish his book so hastily, when it was only a log and needed much revision; but he was sent forth again on active service and had to leave it in charge of a committee. He gave us some miserable details of his observations of the Chinese War.

February 11.—Strong Methodist letter from Michael Verran; very grateful to God and man. Three years ago he found peace, a month later he received the second blessing, and the day following the third; his path is now like that of

the just, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day. He finds spelling "asier than at first, and has got to the rule of three in refimatic."

February 20.—John Sterling has been reading some of Boswell, and is interested to see the vague distinction which Johnson makes between what he calls physical and moral truths, being a dim attempt at a classification which the moderns have much more happily denominated objective and subjective. But even this is very loose when applied to individual character: the most you can say is that objectivity or subjectivity is the predominating element. Men are not generalizations, and resist generalizing as the eel writhes during a flaying operation, on which the operator remarked, "Hang it! why can't you keep quiet?" Talked on early histories: it is so interesting to compare Genesis and Herodotus as two infantile histories; in the former the prophetic element vastly predominant, in the latter the imaginative. He says that Carlyle is bringing out a thirty-pounder of a book on the Northern troubles.*

February 26.—Letter from Carlyle. His present work is one that makes him sad and sickly; it is likely to be ready in about three weeks, and then he expects to be ready for the hospital. He says that John Sterling was the first to tell him that his tendencies were political, a prophecy which he feels is now being strangely verified. Terrible as it is to him to pronounce the words which he does, he feels that those and no others are given him to speak; he sees some twenty thousand in pauper-Bastilles looking for a voice, inarticulately beseeching, "Speak for us!" and can he be silent? His book is on the sorrows in the North, and will probably consist of the facts of the French Revolution connected with his theory of the present misgovernment of England.

March 2.—Sterling thinks of writing an essay on Shakespeare as the Son of his Time, which would develop a great deal of curious matter concerning the actual life around him

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*"Past and Present" was published by Carlyle in this year.

which may be gathered from his plays. He feels the great inadequacy of Shakespeare's women. Beatrice is very disagreeable and unpleasant, Juliet a goose, and Lear's two daughters unnaturally wicked. Shakespeare played the Ghost in "Hamlet" and the Shepherd in the "Winter's Tale" himself. He thinks Tieck the purest poet of the present day, with the subtilest discrimination of the delicacies in women's characters, —a rare achievement. Lessing was no poet, almost antipoetical: the plot of "Nathan the Wise" revolting.

He grieves over the temporal aim of the masses; "their desires are the measure of their powers," and of few unattainable desires are they conscious, except the realizing quite as much money as they wish.

March 9.—J. S. Mill's book arrived yesterday,—"A System of Logic." I read the chapter on Liberty and Necessity. Sterling spoke of the gradual development which he had watched in him. He has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of Truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of Falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents. He was brought up in the belief that politics and social institutions were everything, but he has been gradually delivered from this outwardness, and feels now clearly that individual reform must be the groundwork of social progress. Sterling thinks that Mill's book will induce some to believe in the existence of certain elements in human nature, such as reverence, to which they have nothing answering in their own consciousness.

March 24.—Sterling talked about the men he has seen in his visit to London.—Carlyle very unhappy about the times, thinking everything as bad as ever and conducted on the least happiness for the greatest number principle; the only thing good is that people are made to feel unhappy, and so prove that enjoyment is not the object of life. His book is now being copied, and is to be printed simultaneously in England and America, so that he, being the prophet to both lands, may receive the profits from both. With Julius Hare he had

uniting intercourse, and it was particularly interesting after their long separation to see how much common ground they still had to walk and love upon. He gave him Tieck's last book, which he thinks shows more genius than anything lately published. Maurice finds fault with Mill's book as only attempting a logic of propositions, leaving the higher logic of ideas to the ontologists: this Sterling does not think a fair criticism, as none of these worthy ontologists have given the least sketch of such a logic. Hegel's book is directed to this end. Tieck told Julius Hare that he admired the scene with Wrangel more than any part of "Wallenstein," Schiller having there succeeded in representing a concrete reality.

March 29.—The Rabbi's wife told me that all her uncles and aunts are deaf; they may scream as loud as they like in their uncle Jacob's ear, to no purpose, but by addressing his nose he becomes quite accessible: an aunt's mode of approach is her teeth.*

March 31.—Sterling talked this morning about the Apocalypse, which he believes refers principally to pagan Rome, and the actual life which the apostle saw around him, and which he felt must be denounced and punished by a God of holiness and truth. This he believes to be the feeling of all the prophecies.

April 13.—Julius Hare writes that the King of Prussia has feeling enough to be delighted with Tieck's last book. He got him to Berlin some time since, and on occasion of a court picnic at a certain mill there were only two chairs to be had; the king placed his queen on one, and invited Tieck to the other, throwing himself on the grass at the queen's feet.

May 3.—After dinner I was writing to Aunt Charles, and on running up-stairs for more paper I was startled to find myself spitting blood. It proved to be only from the throat, but I, for half an hour, took it entirely as a signal of death, and shall, I believe, often look back with satisfaction to the

* This appears to be now well known, and is commonly practised by the use of the audiphone.

solemn quietness which I felt at that time. I finished Aunt Charles's note, and then lay down alone, and felt altogether rather idle about life, and much disposed to be thankful, or at any rate entirely submissive, whatever might be the result.

May 6.—Called on the W. M——s. He is threatened with total blindness, and his excellent wife is learning to work in the dark in preparation for a darkened chamber. What things wives are! What a spirit of joyous suffering, confidence, and love was incarnated in Eve! 'Tis a pity they should eat apples.

May 10.—Sterling has been reading Niebuhr lately with great interest, and comparing him antithetically with Gibbon: their different modes of estimating Christianity are very remarkable.

May 25.—John Sterling wandered out and dined with us; he was calm and sad, and feels the idea of leaving Falmouth. His London time was an extremely bustling one. Carlyle does not seem quite happy; though he has blown so loud a blast, and though it has awakened so many deep echoes in the hearts of thoughtful men, there are other trumpets yet to sound before Truth can get itself fully recognized, even by those who have gone far. Sterling gives a very bright description of their Isle of Wight habitation; I wish it may prove the land of promise to them.

May 26.—Enjoyed writing to L. Crouch, and got into some abstractions, the result of which was that every man is his own devil,—*i.e.*, a rebellious will is the principle of evil in each of us, and the anarchy produced by this false dominance is the cause of all that falseness which we call sin.

May 29.—Sterling dwelt with delight on Mrs. Carlyle's character,—such hearty sympathy in the background, and such brilliant talent in front: if it were merely "eternal smart" with her, it would be very tiresome, but she is a woman as well as a clever person. She and her husband, though admiring each other very much, do not in all things thoroughly sympathize: he does not pay that attention to little things on which so much of a woman's comfort depends.

May 30.—Sterling dined here, and gave an interesting critique on Goethe's "Elective Affinities," which is little understood by general readers, but has a deep moral significance. He went off in the rain in very good spirits, looking quite like his old self.

June 13.—I had the luxury of a solitary evening at Grove Hill,—yet not solitary. I took up Emerson again, which I had not read in for many months, and was quite startled at the deep beauty and truth that is in him. He evidently writes from experience, not hearsay, and that gives the earnest tone which must awaken echoes in every heart which is not limited to formulas: even though much which he says may not be true to you, yet you feel that to him it is Divine Truth.

June 14.—How I like things to be done quietly and without fuss! It is the fuss and bustle principle, which must proclaim itself until it is hoarse, that wars against Truth and heroism. Let Truth be done in silence "till it is forced to speak," and then, should it only whisper, all those whom it may concern will hear.

June 18.—No news from Barclay. Well, silence is doubtless safe, and patience is good for us. I think heaven will bless him, but how, it does not suit me even to wish: I've no notion of giving hints to Providence.

August 5.—Finished that wondrous "Past and Present," and felt a hearty blessing on the gifted author spring up in my soul. It is a book which teaches you that there are other months besides May, but that, with courage, faith, energy, and constancy, no December can be "impossible."

August 14.—Schleiermacher is a very fine fellow, so far as I can yet discern; a noble, large-hearted, courageous, clear-sighted, thoughtful, and generous Christian, in the deepest as well as the popular sense of the term; a nourishing writer, whose whole reasoning and discerning speak irrefutably to one's own holiest convictions. Then what knowledge of human nature he has! He ferrets out our high, noble, self-sacrificing sins, and shows no more mercy to them than to the vulgar fellows which smell of garlic.

August 20.—Barclay had a long interview yesterday with Espartero, the ex-Regent of Spain. He has just had to escape from a rebellion aided by France, which he could not repress, and now resigns himself to becoming an Englishman until Spain is ready for him again.

August 21.—Tea at Trebah. Aunt Charles sends brilliant accounts of her present environment,—Hartley Coleridge on one side, Wordsworth on the other. She says the latter is very sensible and simple about the laureateship; he speaks of it very kindly, but has quite declined doing any work connected with it on compulsion. He says it is most gratifying to fill the same station that Dryden and Southey have done.

September 8.—Had a particularly bright evening at Trebah, Aunt Charles reading us many of Hartley Coleridge's about-to-be-published poems, some of exquisite tone, meaning, and discriminating pathos. Went to Budock church-yard. Captain Croke has such a pretty, simple epitaph on his little boy: "And he asked, Who gathered this flower? And the gardener answered, The Master! And his fellow-servant held his peace."

September 10.—Barclay and his beloved W. E. Forster cheered our day. Barclay showed us letters from a bookseller in London to F. D. Maurice, which exhibit most touchingly, most vividly, most truly, the struggle of doubt, the turbulence of despair, the apathy of exhausted effort, so frightfully general among the mechanics of large towns,—a something which tells that the present attempts at teaching do not meet the wants of the time, and which "shrieks inarticulately enough," but with agony, for guidance, and for a God-inspired lesson on belief and duty.

September 13.—Embarked on the railroad at Bristol, and reached London at four o'clock; our only companion was a weary young man, who complained of this tedious mode of travelling!

Norwich, September 18.—In a cottage visit this morning, a young woman told us that her father was nearly converted, and that a little more teaching would complete the business,

adding, "He quite believes that he is lost,—which, of course, is a great consolation to the old man!"

September 21.—Called at the palace with Anna Gurney. Catherine Stanley said the bishop* would be so charmed, and ran down for him. He is as active as usual. He was very affectionate, and charged Anna to use her endeavors to make us follow her example and remain in Norfolk. He says there is no chance of his coming into Cornwall unless they make him Bishop of Exeter. His daughters were very agreeable. Catherine Stanley talked about the Maurices, whom she much admires; also of John Sterling, whom she does not know, but has heard so much of through her brother Arthur. The bishop talks, darting from one subject to another, like one impatient of delay, amusing and pleasant enough. His wife is a calm, sensible, practical woman.

Cromer, September 24.—Our first visit at Northrepps Hall, a droll, irregular, unconventional-looking place, which must have had some share in shaping the character of its inhabitants. . . . A wild horseback party of eleven, with Sir Fowell Buxton at our head, scampering over everything in tremendous rain, which only increased the animation of our party. Then dined with the Buxtons. Sir Fowell is capital now and then, but not at all to be depended upon as a man of society. Most pleasant intercourse with the family, individually and collectively, but there is little of steady conversation to record. Sir Fowell Buxton has never recovered his old tone of joyous mental energy since the failure of the Niger expedition, and looked sometimes very sad. He was most kind and affectionate to us, and we greatly valued being with him. During the night a storm told most seriously on the little fishing-boats, and there was sad loss of life. In his prayer the next morning this affliction was most beautifully named, and the suffering and sorrowing fervently petitioned for. Lady Buxton gave us each a prayer-book, thinking it probable that no

* *Stanley* (Edward), late Bishop of Norwich, born 1796, died 1849; father of the late Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

one else had done so. He likes to tell absurd stories about her, in the face of her emphatic protestations, and he enjoys being impertinently treated himself. His frolics with his grandchildren are charming.

October 9.—Lieutenant Hammond dined here. He was with Captain Fitz-Roy on the "Beagle," and feels enthusiastically towards him. As an instance of his cool courage and self-possession, he mentioned a large body of Fuegians, with a powerful leader, coming out with raised hatchets to oppose them: Captain Fitz-Roy walked up to the leader, took his hatchet out of his hand, and patted him on the back: this completely subdued his followers.

Norwich, October 21.—Catherine Gurney gave us a note to George Borrow,* so on him we called,—a tall, ungainly, uncouth man, with great physical strength, a quick penetrating eye, a confident manner, and a disagreeable tone and pronunciation. He was sitting on one side of the fire, and his old mother on the other. His spirits always sink in wet weather, and to-day was very rainy, but he was courteous and not displeased to be a little lionized, for his delicacy is not of the most susceptible. He talked about Spain and the Spaniards; the lowest classes of whom, he says, are the only ones worth investigating, the upper and middle class being (with exceptions, of course) mean, selfish, and proud beyond description. They care little for Roman Catholicism, and bear faint allegiance to the Pope. They generally lead profligate lives, until they lose all energy, and then become slavishly superstitious. He said a curious thing of the Esquimaux, namely, that their language is a most complex and highly artificial one, calculated to express the most delicate metaphysical subtilties, yet they have no literature, nor are there any traces of their ever having had one,—a most curious anomaly: hence he simply argues that you can ill judge of a people by their language.

* *Borrow* (George), born near Norwich, 1803, author of "The Zincali," "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," and other works; died 1881.

October 22.—Dined with Amelia Opie: she was in great force and really jolly. Exhibited her gallery, containing some fine portraits by her husband, one being of her old French master, which she insisted on Opie painting before she would accept him. She is enthusiastic about Father Mathew; reads Dickens voraciously; takes to Carlyle, but thinks his appearance against him; talks much and with great spirit of people, but never ill-naturedly.

October 23.—Dined very pleasantly at the palace. The blshop was all animation and good humor, but too unsettled to leave any memorable impression. I like Mrs. Stanley much,—a shrewd, sensible, observing woman. She told me much about her bishop; how very trying his position was on first settling at Norwich, for his predecessor was an amiable, indolent old man, who let things take their course, and a very bad course they took, all which the present man has to correct, as way opens, and continually sacrifices popularity to a sense of right.

London, October 30.—An early call in Cheyne Row. Jane Carlyle was very brilliant, dotting off, with little reserve, characters and circumstances with a marvellous perception of what was really significant and effective in them, so that every word told. She spoke of some Americans who called yesterday to take leave, and her hand got such a squeeze that she almost screamed, "for all my rings are utilitarian and have seals." She says that Carlyle has to take a journey always after writing a book, and then gets so weary with knocking about that he has to write another book to recover from it. When the books are done they know little or nothing of them, but she judges from the frequent adoption of some of his phrases in books of the day, that they are telling in the land.

Met John Sterling and H. Mill, and went to Professor Owen's, where W. E. Forster and Barclay joined us. Here we saw the great bone—the actual bone—of a bird which a sailor brought to Owen from Sydney, and out of which he has mentally constructed an immense ostrich. And we saw

the series of vast bottles, each filled with a fixed idea. Sterling said he was quite awe-struck at the thought of being with a man who knew them all! Owen gave us a little lecture on the brain: that when it is much worked a certain portion is actually lost; adding that "Strafford," he supposed, cost its author about two ounces. He and Sterling then got into a delicate little discussion upon Dr. Johnson's taste for a good hater. Mrs. Owen supposed that differences in opinion would be settled by definition; so Sterling defined it as the sort of feeling which Owen would entertain towards Sir Everard Home, who destroyed John Hunter's papers; he would not do him any harm, but he would not go out of his way to prevent his being well punished. This led to discussion on the wicked waste of thought which Home had thus committed. Facts and results of positive worth have been irrevocably lost. Sara Coleridge is writing a defence of her father's theology, proving how very orthodox he was and how well he deserved to be the pet son of the Church. Sterling remarked that she shows the limited nature of a woman's mind in her "Phantasmion;" she does not make Ariel an element, but the whole thing is Ariel, and therefore very wearisome and unsubstantial.

CHAPTER X.

1844.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."—SHELLEY.

Falmouth, January 9.—Fanny Allen sends a glorious letter from Verran. He says, "I have three cows, three slip pigs; I've plenty of grass, and a good sale for butter and cream. I've the pleasure to tell you that I've also got a wife, and my wedding-day was yesterday."

Some boys to dinner; interested them and ourselves with Dickens's beautiful human-hearted "Christmas Carol."

January 12.—Finished my week's work at the infant school, and wrote in the Visitors' Report Book that, as many eminent men were very stupid at school, there was every hope for the sixty-three there.

January 16.—I have had a treat in the following kind letter from Carlyle:

"CHELSEA, 15*th January*, 1844.

"DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—Your message is far from an intrusion; such a musical little voice coming out of the remote West, in these dull days, is not unwelcome to me, is rather apt to be too welcome! For undue praise is the poison of human souls: he that would live healthily, let him learn to go along entirely without praise. Sincere praises, coming in a musical voice in dull times, how is one to guard against them?

"I like Verran's picture of himself somewhat better this time. It is good that he has got a wife; his manner of announcing that great fact, too, is very original! 'Four cows, with plenty of grass, three slip pigs.' What are slip pigs? Pigs that have slipt or left their dam, and now feed on spoon-

meat? All these things are good. On the whole, it was a benefit to lift this poor man out of the dark subterranean regions into the upper daylight, to the sight of the sky and green world. But it was not I mainly; no, it was another than I. The poor man, if well let alone, I think will now do well. Well let alone: it is an invaluable rule in many things,—apt to be miserably forgotten in the case of Grace Darlings and such like!

"By the by, ought not you, with your swift, neat pen, to draw up, on half a sheet of paper, an exact narrative of this man's act of heroism,—authentic, exact in every detail of it,—and reposit it in some safe place for a memorial of the same? There is no more genuine use that the art of writing can be turned to than the like of this. Think of it.

"I am about writing upon Oliver Cromwell,—still *about* it; for the thing will not stir from the spot, let me shove it never so desperately! It approaches the impossible, this task of mine, more nearly than any task I ever had. How awaken an oblivious world, incognizant of Cromwells, all incredulous of such? how resuscitate a Hero sunk under the disastrous wrecks of two such centuries as lie dead on him?

"If I had a Fortunatus' hat, I would fly into deepest silence,—perhaps into green Cornwall towards the Land's End,—to meditate this sad problem of mine, far from Babylon and its jarrings and its discords and ugly fog and mud, in sight of the mere earth and sea, and the sky with its stars. But I have not such a hat, there is none such going, one must learn to do without such.

"Adieu, dear Miss Caroline. Salute your brother in my name,—your brother and sister, and all that have any remembrance of me. My wife, pretty well in health, sends you her kindest regards.—I remain, ever yours, most sicerely,

T. Carlyle."

February 7.—Eliza Dunstan died to-day. It was such a child's death-bed, so innocent, so unpretending. She loved to hold her father's hand, he, poor fellow, kneeling by her in

silent agony. She thought none could nurse her so well as father. Her spirit was most tenderly released. It is a wonderful thought, that sudden total change of hers. Has heaven its infant schools? Who can tell?

March 8.—Mr. Dew told us much about Dr. Arnold, one of whose pupils he was. Such was his power over the hearts of the boys that they dreaded doing anything wrong, lest it should pain him; they looked forward to his weekly sermons with as much delight as to a holiday, and, as they were quite private, if anything remarkable had taken place in the week they knew that it would be noticed on the Sunday. The class-books they had to study were rich in marginal notes from his pencil, which made them live and become a pleasure, instead of a weariness to flesh and spirit.

March 11.—Mrs. Carlyle told W. E. Forster that "Hyperion" answered, and Longfellow has married the young lady he wrote it at. Bon!

April 2.—I finished "Deerbrook" with much regret. It is a brave book, and inspires trust and love, faith in its fulness, resignation in its meekness. One has a vicious desire to know Miss Martineau's private history.

April 3.—On reading Nicoll's "Solar System," papa said that light only comes to those objects capable of receiving it. A truth purely physical, it is to be observed.

April 8.—Read a letter from Harriet Martineau, describing the irresistible influence under which she uttered her "Life in the Sick-Room," and the numerous deeply interesting responses and echoes it has awakened, proving how much such a book was needed.

London, May 25.—Overtook John Mill in the Strand, and had a pleasant little chat with him about the Francias in the National Gallery, which he cannot forgive for their hard dry manner; the Guidos in the Dulwich Gallery, he thinks, do not deserve Sterling's criticisms, though he heartily agrees with him about the Carlo Dolces.

May 27.—Called on the Carlyles. He was poorly, and asleep on the sofa when we went in. We told them of Bar-

clay's engagement. "Well, they must club together all the good sense they've got between them: that's the way, I suppose," was the valediction bestowed. He groaned over Oliver Cromwell, for his progress in that memorial is slow and painful: all that had been said or written in his favor was destroyed or ignored when Charles II. came to reign; as a Calvinistic Christian he was despised, and as a ruler and regicide he was hated; the people would not forgive him for having seemed to deceive them, and so they dug up his body and hanged it at Tyburn, and have been telling the most abominable lies about him ever since. Lately there has been some better feeling, but the case is still very bad. "Upon the whole," he added, "I don't believe a truer, more right-hearted Englishman than Oliver ever existed. Wherever you find a line of his own writing you may be sure to find nothing but truth there." We compared his principle of governing to Dr. Francia's in Paraguay,—giving the people a despotism to deliver them from anarchy. "Why, Francia was a very small man compared with Oliver; his idea was not a high one: he had an ignorant, uncultivated set of people to put right, and he certainly did it very cleverly, with all his mechanical regulations; but he was a very different man to Oliver." Mrs. Carlyle here said, "Why, a short time ago Francia was all in favor; and so he would be again if you had but a little contradiction!" Then, speaking of the wretched mistakes which different ages make concerning their greatest, he said, "Why, the Jews took Jesus for a scoundrel, and thought all they could do with him was to nail him up on a gallows. Ah! that was a bad business; and so he has returned to heaven, and they go wandering about the streets buying old clothes!"

Falmouth, July 21.—The following lines were sent me by Sterling to put in our copy of Schleiermacher's "Dialogues:"

"This, our world, with all its changes,
Pleases me so much the more,
That wherever Fancy ranges
There's a truth unknown before.

"And in every land and season,
One the life in great and small;
This is Plato's heavenly Reason,
Schleiermacher's All-in-all.

"Head and heart let us embrace it,
Seeking not the falsely new:
In an infant's laugh we trace it,
Stars reply, Yea, Life is true."

We were delighted to watch Uncle Joshua in his sweet companionship with nature; the little birds are now so intimate and trustful that they come when he calls them and eat crumbs out of his mouth. It is a charming and beautiful sight.

August 12.—Sir Charles Lemon and Lady De Dunstanville to lunch. Sir Charles has been with Bunsen lately, and both heartily share our enthusiasm about Dr. Arnold. Sir Charles says he is a man whom he always loved and valued; how sad it was that his friends not only did not understand but would not trust him, fancying he would run wild on politics or something else.

August 21.—Andrew Brandram, the very respectable and respected Secretary of the Bible Society, appeared before us once more with his shaggy eyebrows. He held a large Bible meeting here, and told us many good things. There is a glimpse of an opening for the Bible in China, which it will be highly interesting to watch. In India the demand and supply is most satisfactory; about fifty years ago they could not find a Bible in Calcutta, and in Madras were obliged to swear on a scrap of a Prayer-Book at the opening of a court-martial. In New Zealand the natives held a council before the last miserable war, when one of them entreated the rest to "Remember the Book, remember the Book: it tells us not to fight; so, if we do, mischief must come of it." But the majority found it expedient to forget it as completely as the English had done, and the result is sad matter of history. In Belgium the same Book is establishing its position and producing very positive effects; in fact, the state of things in general is satisfactory; funds increase, openings increase,

oppositions increase, and zeal increases in an equal proportion.

August 22.—Andrew Brandram gave us at breakfast many personal recollections of curious people. J. J. Gurney recommended George Borrow to their committee; so he stalked up to London, and they gave him a hymn to translate into the Manchoo language, and the same to one of their own people to translate also. When compared, they proved to be very different. When put before their reader, he had the candcor to say that Borrow's was much the better of the two. On this they sent him to St. Petersburg to get it printed, and then gave him business in Portugal, which he took the liberty greatly to extend, and to do such good as occurred to his mind in a highly executive manner.

September 19.—We are told of Stephen Grellet once preaching to the Friends of a certain meeting, saying, "You are starched before you are washed."

Windermere, September 28.—Hartley Coleridge came to us whilst Anna Maria was sketching near Fox How, and talked of Dr. Arnold. He is just now reading his "Life and Letters" with extreme interest. He used seldom to be with him in his mountain-rambles, because he walked always so far and so fast. When Hartley Coleridge was at college, the Rugby boys were proverbially the worst, their moral training had been so neglected; but now Dr. Arnold's influence has reformed not only that, but raised the tone of the other public schools.

September 30.—Thought much on those stimulating lines of John Sterling's:

> "'Tis worth a wise man's best of life,
> 'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,
> If thou canst lessen but by one
> The countless ills beneath the sun."

So in the strength of this feeling we helped a damsel to collect her calves and drive them into a field.

October 1.—Last night, in a dream, we were looking at

S. T. Coleridge's letter to Lamb, and I asked him what it meant. "It means Life, my dear," he said.

We floated about Windermere with Hartley Coleridge. It was all very, very beautiful. Hartley Coleridge sparkled away famously, but I have preserved little. He showed us the house where Charles Lloyd lived, and where he with Coleridge and Lamb used to dash away their thoughts and fancies. His remembrances of Lloyd were truly pathetic: he believes that much which is attributed to him as madness was simply his own horrible imaginations, which he would regard as facts and mention to others as things which he had himself done. Query—Is not this of the essence of madness? His wife was one of the best of women, and it was a cruel task to her to give hints to strangers of his state, which she often had to do, in order that injustice might not be done him. Tennyson he knows and loves. He said, "My sister has some real power; she was a great deal with my father during the latter years of his life." He admires her "Phantasmion," but wishes it cut up into shorter stories. He thinks her thoroughly equal to her subject when she treats of Rationalism. He is a most affectionate brother, and laments her weak, overdone state of health. He hopes to bring out his own second volume of poems this year or next, and rejoices to hear of any who sincerely sympathize with them. Speaking of the Arnolds, he said they are a most gifted family. I asked what specially in their education distinguished them. He rose from the dinner-table, as his manner is, and answered, "Why, they were suckled on Latin and weaned upon Greek." He spoke of his father being one day in company with some celebrated man, and some man who was not celebrated; the latter wore leather breeches, and S. T. Coleridge had the delight of observing him taking notes of their conversation with a pin in the creases of the leather! He talked of his own transmigrations, and his ecclesiastical antipathies, and his trials of school-keeping: he likes teaching, but keeping the boys in order passes his powers; his experience convinces him that the clever boys are generally the best, the stupid

ones taking refuge in cunning. He talked of Wordsworth with high respect, but no enthusiasm; his last published poems were composed before the "Peter Bell" era: it was the world in its chaotic state, and the thoughts are therefore often large and shapeless, like the mammoths and megatheriums of nature. The reason for his not permitting the prologue to the "Excursion" to be published till after his death is, he believes, that the benefit of copyright may be enjoyed longer. He talked funnily of the necessity of every woman having two names, one for youth and one for mature age. After dinner he read us his beautiful "Dancing Nautilus," and the "Birthday of Mrs. Blanchard," and the "New Year's Ode," with more understanding and feeling than rhythmic harmony, —at least, so it struck me,—and concluded the evening with some glorious prose passages from his "Biographia Borealis," from "Roger Ascham," a sonorous and deep-seeing summary of the thoughts which Lady Jane Grey has left us by her little life, so beautiful and sad, and from his "William Roscoe," in which he delivered his upright independent thoughts on the slave-trade long before the world had damned it as a sin. The tender impartiality and the earnest self-assertion, the loving pity for those who are not ripe for Truth,—all rounded off into a holy feeling of thankfulness for clearer light,—deeply recalled his father's noble and tender lines on poor Berengarius.

October 5.—We wandered forth by the lake, and were overtaken by a shower, and sheltered ourselves in a shed. Hartley Coleridge saw us, and begged us to come into his cottage, —"The Knbbe," as he endeavors to have it spelt. It was a snug little *room*, well furnished with books, writing-affairs, and MSS. Anna Maria said, in answer to some deprecatory remark of his, "One might be very happy here." "*Or very miserable*," he answered, with such a sad and terrible emphasis. He spoke with extreme aversion of the kind of letters he has to write to his own family, telling the state of his wardrobe even. When he writes, he likes to write nonsense, or anything that comes uppermost; but to be chained to a sub-

ject, and that subject self, and to treat it in a business-like manner, is intolerable. He has a copy of Sterling's lines on S. T. Coleridge, and admires them much. He read aloud to us Sterling's "Lady Jane Grey." Then Anna Maria read him Barclay's lines which arrived this morning, "The Bridesmaids' Address to the Bride." He admired them extremely, read them twice to himself afterwards, and could make no suggestions. The shower had cleared away, so we had no excuse for staying, though there was much opening for interesting and sober converse.

October 6.—Anna Maria and I paid a visit to the Wordsworths. He was in great force, and evidently enjoyed a patient audience. He wanted to know how we came from Cornwall, which naturally brought us to railroads and a short lament over the one they mean to introduce here. He grieves that the ravens and eagles should be disturbed in their meditations, and fears that their endeavors after lyric poetry will be checked. However, he admits that railroads and all the mechanical achievements of this day are doing wonders for the next generation; indeed, it is the appropriate work of this age and this country, and it is doing it gloriously. That anxious money-getting spirit which is a ruling principle in England, and a passion and a law in America, is doing much by exhausting itself: we may therefore look forward with hopeful trust. Nothing excellent or remarkable is done unless the doer lays a disproportionate weight on the importance of his own peculiar work: this is the history of all sects, parties, cliques, and stock-jobbers whatsoever.

He discoursed on the utter folly of sacrificing health to books. No book-knowledge in the world can compensate you for such a loss; nothing can excuse your trifling with health except duty to God or to your neighbor. All that is needful is to understand your duty to God and to your neighbor, and that you can learn from your Bible. He heard with some indignation of Aunt Charles's party having been at Kissingen. "Why don't they take our own baths, and not spend their money abroad?" Then we asked about his Solitary's

Valley,—whether it had a real or only a poetical existence? "Why, there is such a valley as I have described in that book of the 'Excursion,' and there I took the liberty of placing the Solitary." He gave the outline of a beautiful tour for us among the lakes, and assured us that the guides would not treat us to passages from the "Excursion," as they probably did not know of the existence of such a poem. Told him of our Wednesday evening readings of the "Excursion." "I hope you felt much the wiser for it when you had finished," he said, laughingly. When we told him who had been the genius of those bright starry evenings, he said, "John Sterling! Oh, he has written many very beautiful poems himself: some of them I greatly admire. How is he now? I heard that he was in poor health." When told, "Dead!" he exclaimed, "That *is* a loss to his friends, his country, and his age. A man of such learning and piety! So he is gone, and Bowles and Rogers left, who are so much older!" and the poor old man seemed really affected. He said, "I was just going to have sent him a message by you to say how much I had been admiring his poetry." I read him the lines in his last note,—

> "Regent of poetic mountains,
> Drawing from their deepest fountains
> Freshness, pure and everlasting,
> Wordsworth, dear and honored name,
> O'er thee pause the stars, forecasting
> Thine imperishable fame,"—

which he begged me to transcribe for him.

Wordsworth then spoke of having written to Bowles on the death of his wife, and found that his sympathy had been very welcome, though he had feared that it would be all confusion in the mind of the imbecile old man. It was Amy Fisher who encouraged him to write. Spoke of her with enthusiasm: after what she wrote when a child, it was impossible she could go on progressing; her poetry was pure inspiration showered down direct from heaven, and did not admit of any further perfection. She is a very modest,

womanly person, not allowing herself to come forward in society, nor abandoning herself to the eloquence of which he believes her very capable. Spoke of Archdeacon Hare as very excellent and very learned ; more valued by Wordsworth for his classical than for his German attainments. Talked of the effect of German literature on the English mind ; "We must wait to find out what it is; my hope is that the good will assimilate itself with all the good in the English character, and the mischievous element will pass away like so much else." The only special criticism which he offered on German literature was, "They often sacrifice Truth to originality, and, in their hurry to produce new and startling ideas, do not wait to weigh their worth. When they have exhausted themselves and are obliged to sit down and think, they just go back to the former thinkers, and thus there is a constant revolution without their being quite conscious of it. Kant, Schelling, Fichte; Fichte, Schelling, Kant: all this is dreary work and does not denote progress. However, they have much of Plato in them, and for this I respect them: the English, with their devotion to Aristotle, have but half the truth ; a sound Philosophy must contain both Plato and Aristotle." He talked on the national character of the French and their equalizing methods of education : "It is all formal, military, conventional, levelling, encouraging in all a certain amount of talent, but cramping the finer natures, and obliging Guizot and the few other men of real genius whom God Almighty is too good to leave them entirely destitute of, to stoop to the common limits and teach their mouths to flatter and conciliate the headstrong, ardent, unthinking multitude of ordinary men, who dictate to France through the journals which they edit. There is little of large stirring life in politics now ; all is conducted for some small immediate ends ; this is the case in Germany as well as France. Goethe was amusing himself with fine fancies when his country was invaded ; how unlike Milton, who only asked himself whether he could best serve his country as a soldier or a statesman, and decided that he could fight no better than others, but he

might govern them better. Schiller had far more heart and ardor than Goethe, and would not, like him, have professed indifference to theology and politics, which are the two deepest things in man,—indeed, all a man is worth, involving duty to God and to man."

He took us to his terrace, whence the view is delicious: he said, "Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite." It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. "It is," he said, "like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God." We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently within them. "How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events! the law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, and on a mountain the great act of our redemption was accomplished; and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realize it all more clearly than others."

Thus ended our morning with Wordsworth.

October 8.—We just went up to Wordsworth with a copy of the "Beadroll of Scamps and Heroes," for which he had asked. He was just going out, so we joined him in walking about the garden. He was consulted about the lines of dedication for our Bride's Album, which Barclay had sent us:

"Living thoughts of mighty dead
Through these leaves lie scatteréd,
Writ in characters designed
For the open heart and mind,
Shadowings of a high ideal,
Half symbolic and half real,
Thoughts that breathe of faith and love,
Nurtured here, but born above;
For, howe'er misunderstood,
Still the Beautiful and Good,

Though distinct their channels' course,
Flow from one eternal Source.

"Warm affection render dear
What thy train have pencilled here;
If the fingers fail in skill,
Fond the hearts and great the will:
Should our gift one thought inspire
Heavenward soaring, winged with fire,
Bride, may it be thine to prove
Highest things are nearest love."

He made only one criticism, and withdrew it directly on understanding the line better. He praised the verses, and made various gratifying inquiries about the dear writer. He brought us in to see Mrs. Wordsworth, who was getting tea ready, and then we had an affectionate parting.

The old man looks much aged; his manner is emphatic, almost peremptory, and his whole deportment is virtuous and didactic.

CHAPTER XI.

1845.

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear."—SHELLEY.

Falmouth, January 1.—Life is ceaselessly repeating itself, yet anything but monotony is the result. The beginning of our New Year was an epitome of our last year's experience,—a marriage and a funeral.

January 11.—Many details of an ex-Friend, William Tawell, who has probably poisoned a former servant of his. It is a case of uncommon atrocity. Several years ago he was transported for forgery, remained at Sydney after his term of banishment, made a handsome fortune, returned, and married the mistress of a school. Just before he was taken up for forgery, Peter Bedford had a very strong impression on his mind that he ought to visit him and warn him against yielding to some very strong temptation; but he so disliked the commission that he did not yield to it until it again came heavily before him, and he went. He found him in his chemist's shop, and begged for a few minutes' conversation: so they went into a back parlor, when he quietly told him what he had felt. The poor man covered his face with his hands, cried out, "It's too late!" and left the room.

January 13.—S. Rigaud, lecturer from the Peace Society, came to dinner; he told us of an interview with Louis Philippe, who expressed his strong sympathy with the principle of peace, declaring that when he was in America he was often asked for a toast, and always gave, "Universal peace throughout the world." He said that since he came to the throne he had been endeavoring to maintain the peace of Europe, and had succeeded so far as to make it improbable that war should be

again known, and that if he should be spared a few years longer he quite hoped to be able to make war impossible! Bravo, most modest king!

January 18.—Charles Johns, the botanist, spent the morning with us. The earliest botanical fact concerning him is that a biscuit was given him over which caraway-seeds were sprinkled; he picked out the seeds, planted them, and waited —alas! vainly—for a crop of biscuits!

January 24.—A walk with papa, in which he bore his testimony to the depth, perseverance, and far-seeing nature of the German mind in the way of science. Gauss's theory of electricity is the cosmopolitan one, but so transcendent as to be almost beyond English comprehension. What is understood of it is greatly applauded. But his political sentiments are so liberal that he is unable to remain at Göttingen.

March 17.—Reading "Wilhelm Meister." It is a marvellous book, with its infinity of sharply drawn, perfectly distinct personalities; there is nothing in the least ideal in it, unless, indeed, it is Mignon, that warm, bright, pure, mysterious presence, which tends to sanctify much, which much requires sanctification. Wilhelm's weakness is indeed remarkable, and the picture of German morals, if a true one, shows that they want yet another Luther. The book does not make one love the author more, but you are almost startled at his cleverness and fertility, and often passages are extraordinarily thought-suggestive.

March 18.—A most interesting account of H. C. Backhouse's interview with the wretched Tawell the morning after his conviction. He was in bed in the deepest agony. She sat by his side, and on laying her hand on his arm he burst into tears, and they wept together. At last he said, "Pray for me," which she soon did. He was very grateful for the visit, and entreated her to go and see his wife; she said she intended to do so, but did not think this was the time. Whilst with him she had a most awful sense of the weight of his guilt, but as if the door of mercy were yet open. She left him with her own mind immensely relieved.

June 6.—Reading a brilliant book by a nameless man,—"Eothen, or Eastern Travel." Full of careless, easy, masterly sketches, biting satire, and proud superiority to common report. It is an intellectual egotism which he acknowledges and glories in. He has remarkably freed himself from religious prepossessions, and writes as he feels, not as he *ought* to feel, at Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

June 12.—Spent the evening at Penmere, and met Professor Airy.* His subjects were principally technical, but he handled them with evident power and consciousness of power. Perhaps his look and manner were sometimes a little supercilious, but his face is a very expressive and energetic one, and lights up with a sudden brightness whilst giving lively utterance to clear expressive thoughts. He spoke with evident astronomical contempt of the premature attempts of geology to become a science; all but mathematically proved Truth seems to him a tottering thing of yesterday. He delights in the Cornish miners, whom he has long known, and attributes their superior intelligence and independence partly to their having themselves an interest in the mining speculations and adventures of their employers,—an arrangement unknown in other parts. The virtues of the dousing-rod he wholly attributes to the excitability of the muscles of the wrist. He totally ignores all inhabitants of the moon, and says there is no more appearance of life there than in a teacup. And he seems to shun everything like undemonstrable hypotheses. He says the difference which Herschel's telescope makes in the appearance of the moon is by giving it shade, and therefore the globular instead of the flat look which it has through ordinary glasses. There was a comet visible this evening, but very pale and hazy.

NOTE.—The following poem by John Sterling, written to a friend of his youth, was published in "Blackwood," and, as it appears in Caroline Fox's Journal for this year, it is here reprinted, with the editor of "Blackwood's" very kind permission :—

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* *Airy* (Sir George Biddell), Astronomer-Royal; born June 27, 1801, at Alnwick.

SERENA.

Thy pure and lofty face,
And meditative smiles long years ago,
Return to me, how strangely, with the grace
Of quiet limbs, and voice attuned and low.

They come with thee, benign
And ever-sage Serena, whom no more
I hoped to see with outward eyes of mine
Than sunsets lost on boyhood's distant shore.

Though years have left their mark,
How calmly still thine eyes their beauty wear,—
Clear fountains of sweet looks, where nothing dark
Dwells hidden in the light unstained as air!

In manhood's noisier days,
When all around was tumult and excess,
I saw thy pure and undistracted gaze
As something sent from heaven to warn and bless.

And then with shame I sighed,
For 'mid the throng I rushed without a pause,
Nor had within me disavowed the pride
Of rash adventure and of men's applause.

But soon were we to part,—
I still to strive in throngs without release,
Thou to thy leafy village, where thy heart
Poured blessings wide, repaid by tenfold peace.

Yet often wert thou nigh,
As when a wanderer on the Indian sea,
In sun-fire fainting, dreams with staring eye
His English childhood's old o'ershadowing tree.

We spake of old, when night
With candles would outblaze the rising sun,—
When fairest cheeks, and foreheads hoary white,
Seemed all detected each itself to shun.

Now through this window note
The sycamores high built in evening's gray:
While scarce a star can pierce nor air can float
Through their soft gloom from ocean's glistening bay.

Nature is blent with man,
  Its changeful aspects and its mild repose;
And I could fancy in thy soul began
  The purple softness of this evening's close.

Oh, joy! again to meet,
  Far gone in life, secure in wisdom's mood,
Two friends whose pulses temperately beat,
  Yet feel their friendship heaven's foretasted good.

Accept my whispered praise,
  O Nature! and Thou holier Name than this,
Who sends to walk in earth's delirious ways
  Forms that the reckless fear, yet fain would kiss.

Goodness is great, O God!
  When filling silently a humble breast;
Its feet in darkness and disgust have trod
  All noisome floors, to seek all pain supprest.

How more, when tranquil eyes,
  Twin-born of Mercy, dwell upon the height,
Serena, far above our worldly skies,
  Whence life and love o'erflow the Infinite!

Let us be glad, dear friend,
  And part in calm profound as midnight's hour,
Nor heed what signs in groaning earth portend,
  For we have that within beyond its power!

J. S.

CHAPTER XII.

1846.

"What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets,
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets."—T. CARLYLE.

Falmouth, January 4.—I have assumed a name to-day for my religious principles,—Quaker-Catholicism,—having direct spiritual teaching for its distinctive dogma, yet recognizing the high worth of all other forms of faith; a system in the sense of inclusion, not exclusion; an appreciation of the universal, and various teachings of the Spirit, through the faculties given us, or independent of them.

February 10.—Mrs. Barnicoat told us funny reminiscences of servitude in Bath and Weymouth: in the former place, servants are treated like Neddies; at the latter, she was engaged by the Royal Hotel to cut bread-and-butter for the royal family, who would take tea there every Sunday at six o'clock. She was peculiarly endowed for this service, being able to give each slice a bit of curl, highly satisfactory to Majesty. One evening when she chanced to be out, the plates of bread-and-butter went in flat, and came out as they went in!

February 18.—Teaching in infant-school. By way of realizing a lecture of affection and gratitude to parents, I asked each of the little class what one thing they had done for their mothers that morning; and I confess I felt humbled and instructed to discover that one of these tiny creatures had worked some pocket-handkerchief, another lighted the fire, another helped to lay the breakfast, whilst most of them had taken part in tending the baby whilst mother was busy.

March 18.—Papa zealously defended this age from the charge of languor. He thinks there never was such activity, —so much so, that men live twice as long now as formerly, in the same number of years. In mechanics, in shipping, in commerce, in book-making, in education, and in philanthropy, this holds good.

London, May 17.—To Samuel Laurence's studio to be drawn. Admirable portraits in his rooms of Hare, Tennyson, Carlyle, Aubrey de Vere, and others. Of Laurence himself, more anon. Saw the Mills afterwards, who were infinitely cordial, and John Mill most anxious that we should come and see them in the spirit of self-mortification.

May 18.—Interesting time with Laurence. Tennyson strikes him as the strongest-minded man he has known. He has much enjoyed F. D. Maurice's sittings lately, and dwelt especially upon the delicate tenderness of his character. Went to South Place to luncheon, and met Dean Trench there,—a large melancholy face, full of earnestness and capacity for woe. Under a portrait of himself he once found the name "Ugolino" written, he looked so starved. He spoke of the two Newmans, who are alike in person, and he sees a likeness in their intellectual results.

Called on the Derwent Coleridges at St. Mark's. Spoke of F. D. Maurice: whatever country clergymen may think of him, he is appreciated in London and recognized as a leader in the exposition of fundamental eternal Truth. He feels the likeness between Maurice's method and aim and that of S. T. Coleridge, and devoutly loves it accordingly.

May. 19.—In the evening enter F. D. Maurice, who spent two or three hours with us in varied conversation. Of the Newmans: he thinks John Henry has far more imagination than Frank. He (Maurice) was so little prepared for John's last change that he hardly feels sure it will now be a final one. Of Bunsen's "Church of the Future:" he says it is in part a defence from the German charge that he would bring episcopacy into his fatherland; by this book he proves himself a German Lutheran in the ordinary sense, valuing episcopacy,

but not deeming it essential, and, in the Arnold spirit, recognizing the priesthood of every man. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, in whom he considers the idea of duty to be so strong and constant as to alone make him emphatically a great man. The other day Rogers remarked to the duke, "How is it that the word glory never occurs in your despatches?" "Oh," he replied, "glory is not the cause but the consequence of action." F. D. Maurice then spoke of Carlyle's "Cromwell," in which he rejoices: the editorial labor in it is enormous; there was such confusion, now brought into perfect clearness by different punctuation and an occasional connecting word.

May 23.—To the College of Surgeons, where we found Professor Owen enjoying his Museum. On looking at the dodo, he said that he believes the Dutch on their way to Amboyna, used to call at New Zealand and lay in a stock of these birds; that the poor natives used themselves to eat them, and when they were all gone they were reduced to feed on each other. He talked genially about Cromwell: long since he had founded a high notion of him from Milton's sonnet, which he once triumphantly repeated to a party who were considering the propriety of erecting Cromwell's statue, as a monument likely to outlast the House of Commons and most other tangibilities. He has been recently staying with the Prince de Canino in Rome, among the relics of his uncle, the great Napoleon.

May 28.—To the Coleridges' examination by Milman; he is a man with great black eyebrows, and a strongly expressive countenance, displaying more of strength than sensibility, more of the critic than the poet.

May 29.—Went to the Mills'. John Mill produced Forbes's book on the Glaciers, and descanted thereon with all the enthusiasm of a deep love. Talked of Blanco White, whom he once met at dinner. He did not seem a powerful man, but full of a morbid conscientiousness. None who knew him could avoid thinking mildly of him, his whole nature was so gentle and affectionate. As to Cromwell, he does not always

agree with Carlyle, who tries to make him out ever in the right. He could not justify the Irish massacres, though he fully believes that Cromwell thought it was right, as a matter of discipline, or he would not have done it. Mill says that he scarcely ever now goes into society, for he gets no good there, and does more by staying away.

June 2.—Called on the Maurices. He talked of Emerson as possessing much reverence and little humility; in this he greatly differs from Carlyle. He gave me, as an autograph, a paper on the philosophy of laughter: he thinks it always accompanied with a sense of power, a sudden glory. From this he proceeded to dilate on tears, and then to the triumph over both.

June 3.—Paid the Carlyles a visit. He looks thin, but well, and is recovering from the torment of the sixty new Cromwell letters: he does not mean to take in any more fresh ones on any terms. He showed us his miniature portrait of Cromwell, and talked of the fine cast of him which Samuel Laurence has. Carlyle says that it is evidently a man of that age, a man of power and of high soul, and in some particulars so like the miniature that artists don't hesitate to call it Cromwell. Talked of our projected tour in Switzerland, where we said Barclay was to go to grow fat. This he thinks exceedingly unnecessary: "It's not a world for people to grow fat in." Spoke of his first vision of the sea, the Solway Firth, when he was a little fellow eighteen inches high: he remembers being terrified at it all, and wondering what it was about, rolling in its great waves; he saw two black things, probably boats, and thought they were the tide of which he had heard so much. But in the midst of his revery an old woman stripped him naked and plunged him in, which completely cured him of his speculations. If any one had but raised him six feet above the surface, there might have been a chance of his getting some general impression, but at the height of eighteen inches he could find out little but that it was wet. He asked about Yearly Meeting and the question of dress. I told him that the clothes-religion was still extant; he rather defended it as

symbolizing many other things, though of course agreeing on its poverty as a test. He said, "I have often wished I could get any people to join me in dressing in a rational way. In the first place, I would have nothing to do with a hat; I would kick it into the Serpentine, and wear some kind of cap or straw covering. Then, instead of these layers of coats one over the other, I would have a light waistcoat to lace behind, because buttoning would be difficult; and over all a blouse," —*ecce* Thomas Carlyle!

My American acquaintance proceeded from vegetable diet to vegetable dress, and could not in conscience wear woollen or leather, "so he goes about Boston in a linen dress and wooden shoes, though the ice stands there many feet against the houses. I never could see much in him, but only an unutterable belief in himself, as if he alone were to bear the weight of the universe. So when he said to London, with all its businesses and iniquities and vast machinery of life, 'Be other than thou art!' he seemed quite surprised that it did not obey him." I remarked on its being rather a tendency among American thinkers to believe more intensely in man than in God; he said, "Why, yes; they seem to think that faith in man is the right sort of faith."

June 4.—Called on the Owens, and their just-arrived portrait of Cromwell. It was as of one resting after a long hard fight, and, in the calmness of his evening, recalling and judging some of its stern incidents. The Carlyles had been to see it, and spent a characteristic evening there,—he grumbling at all institutions, but confessing himself convinced by Owen's "Book on Fossils."

Geneva, June 15.—Called on M. Merle d'Aubigné,* and were interested by his beautifully curved lips and strong self-asserting look and manner. He gave some insight into the present politico-theological state of Lucerne. It had some idea of introducing the Jesuits into its canton, which all the

* *D'Aubigné* (Jean Henri Merle), church historian and theologian. Born at Geneva 1794, died 1872.

other cantons opposed so vehemently that it immediately did introduce them for the sake of asserting its rights! This so affronted the rest of Switzerland that it threatened to turn Lucerne out of the Diet; and on this delicate state of things they are now debating and voting with great vivacity.

Madame Janssen tells us that D'Aubigné has lost a child just as he finished each volume of his Reformation History, except the last, and then his mother died! Will he venture on a fifth?

Merle d'Aubigné is a tall, powerful-looking man, with much delicacy of expression and some self-consciousness, very shaggy overhanging eyebrows, and two acute, deep-set, discriminating eyes. He looks about fifty, and is a curious compound of J. J. Gurney and Andrew Brandram.

July 13.—At Hattwyl we dined at the table-d'hôte and had Merle d'Aubigné opposite us. He was very gracious, and gladly received a promise of a set of Anna Maria's illustrations of his works. He spoke of the laborious interest of composing his book, declaimed against Michelet's "Luther," as making the man ridiculous by the vivid and undue narrative of his temptations.

July 30.—Made the acquaintance of two American ladies, and was much pleased with them. Mary Ashburnham, *alias* Fanny Appleton, was a near neighbor and friend of theirs,—a most beautiful girl, whom thirty bold gentlemen sought to win! She came to Europe, and met Longfellow in the Black Forest, and there transacted the scenes described in "Hyperion." She returned to America, and her father on his death-bed expressed his wish that of all her suitors she should fix her choice on Longfellow, as the person most worthy of her and most able to sympathize with her feelings. After a little time she married him, settled in the country in poetic simplicity, and speaks of herself as the happiest woman possible. My friends heard him read his prize poem at the college so exquisitely that their orator, Everett, said he could hardly endure to speak after him.

London, August 12.—Jacob Bell took us to Landseer's, who

did not greatly take my fancy. Some one said he was once a dog himself; and I can see a look of it. He has a somewhat arrogant manner, a love of contradiction, and a despotic judgment. He showed us the picture he has just finished of the queen and Prince Albert in their fancy-ball dresses. He deeply admires the queen's intellect, which he thinks superior to any woman's in Europe. Her memory is so very remarkable that he has heard her recall the exact words of speeches made years before, which the speakers had themselves forgotten. He has a charming sketch of her on horseback before her marriage. His little dogs went flying over sofas, chairs, and us,—brilliant little oddities of the Scotch terrier kind. Count d'Orsay was with him when we came. Landseer's ambition is to make a picture for the next exhibition of Count d'Orsay and John Bell, in the same frame as Young England and Old England. Saw the Fighting Stags, the Belgian Pony, and a capital sketch of his father done at one sitting.

August 13.—Another sitting to Laurence. He has given his portrait of Carlyle to Carlyle's old mother. He thinks Mrs. Carlyle fosters in him the spirit of contradiction and restlessness. He regrets the jealous feeling existing among so many artists, keeping them apart, and leading them to deprecate each other like petty shopkeepers. He spoke on the growth of things and people, adding, "What is growth but change?"

August 14.—Breakfast with Ernest de Bunsen and his wife, —both so bright, merry, and affectionate; full of plans for visiting us and making us known to their father, whom Ernest declares not to be at all a one-sided man, but able to turn with pleasure from his profoundest studies to receive friends and chat with them. Called on the Maurices. He took us to see his chapel with the beautiful windows, also the new dining-hall in Lincoln's Inn containing Hogarth's picture of Paul before Felix; the quiet irony of the apostle evidently talking down the orator Tertullus, very funny in a picture painted for the lawyers. Of Miss Bremer's books he spoke genially, entering like a girl into the heights and depths of the

characters, remarking how clearly the Truth was brought out in most of her works, that the victim was so greatly the gainer.

Falmouth, September 5.—Dr. Lloyd introduced his Dublin friend Dr. Ball, who dined with us to-day. He is a most erudite naturalist, and was, moreover, very clever and interesting on Irish subjects, including Archbishop Whately, that torment of intelligent young men at dinner-parties. "Do you think there can be a sixth sense?" "Yes; and it is called nonsense," said Dr. Ball. He feels genially on Church and State politics in Ireland. "Why don't the noblemen live on their Irish estates?" asked some one. "Because they are not noblemen," was his reply.

September 20.—Dr. Lloyd with us: he threw out many of his own large comprehensive views and feelings on religious matters; his untractarian and unsectarian convictions, and his broad charity, which longs for all to enter the fold. He has introduced Mill's "Logic" into the Dublin College, and thinks he has, more than any other, shown the worth of Bacon, but also that he is wanting in the deductive department. Bacon would make all reason from facts upward. He is much interested in Mill's chapter on Free Will, and does not see the evil which some suspect in it, but feels it the simple statement of a fact, that there are definite laws governing the moral as well as the physical world. He talked of Whately, who is much injured by being the centre of a clique who flatter and never contradict him, hence he becomes very despotic. He is a most generous creature, and full of knowledge. He wriggles his limbs about in an extraordinary manner, and once pronounced the benediction with one leg hanging over the reading-desk in church; and in society he will sit balancing his chair, occasionally tipping over backwards. One of his chaplains, during a walk with him, stated that fungus was very good eating, upon which the archbishop insisted on his then and there consuming a slice, which the poor chaplain resisting, the archbishop jerked it into his mouth. A doctor who was with them was in ecstasies of mirth at the scene, which the archbishop perceiving said, "Oh, doctor! you shall try it

too: it is very important for you to be able to give an opinion." "No, thank you, my lord," said the doctor; "I am not a clergyman, nor am I in your lordship's diocese."

September 29.—W. E. Forster writes from Daniel O'Connell's house, where he is much enjoying himself. His family and all call the old man the Liberator. He lives in a simple patriarchal style, nine grandchildren flying about, and kissing him, on all sides.

October 5.—Dr. Lloyd rejoined us this evening. He looks at science with the ardor of a lover and the reverence of a child. He accepts the incomprehensible and waits for clearer vision; thus he can be no scoffer, no denier, but a teachable, and therefore a taught, disciple of very Truth itself, whether speaking through outward nature, inward conviction, or the written message of God to man. His face glows with a sublime faith when he unfolds to others some glimpses of the mysteries of existence and helps them to an intelligent love for the things seen and the things not seen.

Talked much of Humboldt, a universal man, who lives in reality far longer than others, as he takes but three hours and a half for sleep out of the twenty-four, and is always in a high state of mental excitement. He talks any language you please, and upon any subject.

October 6.—A luminous talk with Dr. Lloyd on men and books. He holds Butler's "Analogy" as second only to the Bible; values Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," and all Paley's works, except his "Moral Philosophy." He wants us to know his friend Aubrey de Vere, a poetical, pure-minded, high-souled creature.

October 13.—Dined at Carclew; met Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. He gave me a little lecture on geology, which he regards as an accomplished fact: all the principles of terrestrial arrangements clearly made out, only details to be looked after: mineral veins, however, a quite different case; infinite scope therein for papa and all magneticians. He is specially cautious about giving opinions on matter not immediately in his own province, and seems rather to enjoy the

vague ignorance which keeps observers in different branches of science forever guessing.

October 24.—Heard that Archdeacon Hare is likely to bring out John Sterling's prose works before Christmas. There is to be a portrait either from the medallion or Delacour's picture.

December 31.—Dinner at Carclew. Herman Merivale spoke of John Sterling with enthusiastic admiration, as one quite unlike any other, so deeply influential in the earnest eloquence of his conversation. At Cambridge he had a most loving band of disciples, who, after he left, still felt his opinion a law for themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.

1847.

"When I recall my youth, what I was then,
What I am now, ye beloved ones all,
It seems as though these were the living men,
And we the colored shadows on the wall."

MONCKTON MILNES.

Falmouth, January 1.—Samuel Laurence with us. He thinks James Spedding the most beautiful combination of noble qualities he has ever met with. He is collecting letters of Bacon's, by which he hopes to do as much for him as Carlyle has for Cromwell. A bust of Bacon which Laurence has seen is so entirely free from everything mean that on the strength of it he rejects Lord Campbell's Memoir, believing it to be inaccurate.

February 18.—A damsel belonging to Barclay's establishment being here, I thought it right "to try and do her good;" so I asked her, after many unsuccessful questions, if she had not heard of the Lord's coming into the world. "Why," she said, "I may have done so, but I have forgot it." "But surely you must have heard your master read about it, and heard of it at school and church and chapel." "Very likely I have," said she, placidly, "but it has quite slipped my memory!" and this uttered with a lamb-like face and a mild blue eye.

Dublin, April 7.—Spent part of our morning with Robert Ball in his den at the college, seeing beasts, birds, and bottles innumerable. When he put on a breast-plate of dog's teeth he looked like a curious preparation ready to walk into a glass case; and when he put on some other unpronounceable sheath-like garments, he exclaimed, "Coleoptera!" and replaced them. He is gradually putting the museum into order,—an

herculean task. Poor man, he has not yet recovered from the sunstroke he got in Gerrans Bay, but has been seeing spectres, particularly a very troublesome gentleman in black like a clergyman ; but his ghosts are getting better. He described Owen's skull theory as a production of the spinal process through every part of the body, a perpetual repetition of the primary idea. Dined at Mrs. Lloyd's ; met, among many others, Dr. Anster, the admirable translator of "Faust,"* who fell to my share, and we had plenty of talk on German and other matters. He is weary of translations, and thinks that, except S. T. Coleridge's "Wallenstein," no poem has ever come of any such attempts. Talked of Bailey's "Festus" and other natural children of "Faust." He objects to "Festus" on poetical, not theological, grounds, for somehow he could not hit on the fine passages. He is an enthusiast for Goethe, and thinks him as selfish for others as for himself, earnest at all cost that they should get their meed. But he pretends to discover vast selfishness in "Iphigenia," in her steady adherence to what she felt to be right, whatever it might cost others. He likes Carlyle's translations better than his originals, except his "Cromwell," which he receives with great deference. Speaking of the "Young Man in Business who wrote Essays at Intervals,"† he said, "He seems not to think more than other people, which is a great comfort !"

Dr. Anster is a great burly man, awkward in his ways, occasionally making a deep utterance, the voice rising from the lowest depth within him. There is some beauty in his profile and in the sudden lighting up of his countenance. He seems warmly interested in the sufferings of the poor people around him.

April 9.—Dr. Lloyd told us that one night, during the British Association Meeting in Dublin, when he was utterly fagged with his duties as secretary, and had fallen into an in-

* G. H. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of Dr. Anster's translation of "Faust" as a splendid paraphrase.

† *Helps* (Sir Arthur), born in 1817, died in 1875; author of "Friends in Council," and many other well-known works.

tense sleep, he was aroused by a tremendous knocking, and in came Sir William Hamilton with, "My dear Lloyd, I am so sorry to disturb you, but this Norwegian noble and I have become great friends, and he must not leave Dublin until we have had a glass of wine together. Unluckily, I have none left: will you lend me a bottle?" So the poor doctor had to turn out to promote friendly relations between scientific bodies.

Bristol, May 12.—A visit to M. A. Schimmelpennick: symbolic as ever, and teeming with imaginative facts. She is a very genial person, so alive to the beauty of all religious faith, however widely diverse. She spoke of having suffered from an indiscriminate theological education; it has made it hard to her to connect herself decidedly with any special body, and thus, she thinks, has checked her practical usefulness. But may not her outward vocation have been to introduce opinions to each other, dressed, not in vinegar, but in oil?

London, May 14.—Met Ernest de Bunsen at Ham House. He was very pleasant, talked rapturously of Archdeacon Hare and the Maurices (a sure passport to our regard), and introduced us to the personal peculiarities of many great Germans. Steffens, he told us, had died two years since; he was very eloquent, but no great originator; he rather edited other men's efforts. Humboldt is too great a talker to please him. Grimm is delightful; his "Gammer Grethel" and Bunsen's "Church of the Future" must be read before we meet next. He owns that his father's is a very obscure style, it takes so much for granted that you don't know, but is so logical in its construction.

May 16.—Ernest de Bunsen and his wife went to meeting with us this evening. Ernest would like meeting far better if he might take his Testament and read when he was not better employed, he so dislikes the idea of appearing to worship when he is not worshipping. At church he always contrives a little silent service for himself before the sermon by a not difficult effort of abstraction. The Church in Germany is as confused as ever: Bonn is the orthodox university, Halle the contrary;

Strauss* is so superficial that he has founded no school, though many follow his mode of doubting. Tholuck and his party seem likely in time to become Puseyites, clinging in a bigoted spirit to what is old and formal for the mere sake of its antiquity.

He sang us some old German hymns. The rich sustained quality of his voice, and its wonderfully beautiful tones, were a rare treat to listen to. He seldom sings without accompaniment, and never unless he feels secure of sympathy, for it is a most serious, full-hearted affair with him; he cannot sing for show. The other day Sarah Gurney heard him sing and Mendelssohn accompany him. Mendelssohn is beautiful, poetical, and childlike, clinging to those he loves; his playing is like Ariel in the "Tempest."

May 17. — Archdeacon Hare joined us, — as nervous, dragged-looking a man as in his portrait, but far more genial and approachable than that would lead you to expect. Plenty of pleasant talk but nothing extremely marked. We were presently on the footing of old friends. Walter Savage Landor had been with him this morning, intolerant of everything as usual; some of his views very amusing: "The only well-drawn figure in existence, a female by Overbeck in his picture of 'Children brought to Christ;' Milton wrote one good line, but he forgot it; Dante perhaps six, his description of Francesca; Carlyle's 'French Revolution' a wicked book, he had worn out one volume in tossing it on to the floor at startling passages," etc., etc. His old age is an amalgam of the grotesque and forlorn.

May 18.—Ernest de Bunsen took us to town and told us a plenty by the way. His father and he find much good in coursing about to different places of worship, both because the novelty of form is striking and tends to bring home old truths with new force, and because you can thus get some test

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* *Strauss* (David Friedrich) born in Würtemberg 1808. He studied under Schleiermacher. In 1835 he published his "Life of Jesus," and followed this by other well-known works of the same tendency. He died 1874.

notion of what in you is spiritual and what habitual and accidental. As for the principle of peace, he does not think it would do for our present world. The grand need he feels in England is a sense of individual responsibility: here people act in masses, they feel their individual powers but think it wrong to use them; in Germany they are educated to recognize in these powers their most awful responsibilities. He spoke of his father's early life: he left college and was going to Calcutta, but he thought he would see his guardian, Niebuhr, at Rome on his way. Here Ernest's grandfather and grandmother with their two daughters were also staying, and they met in society. But Bunsen was a young unknown man, sitting in a corner. Mrs. Waddington, whose eye was a most acute one, was fascinated by his appearance, declared him the man of greatest eminence in the room, and determined to know more of him. But no one could tell who he was; so she was leaving the room unsatisfied, when she resolved to make one more attempt, and met him on the stairs; some one introduced them, and they presently became fast friends. He went about sight-seeing with them, and spreading a new charm everywhere. In the course of time Mr. Waddington thought he must return to England, and Bunsen remembered that he was on his way to Calcutta, when all made the startling discovery that he was in love with one of the daughters. "Well," the Herr Papa said, "the only thing is, I must be in England in five weeks: if you can manage to get married in that time, well and good." And they did manage it. Ernest talks delightfully of the way in which they brought up their family in such liberty, confidence, and love, helping them to apprehend the deepest principles, and then watching the various developments of these with quiet trust.

Well, we arrived at Carlton Terrace at ten o'clock, and were soon made known to this remarkable family, who received us like old friends and said they seemed to have long known us. Madame is a very foreign-looking lady, with plenty of dignity but more heart, so that Ernest was at once for leading her off in a wild dance, "because you are so

vwerry glat to see your son." She is practical and clear-sighted, and has done much in the education of the family. The Chevalier has far more real beauty than I expected, exquisite chiselling about the mouth and chin, large gray eyes, a certain vagueness and dreaminess, but also a general decision of character in the expression of the face, and a fine glow of genial feeling over all. His wife showed us a bust of him taken "just the last moment before his face filled out so," quite ideally beautiful. I sat by him at breakfast and enjoyed his profile as well as his conversation. Frederick Maurice was also there, and the Henry Bunsens and the sweet sister Mary. We had much talk on the German Hospital at Dalston, the Chevalier's peculiar pet; and of Fliedner and his deaconesses, four of whom are employed at the hospital: he earnestly longs for a similar institution for this country, where those who desire to serve their fellow-creatures in the name of Christ may find a fitting and systematized sphere, but he waits with quiet trust for the hour and the man to give it a vital existence. The grand distinction between the Protestant and Roman Catholic idea of such a service is, that in the latter one single sacrifice is made for life, and simple obedience to an iron law then becomes the daily duty; in the Protestant idea the sacrifice is a continual act of faith, hourly renewed and always linked with an act of love. This is his receipt for keeping faith from degenerating into hard bigotry: "Link it always with a loving act." He gave me a report of the Strasburg institution, and wrote his name thereupon. They told us much of Niebuhr, whose beautiful bust by Wolff is in their drawing-room. He was a man to be eminently loved and honored. His second marriage was not so helpful to him as might be wished: Gretchen would not rise and cheer and brighten him in his difficulties, but took exactly his tone. He talked of Steffens and Schleiermacher, and his personal recollections of them; of their troublous times during the war, when they clubbed together, and Mrs. Schleiermacher was housekeeper, and would give them the option between bread and scrape every day; and dry bread six days, and a

feast on the seventh. Descanted on the Irish with much and deep sympathy. They have a splendid portrait of the King of Prussia, painted on china, and presented by himself. Ernest tells us of his father's intimacy with our queen, whom he finds high-principled, religious, and judicious. In the course of the morning he took us to George Richmond's studio, who showed us his life-like portrait of Bunsen, and then exhibited one of an English judge as an extreme contrast,—the one dreamy and beautiful, the other solid, self-satisfied, and practical. George Richmond is a mild, unassuming, easy, agreeable man, with a large open eye, and a look of as much goodness as intelligence. He talked of John Sterling and his merits, and he regrets that he never got even a sketch of him.

May 20.—Went to Chelsea, where we soon settled into an interesting talk with Mrs. Carlyle. She has been very ill, and the doctors gave her opium and tartar for her cough, which induced, not beautiful dreams and visions, but a miserable feeling of turning to marble herself and lying on marble, her hair, her arms, and her whole person petrifying and adhering to the marble slab on which she lay. One night it was a tombstone,—one in Scotland which she well knew. She lay along it with a graver in her hand, carving her own epitaph under another, which she read and knew by heart. It was her mother's. She felt utterly distinct from this prostrate figure, and thought of her with pity and love, looked at different passages of her life, and moralized as on a familiar friend. It was more like madness than anything she has ever experienced. "After all," she said, "I often wonder what right I have to live at all." She talked sadly of the world's hollowness, and every year deepening her sense of this: half a dozen real friends is far too magnificent an allowance for any one to calculate on: she would suggest half a one; those you really care about die. She gave a wondrously graphic and ludicrous picture of an insane imagination cherished by a poor invalid respecting her. Carlyle is not writing now, but resting,—reading English history and disagreeing with the age. She told of M. F——, an American transcenden-

talist. She came here with an enthusiasm for Carlyle. She has written some beautiful things, and is a great friend of Emerson's, of whom she speaks with more love than reverence. Mrs. Carlyle does not see that much good is to come of Emerson's writings, and grants that they are arrogant and short-coming. He came to them first in Scotland with a note from John Stuart Mill in his pocket, and was kindly welcome in a place where they saw nothing but wild-fowl, not even a beggar. She talked of her own life and the mistake of over-educating people. She believes that her health has been injured for life by beginning Latin with a little tutor at five or six years old, then going to the rector's school to continue it, then having a tutor at home, and being very ambitious she learned eagerly. Irving, being her tutor, and of equally excitable intellect, was delighted to push her through every study; then he introduced her to Carlyle, and for years they had a literary intimacy, and she would be writing constantly and consulting him about everything, "and so it would probably have always gone on, for we were both of us made for independence, and I believe should never have wanted to live together, but this intimacy was not considered discreet, so we married quietly and departed." She laughs at him as a nurse; he peeps in and looks frightened, and asks, "How are ye now, Jeannie?" and vanishes, as if well out of a scrape. Talked of her brilliant little friend Zoe (Miss Jewsbury),* who declares herself born without any sense of decency: the publishers beg she will be decent, and she has not the slightest objection to be so, but she does not know what it is; she implores Mrs. Carlyle to take any quantity of spotted muslin and clothe her figures for her, for she does not know which are naked. She is a very witty little thing, full of emotions, which overflow on all occasions; her sister, the poetess, tried to bring them into young-lady-like order, and checked her ardent demonstrations of affection in society and elsewhere.

* *Jewsbury* (Geraldine E.), younger sister of Mrs. Fletcher, *née* M. J. Jewsbury. She wrote "Zoe," "The Half-Sisters," "Marian Withers," and other novels.

The sister died, so did the parents, and this wild creature was thrown on the world, which hurled her back upon herself. She read insatiably and at random in an old library, alchemy, physiology, and what not, and undraped "Zoe" is the result. Dr. Chalmers's coadjutor, as leader of the Free Church, came in one day when she was here: she said, "He looked the incarnation of a Vexed Question."

Carlyle wandered down to tea, looking dusky and aggrieved at having to live in such a generation; but he was very cordial to us notwithstanding. Of Thomas Erskine, whom they both love: "He always soothes me," said Mrs. Carlyle, "for he looks so serene, as if he had found peace. He and the Calvinistic views are quite unsuited to each other." Carlyle added, "Why, yes; it has been well with him since he became a Christian." We had such a string of tirades that it was natural to ask, "Who *has* ever done any good in the world?" "Why, there was one George Fox: he did some little good. He walked up to a man and said, 'My fat-faced friend, thou art a damned lie. Thou art pretending to serve God Almighty, and art really serving the devil. Come out of that, or perish to all eternity.' This—ay, and stronger language too—had he to say to his generation, and we must say it to ours in such fashion as we can. It is the one thing that *must* be said; the one thing that each must find out for himself is that he is really on the right side of the fathomless abyss, serving God heartily, and authorized to speak in His name to others. Tolerance and a rose-water world is the evil symptom of the time we are living in: it was just like it before the French Revolution, when universal brotherhood, tolerance, and twaddle were preached in all the market-places; so they had to go through their Revolution with one hundred and fifty a day butchered,—the gutters thick with blood, and the skins tanned into leather: and so it will be here unless a righteous intolerance of the devil should awake in time. Utter intolerance of ourselves must be the first step —years of conflict, of agony—before it comes out clearly that you have a warrant from God to proclaim that lies shall not

last, and to run them through or blow them into atoms. 'Tis not, truly, an easy world to live in, with all going wrong. The next book I write must be about this same tolerance, this playing into the hands of God and the devil: to the devil with it! Then another man who did some good was Columbus, who fished up the island of America from the bottom of the sea; and Caxton,—he too did something for us; indeed, all who do faithfully whatever in them lies, do something for the universe." He is as much as ever at war with all the comfortable classes, and can hardly connect good with anything that is not dashed into visibility on an element of strife. He drove with us to Sloane Square, talking with energetic melancholy to the last.

May 21.—Just heard of the death of Daniel O'Connell. Vinet also is gone.

May 22.—Called on Frank Newman, and were soon in the presence of a thin, acute-looking man, oddly simple, almost quaint in his manner, but with a sweetness in his expression which I had not at all expected. He was as cordial as possible, but in a curiously measured way.

May 24.—Went with Mrs. Carlyle and Samuel Laurence to see Thomas Hope's Gallery in Duchess Street. She is delightfully unaffected in her appreciation of pictures, and will not praise where she does not feel. The Francias in the National Gallery are more to her than all the rest.

May 26.—Called on Dr. Southwood Smith, who exhibited Jeremy Bentham to us, and talked much of the bland-looking old philosopher, whom he had "prepared," dissected, and lectured upon, as well as loved.

May 27.—F. D. Maurice and Samuel Laurence spent the evening with us. The former on Ireland, deeply trusts that much of her evil will be consumed in this sorrow, and that she will come out purified. O'Connell could not have been a permanent benefactor; he never told his countrymen one unpalatable truth, and his death now makes little or no sensation in a political sense. Maurice looks for a season of sharp proving for us all,—physical calamity, and moral trial, which

must always accompany it. A prophecy is current in many counties, "The blight is for the first year on the potatoes, for the second on the corn, and for the third on the bodies of men."

May 28.—Called on the Bunsens in Carlton Terrace. Madame Bunsen and Anna Maria erudite on the old Greeks; daughters and I sharp-sighted on the modern Europeans. Their first impression of the English was that they were a formal and heartless people, but this got itself corrected in time, and they now value the forms as all tending to lead to something better,—as a safety-valve, or else a directing post for religious feeling when it comes, which is just what they think the Germans lack. Neukomm* has made them all phrenologists; he is now almost blind. They have a great notion of names affecting character, but were driven to explain this as a mere bit of subjectivity.

Then to the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Buckland) in his solemn habitation. He took us through the old abbey, so full of death and of life. There was solemn music going on in keeping with the serious Gothic architecture and the quiet memory of the great dead. The Dean was full of anecdote,—historical, architectural, artistic, and scientific. The new-found planet is now recognized as a joint discovery, and is to be called Neptune. On Prince Albert condoling with Professor Adams on the vexatious incidents of the affair, he answered, "Oh, I hope we shall find another planet during your Royal Highness's chancellorship." We got a far grander and truer notion of Westminster, both inside and out, than we ever had before.

Falmouth, June 18.—I was employed for the day in writing a sketch of John Sterling's life for Archdeacon Hare. Read the latter's dedication to Manning on the true Principle of Unity: delightfully large and deep, and full of faith.

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* *Neukomm* (The Chevalier Sigismund), the celebrated German composer, born 1778, was related to and educated by the Haydns. Upon the organ he was considered to be the greatest performer in the world. He died in 1858.

July 19.—A. Murray to dinner. He told us of his having had an interview with Napoleon when he was First Consul: he was then thin, sharp-featured, and with such an eye; he wore long hair and a general's uniform. Murray was a great agriculturist, and had then some thoughts of settling in France, but Napoleon advised him not to do so, and not to bring a large stock of sheep, because the government was still in too unsettled a state; however, he promised, in case he persisted in his intentions, to afford him every facility and protection. Napoleon's manner throughout the interview was affable and kind.

September 15.—Mrs. Buchanan talked about Mrs. Carlyle, whom she had known at Fort Augustus as Jeannie Welsh. She and her very pretty widowed mother were staying there; a clergyman went to call one morning, and, finding Greek and Hebrew books scattered about the parlor, he asked, "What young student have you here?" "Oh, it is only Jeannie Welsh," was the answer. Another who called reported that the mother would get two husbands before the daughter had one; however, this was a mistake, for news came before long that Jeannie had married, "just a bookish man like herself." A——'s impression of Carlyle is that he is sinking deeper in negations, and since publishing Cromwell's letters has been watching for an opportunity to tell the world that it was not from any love of the creed of the man that he undertook the exhumation.

October 4.—Barnard, our Cornish sculptor, dined with us. He is a great, powerful, pugilistic-looking fellow of twenty-nine; a great deal of face, with all the features massed in the centre; mouth open, and all sorts of simplicities flowing out of it. He liked talking of himself and his early and late experiences. His father, a stone-mason, once allowed him to carve the letters on a little cousin's tombstone which would be hidden in the grass; this was his first attempt, and instead of digging in the letters he dug around them, and made each stand out in relief. His stories of Chantrey very odd: on his death Lady Chantrey came into the studio with a hammer and

knocked off the noses of many completed busts, so that they might not be too common,—a singular atttention to her departed lord. Described his own distress when waiting for Sir Charles Lemon to take him to court: he felt very warm, and went into a shop for some ginger-beer; the woman pointed the bottle at him, and he was drenched! After wiping himself as well as he could, he went out to dry in the sun. He went first to London without his parents knowing anything about it, because he wished to spare them anxiety and let them know nothing until he could announce that he was regularly engaged by Mr. Weekes. He showed us his bust of the Prince of Wales,—a beautiful thing, very intellectual, with a strong likeness to the queen,—which he was exhibiting at the Polytechnic, where it will remain.

October 7.—Dined at Carclew, and spent a very interesting evening. We met Professor Adams,* the Bullers, the Lord of the Isles, and others. Adams is a quiet-looking man, with a broad forehead, a mild face, and a most amiable and expressive mouth. I sat by him at dinner, and by gradual and dainty approaches got at the subject on which one most wished to hear him speak. He began very blushingly, but went on to talk in most delightful fashion, with large and luminous simplicity, of some of the vast mathematical facts with which he is so conversant. The idea of the reversed method of reasoning, from an unknown to a known, with reference to astronomical problems, dawned on him when an undergraduate, with neither time nor mathematics to work it out. The opposite system had always before been adopted. He, in common with many others, conceived that there must be a planet to account for the disturbances of Uranus; and when he had time he set to work at the process, in deep, quiet faith that the fact was there, and that his hitherto untried mathematical path was the one which must reach it; that there were no anomalies in

* *Adams* (John Couch), born on the Bodmin Moors, Cornwall, 1817; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the discoverers of the planet Neptune. In 1848 the Royal Society awarded him the Copley medal, and he was made President of the Astronomical Society in 1851.

the universe, but that even here, and now, they could be explained and included in a higher law. The delight of working it out was far more than any notoriety could give, for his love of pure Truth is evidently intense, an inward necessity, unaffected by all the penny trumpets of the world. Well, at length he fixed his point in space, and sent his mathematical evidence to Airy, the astronomer-royal, who locked the papers up in his desk, partly from carelessness, partly from incredulity,—for it seemed to him improbable that a man whose name was unknown to him should strike out such a new path in mathematical science with any success. Moreover, his theory was that if there were a planet it could not be discovered for one hundred and sixty years,—that is, until two revolutions of Uranus had been accomplished. Then came Leverrier's* equally original, though many months younger, demonstration; Gall's immediate verification of it by observation; and then the astronomers were all astir. Professor Adams speaks of those, about whom the English scientific world is so indignant, in a spirit of Christian philosophy exactly in keeping with the mind of a man who had discovered a planet. He speaks with warmest admiration of Leverrier, specially of his exhaustive method of making out the orbits of the comets, imagining and disproving all tracks but the right one,—a work of infinite labor. If the observer could make out distinctly but a very small part of a comet's orbit, the mathematician would be able to prove what its course had been through all time. They enjoyed being a good deal together at the British Association Meeting at Oxford, though it was unfortunate for the intercourse of the fellow-workers that one could not speak French nor the other English. He had met with very

* *Leverrier* (Urban Jean Joseph), born at St. Lo, France, 1811; made a simultaneous discovery with J. C. Adams of the planet Neptune. He printed his observations before Adams, and, by some, was given the first credit of the discovery; but there is now no doubt that both these eminent men arrived at their conclusions simultaneously and independently of each other. On the death of Arago, Leverrier succeeded him as Astronomer to the Bureau de Longitude. He died September 23, 1877.

little mathematical sympathy, except from Challice of the Cambridge Observatory; but when his result was announced, there was noise enough and to spare. He was always fond of star-gazing and speculating, and is already on the watch for another planet. One moon has already been seen at Liverpool wandering round Neptune. Papa suggested to him the singularity of the nodes of the planets being mostly in nearly the same signs of the zodiac, a matter which he has not considered, but means to look into.

Burnard told us that when Professor Adams came from Cambridge to visit his relations in Cornwall he was employed to sell sheep for his father at a fair. He is a most good son and neighbor, and watchful in the performance of small acts of thoughtful kindness.

> "The more by thought thou leav'st the crowd behind,
> Draw near by deeper love to all thy kind."

October 8.—Professor Adams's talk yesterday did me great good, showing in living clearness how apparent anomalies get included and justified in a larger law. There are no anomalies, and I can wait until all the conflicts of time are reconciled in the love and light of heaven.

October 12.—Burnard tells amusing stories of his brother sculptors, and their devices to hide their ignorance on certain questions. Chantrey, after sustaining a learned conversation with Lord Melbourne to his extremest limits, saved his credit by, "Would your Lordship kindly turn your head on the other side and shut your mouth?" Spoke of Bacon, the sculptor, after having given up his craft for twenty-five years, resuming it, at the request of his dying daughter, to make her monument, and finding himself as much at home with his tools as ever.

December 3.—Long letter from Julius Hare, detailing difficulties in the Sterling memoir, which we had foreseen and could well enter into. He seems almost forced to publish more than he would wish, in order to leave Mill and Carlyle no pretext for an opposition portrait.

CHAPTER XIV.

1848.

"Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have not time to sport away the hours:
All must be earnest in a world like ours."—H. BONAR.

Falmouth, January 4.—Such a beautiful day that one felt quite confused how to make the most of it, and accordingly frittered it away.

January 25.—Most animated visit from W. Cocks. Lithography, benevolence, anatomy, and religion were all unpacked, arranged, systematized, and lectured upon, with keen insight and most lively illustration. His parting words, after mentioning his present ill health, his "butter-headed condition," were, "When I am called to appear before God Almighty, I shall not go in the character of an apothecary's shop; no, no medicine, thank you!"

This evening Archdeacon Hare's "Life of John Sterling" arrived. The portrait is very unsatisfactory, the volumes full of exquisite interest, though of a very mixed kind. Julius Hare has, I believe, done his part admirably well, but F. D. Maurice has (by his letters) quite spoiled us for any other handling of such a subject.

February 1.—Read and was thankful for Cobden's speech declaring this was not the time to lose faith in principles so boldly asserted and toiled for: now we must prove that we believe them, and not shriek at the French as a nation of pirates. He read extracts from French speeches just delivered, one by a member of the Chamber, in the best tone of an English peace advocate.

February 23.—Clara Mill writes a brave note in answer to my cautious entreaties (on her brother's then intention of

writing a life of John Sterling): "Publish what you will, and all you can: it can only do him honor." She is frightened at the prospect of the Paris Reform Banquet, lest it should not go off quietly.

February 24.—Her doubt is soon answered: the banquet was forbidden by government. Odillon Barret protested in the Chamber against the interference, and placarded an entreaty to the people to be quiet, although they gave up the banquet. But they would not be quiet, and crowds assembled; troops were called out, collisions and slaughter followed. The Chamber of Deputies and Guizot's house are the chief points of attack. I have been so familiar of late with the French Revolution, through Carlyle and Burke, that all this fills one with a horrid dread of what next.

February 26.—Louis Philippe and Guizot have both abdicated, and the royal family have quitted Paris. Arago, Odillon, Barrot, and Lamartine are the new administration, desperately revolutionary. How far will they go? And how long will they last? The Tuileries has been taken, furniture thrown out of windows and burnt, and the throne paraded through the streets. Uncle Charles summing up the recent French rulers: Louis XVI. beheaded, Louis XVII. done away with, Napoleon abdicated, Charles X. abdicated, Louis Philippe abdicated: truly a most difficult people to govern.

February 29.—Duc de Nemours and his sister Clementine have arrived in London, without even a change of raiment. No news of the king, Guizot, or the others. Louis Bonaparte has reached France from London to see what is toward. Lord John Russell states his determination not to interfere with any government which France may deem most fitting for herself, and Lord Normanby remains in Paris. M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian ambassador, has offered the royal family his father-in-law's house at East Sheen.

March 4.—Poor Louis Philippe and his queen arrived at Newhaven; they have been skulking in different farms near Eu, in strange disguises. Guizot, too, is come: he crossed from Ostend to Folkestone. His safety is a great comfort.

March 8.—Dinner at Penmere, when who should appear but Mr. Froude! The only thing specially characteristic of his name that fell from him was a solemn recognition of the vitality existing in the Church of Rome, or, rather, that if the Pope succeeds in maintaining his spiritual supremacy in conjunction with all these remarkable reforms, it will prove that a real vitality must exist. He also spoke of Miss Agnew's second work, "The Young Communicant," as likely to be a still more perplexing and influential book than "Geraldine."

March 18.—Plenty to do, and plenty to love, and plenty to pity. No one need die of *ennui*.

March 21.—Deep in French politics for the evening: most of Europe has caught the infection; Metternich resigns at Vienna, the King of Prussia calming his people with noble and honest-seeming protestations, Mitchell haranguing and printing in Dublin, in Paris the National Guard and the mob at daggers-drawn. It is a wild world, and nothing need surprise us.

May 8.—Old Samuel Rundall has ended his weary pilgrimage, with his old wife sitting by his side: "he departed as one who was glad of the opportunity." He, far more than any I have seen, carries one back centuries in the history of opinion and feeling. He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided, with all the strength and weakness of that characteristic; a man to excite universal esteem, but no enthusiasm; simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry, with ceaseless iteration, "The kingdom of God is within you." Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him.

May 15.—Read Carlyle's article on the "Repeal of the Union." Terrible fun and grim earnest, such as a United or other Irishman would writhe under, it gives them such an

intense glimpse of their smallness, their folly, their rascality, and their simple power of botheration; his words are like Luther's half-battles; the extenuated smaller animal seems already half squelched under the hoof of the much-enduring rhinoceros.

May 23.—Twenty-nine years came to an end with this evening, and left me pondering on the multiform and multitudinous blessings in disguise with which I have been acquainted. Clad in motley or in widow's weeds, the family likeness is very perceptible to the patient, attentive, and trustful observer: therefore may our Father's will, and that only, be done, even unto the very end, whatever temporal suffering it may involve.

May 27.—Reading Bacon's Essays again, and greatly struck by the exceeding worldliness of their aim; of course most profound and acute, but only a prophet in so far as he reveals things as they are, not at all faithfully stimulating you to dwell here and now in higher regions than the visible (I don't mean only religiously), but not recommending the highest, noblest virtues as—which they most absolutely are—the truest wisdom.

June 1.—Barclay dined at the Buxtons', and met M. Guizot and his daughter, Arthur Stanley and others. He had much chat with Guizot on French matters, who expects sharper work in France, and a collision between the National Guards and the National Workmen.

September 2.—R. Buxton writes of a charming coterie she has been in at Lowestoft,—Guizot, the Bishop of Oxford, and Baron Alderson. Young Guizot told her of having gained the first prize at the Bourbon College this spring, but when the Revolution came the professors refused to give it. His two hundred fellow-students processed to them, demanding justice, and the authorities had, after all, to send the prize to him in England.

September 5.—Professor Lloyd and his wife came to stay. She spoke of some one's dictum on Carlyle, "That he had a large capital of faith not yet invested." Had a stroll with the professor; he was on the heights where he breathes most

freely. He spoke of a little pet speculation of his own,—of the unity of force which governs the material universe. Faraday's theory of forces is a sort of repetition of Boscowitz's, which is a charming bit of Berkeleyism. Talked on Fichte's character with delight, though he was doomed to illustrate the melancholy truth that ontology is not for man. On Whewell: his want of humility one grand barrier to his real intellectual elevation, his talents rather agglomerative than original. Whately has been lately very busy in making out that we do more by instinct, and animals more by reasoning, than had ever been guessed before. The anxiety about Sir John Franklin is now almost despair, though he may still be in some snug corner of Esquimaux-land. He hopes that this will be the last expedition of the sort.

September 6.—When Captain Ross was with the Lloyds, he told them such pleasant things about some of the Greenlanders who had come under missionary influence. He had asked a large party to dine on board his ship, and they came in full native costume, and when they assembled at the table they all stood for a while and sang a Moravian hymn, to the delighted surprise of their hosts. He finds some vestiges of what he supposes to be a traditional religion among the most remote Esquimaux, a sense of right and wrong, and an expectation of a future state, though this takes the grossest form of enjoyment,—"plenty of whales." One of his sailors married a Greenlander, and as she approached England she was very curious to learn if seals were to be found there. "Yes, a few, but you will hardly meet with them." This was sad; however, she tried the country for a time, till the *mal du pays* and the longing for seals seized her so fiercely that there was no comfort but in letting her return home.

September 7.—When Humboldt came through Paris to see the Lloyds, he spoke of Elizabeth Fry having been in Berlin, and that she had a religious service there, and herself addressed the company, when, Humboldt said, he had the honor of translating for her, which was, he added, with a twinkling sense of incongruity, "*très-bon pour mon âme.*"

September 8.—Professor Lloyd told us of Jenny Lind, her nobility and simplicity of character. The only time he heard her talk of her singing was when she had got up a concert impromptu for the sake of a hospital which they feared must be abandoned for want of funds, whereby a large sum was raised which set things right again; he congratulated her on the happiness it must be, when she only said, "*Es ist schön dass ich so gut singen kann!*"

September 9.—He talked of many of the astronomers, and the extremely different way in which they would handle scientific subjects. Science can be most poetically treated, and most unpoetically. When in Dublin, Sir William Hamilton mentioned to Airy some striking mathematical fact. He paused a moment. "No, it cannot be so," interposed Airy. Sir William mildly remarked, "I have been investigating it closely for the last few months, and cannot doubt its truth." "But," said Airy, "I've been at it for the last five minutes, and cannot see it at all."

October 23.—A wet day, and all its luxuries.

October 24.—A fine day, and all its liabilities.

October 26.—Read of the thrice-noble Fichte till I cried, for love of him. Concluded that "My mind to me a kingdom is" was a masculine sentiment, of which "My heart to me a kingdom is" is the feminine. My mind, I fear, is a republic. Was also led to consider that love has no tense, it must always be now or never. "More sublime than true, grandmamma." "Posterity, don't be impertinent, or I'll send you to the nursery."

CHAPTER XV.

1849.

"Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall see the print yonder, in the life to come."—LUTHER'S *Table-Talk.*

Penjerrick, January 8.—M. H—— gave me some curious and graphic particulars of an execution he had attended for purely moral purposes. He wanted to see the effect on the individual of the certainty of approaching death, and he saw that the fellow was reckless, and elated as a mob-hero; the hangman, a little wretch, intent only on doing his job neatly; and when he walked home, sickened at what he had seen, he heard one man ask another, "Weel, hast been to th' hanging?" "No, I've been at my work." "Why, thee never dost go to see any pleasuring." Thus much for its effect on society.

January 12.—Accounts reached us of the "humble and prayerful" death of Hartley Coleridge. His brother Derwent has been with him three weeks, and had the unspeakable blessing of directing and supporting that weak but humble and loving spirit through its last conflicts with the powers of the world. Much is forever gone with this radiant soul, but more radiance and peace clothe the memories he leaves us than those who knew him dared to hope.

January 18.—Attended George Wightwick's lecture on "Macbeth." It was most forcibly done, and some of the criticisms extremely valuable. One of his grand objects in these Shakespeare studies is to correct the impression of characters made by actors and actresses. Thus, Lady Macbeth is always conceived as a magnificent unapproachable woman, —in fact, as Mrs. Siddons; whilst he, and Mrs. Siddons too,

think she was small, delicate, almost fragile, with the quickest, sharpest of ferret eyes, as such is the ordinary build of women greatly gifted for intrigue. The witches too, and specially Hecate, should be wild unearthly beings, not ugly old women,—Hecate the palest of ghosts, with a little spirit to do her bidding. He thinks the gist of the play to lie in the manifold utterance of, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,"—a play of wicked magical contradictions; the witches ever present in spirit, and presiding over the double-faced picture of life. He was ill with rheumatism, but said that an enthusiastic evening with Shakespeare had done him more good than all the pills and rubbings, and this, unlike any other social stimulant, leaves no weary depression after it. On being asked that common question as to your favorite among Shakespeare's plays, he said, "Oh, the one you know best." That must always be the truth of the matter; every time one comes in contact with Shakespeare new visions arise, new insight into that infinite mind. But for versatility Wightwick selects the 2d Part of Henry IV.

January 21.—Driving to Falmouth, a pig attached itself to the cortège and made us even more remarkable than usual, piggy and Dory (the dog) scampering on side by side, and playing like frolicsome children, spite of all we could do to turn the incipient Bacon back to his former path in life.

February 4.—Aunt Charles read us some striking letters from Derwent Coleridge from the Knbbe whilst his brother Hartley was breathing forth his last suffering sighs. He had much conflict, but they feel that victory was achieved, and that "what was sown in weakness is raised in power." Derwent paints his feelings with Coleridgean nicety. Then she read a clever letter from Harriet Martineau, combining the smoker, the moralist, the political economist, the gossip, and the woman.

March 1.—Found a kindly note from Thomas Carlyle. He has seen "my gigantic countryman," Burnard, and conceives that there is a real faculty in him; he gave him advice, and says he is the sort of person whom he will gladly help if he

can. Burnard forwarded to me, in great triumph, the following note he had received from Carlyle with reference to a projected bust of Charles Buller: "*February* 25, 1849. . . . Nay, if the conditions *never* mend, and you cannot get that bust to do at all, you may find yet (as often turns out in life) that it was *better* for you you did not. Courage! Persist in your career with wise strength, with silent resolution, with manful, patient, unconquerable endeavor; and if there lie a talent in you (as I think there does), the gods will permit you to develop it yet.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

March 12.—Our friend Edwards gave me some private memories of Emerson. He is most quiet in conversation, never impassioned; his ordinary life is to sit by a brook some miles from Boston, and gaze on the sky reflected in the water, and dream out his problems of existence.

March 21.—S. Sutton came in, and we had a talk about Anthony Froude's astonishing book, "The Nemesis of Faith," which has made an ugly stir, and has been publicly burned at Oxford, and so on. I guess it is a legitimate outcome of the Oxford party's own dealings; for I remember how a few years since he was warmly associated with them, soon afterwards employed in writing some of the lives of the saints, then by degrees growing disgusted at the falseness of their *modus operandi*. All this must have given what was good and Truth-seeking in him a terrible shake, and now comes out this "Nemesis," which is a wild protest against all authority, Divine and human.

April 2.—Read the horrid details of Rush's trial, and felt bitterly for the poor chief witness, Emily Sandford, who still evidently has compassion towards him, but whose evidence will doubtless hang him. She lived formerly at Truro.

April 6.—Rush's trial concluded as it could not but do. Baron Rolfe, before pronouncing sentence, remarked that if Rush had fulfilled his promise to poor Emily Sandford and married her, her evidence could not have been demanded,

and thus the crime could not have been so mightily brought home to him.

May 5.—William Ball staying with us. He produced these graceful lines on this passage in Anna Maria's Journal: "W. B. falls into the ways of the house capitally":

"Into such ways who would not fall
That ever rightly knew them?
It were a dull and wayward Ball
That would not roll into them.

"Ways by the law of kindness made
To shine with sweet increase;
Most pleasant ways, for overhead
Are lights of love and peace.

"Sad wayfarers, in sore distress
Of trouble's cloudy day,
We, favored, fell, our hearts confess,
Loved Friends, into your way!

"God speed such ways to heaven's gate,
Heaven's Lord confessed in all.
In such again, with lighter weight,
May we, more aptly, fall!"

Caroline Fox to Mrs. Lloyd.

"*May* 8.—Yesterday we parted with a very remarkable little person who has been spending a few days with us,—Dr. Guggenbühl, who founded the institution for cretins on the Abendberg, near Interlaken. Do go and see him and his protégés when you are next in Switzerland, if the moral sublime is (as I fancy) more interesting to you than the most glorious scenery. He is a very young man, highly educated, full of sense as well as soul, eminently a Christian; indeed, he is quite a saint for the nineteenth century,—uniting action with thought, and explaining thought by action. His face is one of the most serene and happy I ever beheld, expressing a fulness of faith, hope, and charity, with all the liveliness and simplicity of the Swiss character. Moreover, as Thomas (our old servant) says, 'He would be very good-looking if

the gentleman would but trim himself!' The offence in Thomas's eyes is long hair waving over his shoulders, moustaches, and a cherished little beard. It has been a real treat to have this striking little mortal among us, and to learn from his words and acts lessons of self-forgetfulness and God-reliance such as England is too busy and too clever to furnish. He has the great happiness of seeing three other institutions of the same sort already arising in America, Würtemberg, and Sardinia, in imitation of the Abendberg; and a 'heavenly morning' passed among some queer cases, which we got up for him, confirmed his idea that there is enough in England to justify the formation of such a hospital. Now, they are simply considered idiots, and nothing is done for them; whereas were they treated when young with tenderness and wisdom, first medically, then intellectually, very many might become useful and intelligent members of society. We hope the subject will be discussed and inquiries instituted at the Medical Section of the Oxford B.A. Meeting."

London, May 21.—Samuel Gurney with us. I never saw him in greater force than now,—more continuous in conversation, more sunny and happy. Large and liberal he always was, but now he is more mellow than ever. Sunshine on granite tells but half the tale of the beaming cordiality and unflinching strength and energy of his present countenance.

May 22.—To Queen's College, to F. D. Maurice's lecture on Theology. He was much exhausted after it, for he was thoroughly in earnest; but after the refreshment of a cup of tea he went off with us towards Carlton Terrace, talking with his usual quiet depth and loving compassionate soul on things and people the most accordant and discordant. Paid the Bunsens a visit and lunched there, and visited the Chevalier in his snuggery, and enjoyed his dramatic, enthusiastic reading of the news that Rome is saved, and the French fraternizing there as fast as they can. Drove to J. M. W. Turner's house in Queen Anne's Street, and were admitted by a mysterious-looking old housekeeper, a bent and mantled figure, who might have been yesterday released from a sarcoph-

agus. Well, she admitted us to this dirty, musty, neglected house, where art and economy delight to dwell. In the gallery was a gorgeous display of haunted dreams thrown on the canvas, rather in the way of hints and insinuations than real pictures, and yet the effect of some was most fascinating. The coloring almost Venetian, the imagination of some almost as grand as they were vague; but I think one great pleasure in them is the opportunity they give for trying to find out what he can possibly mean, and then you hug your own creative ingenuity, whilst you pretend to be astonished at Turner's. This especially refers to the Deluge and the Brazen Serpent.

May 25.—Dined with the Gurneys in Lombard Street. The Chevalier Bunsen, Elizabeth, and others were there. His face and Samuel Gurney's were fine studies of genial humanity. He told us that the deputation of Friends to Sir Robert Peel had much to do with the settlement of the Oregon question; the earnestness of their appeal struck him deeply, and he asked why the American Friends did not in the same way memorialize their own government? This he was told they had already done; some of the facts concerning America which J. J. Gurney was able to give from his own knowledge buttressed their arguments capitally, and that evening Bunsen was at Sir Robert Peel's, when he and Lord Aberdeen talked over the matter in the most satisfactory manner, and the business was arranged very soon after.

After dinner we went with the Bunsens to the German Hospital, and were charmed with the order, cleanliness, and comfort of the whole establishment, but above all with the dear Sisters from Kaiserswerth, who are in active ministry here by night and by day. One of them, in particular, might have sat to Fra Angelico, so seraphic was her face; it told of a heart perfectly devoted, and perfectly happy in its devotion. It was good to see the pleasure which the Chevalier's visit gave to all who received it, and the friendly way in which he entered into all their concerns. Much pleasant talk with him: he is not surprised at the outcry against Hare and Maurice, because he

knows the depth of ignorance and malice in human nature to be absolutely unfathomable; they have many bad things in Germany, but are spared the sorrow and shame of having any newspaper which issues lies and malice in the name of the God of Truth, the Prince of peace. "Our temptations are opposite; you English are in peril from Judaism, we from Paganism,—the two extremes of exclusion and inclusion. Tholuck is now rather widening as well as deepening, and is accordingly pausing from authorship; he wrote 'Guido and Julius' when only twenty years of age." Bunsen talked much of recent German politics; the distressing conflict of mind in which the king has lately been. Peel considered his conduct almost inconceivably unselfish in refusing the governorship of the four kingdoms for so long, but the king thought he should assuredly involve Europe in war if he were to accept it before the other powers had acceded; this they have now done, and to-day is arranged for his proclamation, the beginning of a great and perfectly new experiment. It is an American federal government adapted to monarchical institutions, and the extent of this hereditary protectorate is enormous. The Chevalier is very sanguine about the result of this trial. He complains sadly of the want of faith in England; people will give their money but not themselves to God, so their hearts continue cold, and they effect so much less than they might do and are called on to do. He cannot go on with his book on Egypt till politics are quiet again. Speaking of the great English manufacturers, he called them "the feudal lords of modern times."

May 26.—Breakfasted at Carlton Terrace. Ernest de Bunsen went off to-day to Coblentz, to swell the loyal demonstration in the character of special constable. The Chevalier, in pointing out the views from their balcony, made us remark the fuss and bustle on the one hand, whilst on the other, where the real work of the nation is done,—Houses of Parliament, Board of Trade, Admiralty, Downing Street,—all was so still and solemn. He complained of there being too much centralization among us; no little alteration can be made in

a railroad, for instance, in Scotland, but it must be referred to London for all the arrangements of its plan.

F. D. Maurice with us in the evening. He spoke of Edward Irving, and the blessing he proved, spite of all his vagaries. He awakened people from their tacit idolatry of systems, to the sense of a living Power amidst as well as above them; John the Baptist's mission was to bid people to repent, because the kingdom of heaven was at hand,—not near in point of time so much as now present, now around your whole being. Stumbled somehow on war. "Won't the world some day come to think with us?" quoth I. "They will come to think rightly," was his reply, "no doubt, but perhaps very differently to you or I." "But would any nation dare to attack another which resolves under no circumstances to do them anything but kindness?" "Well, I find that whenever I am most right I may always expect to be most bullied, and this, I suppose, will go on; it brings home to one very strongly the meaning of the words, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

Of Shelley: he said he was a victim of the want of sympathy; some one had remarked, he disbelieved in the devil, not in God. The God of love had never been revealed to him, and the powers that were had done everything to veil Him from that glowing heart, so that in his despair he had conjured up a power of evil, an almighty malignity, and supposed that he it was which men worshipped.

June 1.—Went to call on poor Lady Franklin, who was out. She spends most of her days in a room she has taken in Spring Gardens, where she sees all the people who can tell or suggest anything. She is just going to America, which is thought very good for her, as she is in such a restless, excited state of feeling as almost to disorder her mind.

June 5.—Went to Harley Street to hear Maurice's lecture. It was so full and solemn that it left us all trembling with emotion. Then we passed into the presence of Richard Trench, whose great sorrowful face seemed to fill the room. We sat round a table with about thirty young disciples, and

listened to his comments on the chapter of St. John which was then read.

June 7.—The Buxtons, the Guizot party and their friend, Mademoiselle Chabot-Latour, came here, and we went together to the Joseph Frys at Plasket Cottage,—a long and interesting drive. Mademoiselle Latour was born in prison during the former Revolution, just after her father had been beheaded. Old Madame Guizot, who was in attendance on her imprisoned husband, looked after the poor lying-in lady, and finally adopted the child, who has turned out admirably, addicting herself to all sorts of philanthropies, schools, etc., in Paris, and renouncing them all to share and soothe her friends' exile now. She spoke with warm affection of the old Madame Guizot; it was beautifully ordered that she should believe a report true that her son had reached England four days before he actually arrived. Mademoiselle Chabot-Latour knew that it was false, but did not think it necessary to undeceive the dear old lady; the days were then like months. Pauline Guizot gave very interesting accounts of their and their father's escape. They left their house at the beginning of the Revolution and took refuge at the houses of their friends, and the girls were very soon able to come over to England with no great difficulty. Their brother came as son to an American gentleman, and began by remembering he must always *tutoyer*, which he felt very awkward. "How d'ye do?" was his entire stock of English, and for a whole hour he had the fright of totally forgetting his assumed name. Their father escaped in a woman's dress, into which he had a good deal of difficulty in insinuating himself; and when he arrived at his friend's house, the portress looked into his face, and said, "You are M. Guizot." "Yes," he said; "but you'll do me no injury?" "Certainly not," said she, "for you've always protected honest men." So she took him upstairs and hid him, and for the rest of the day entertained him with an account of the difficulties she and her husband had in bringing up their four children. Then he was arrayed as a livery-servant and attached to a gentleman who was in

anguish at his carrying his carpet-bag. They had to wait two terrible hours at the railway station before they could get off. On arriving in England, a railway director gave him instantly the blessed news that his daughters and all his dear belongings were safe. They none of them have any patience with Lamartine, thinking him an altogether would-be great man, attempting impossibilities and failing utterly, yet still considering himself the greatest of his age. I had a most interesting drive home with Guizot, his eldest daughter, and Mademoiselle Chabot. He talked of Michelet and his brilliant powers, but considers him rather mad now, as otherwise he must be a bad man,—this not so much to be deduced from his writings as from his conduct. He, too, is possessed with the idea of being called to be immensely great, something quite unlike his fellows,—a sort of Mahomet; and because France did not see quite so much in him as he saw in himself, he thought the government must be all wrong and concentrating its powers to prevent his being duly recognized. Spoke highly of his "Jeanne d'Arc," but more highly still of "Les Documents," from which his story is compiled. Talked on the state of the poor in England and France: they have nothing like poor-laws, but the poor are supported by private charity, which is found amply sufficient. Then the multitude of small allotments encourage industry and increase property, as well as giving their owners a happy sense of independence. In regard to food and houses, they live much less expensively than the English, but their clothing costs more; there is none of the accumulation of poverty which there is with us, owing to the proportion of agriculturists to manufacturers being exactly the converse of ours, and manufacturing property being so precarious. As for the free-trade question, he thinks it an experiment which it must take ten years to determine upon, but he inclines to think that the farmers must suffer when they would compete with Russia, Denmark, and Holland. As for Ireland and its woful problems, he can only shrug his shoulders, and has no political panacea to offer. The happy state of the French peasants, he fears, is all over for the

present; they have accounts of grievous distress from the overturn of so many regular sources of income. He spoke of London as the first commercial city in the world, Liverpool the second, New York the third, and Marseilles the fourth. Gazing at the endless multitude of shops, he remarked, "It looks as if there were people who had nothing to do but to buy." But Mademoiselle Guizot was the really interesting one: earnest and clear, her quiet, large, dark eyes set the seal to every worthy word, and every word was worthy. She spoke of the solid education which their father had chosen for them, which in France is so rare that they kept their classical attainments a strict secret. Dante is her poet, and Vinet her theologian, because they are both so "firm;" the Germans repel her because she finds them so vague in all their thinkings and doings. Vinet they knew: he was very shy, but most delightful when they could induce him thoroughly to forget himself. Now she says, "I delight to think of him associating with all the good of all ages,—angels, prophets, and apostles,—with all their perfections and none of their imperfections." She speaks of their little Protestant community in France as so closely bound together by a real spirit of fraternity, such as one cannot look for in large bodies as in England. The French are divided into two parties only,—Rationalists and Evangelicals: the former is the larger party. She is indignant at the attacks on F. D. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare without knowing them personally, but sees that such people cannot look to being understood in this world. This she has constantly to feel with respect to her father, in whom she infinitely delights. She assists him in some of his literary work: they very much value the present rest for him, and the opportunity it gives them of being so much more acquainted with him than they ever were before. In France, women now take far less part in politics than they used to do, because parties have for long been too excitable and distinct to be safely meddled with. Not a new feature! Guizot is shorter than my remembrance of him in 1840, when he was at the meeting preliminary to the fatal Niger Expedi-

tion; he looks about sixty, a face of many furrows, quiet, deep-set, gray eyes, a thin expressive face, full of quiet sagacity though very animated in conversation, hands and all taking their share. His little bit of red ribbon seems the only relic of official greatness left.

June 8.—We met Bunsen and Guizot at an out-of-doors party at the Frys'. The two politicians walked up and down the lawn in long and earnest discourse; the character of their faces as unlike as that of two men whose objects in life have been in many respects so similar, can well be; the Frenchman sagacious, circumspect, and lean; the German's ample, genial countenance spoke of trust in God, trust in man, and trust in himself.

June 9.—Went to Laurence's, and he took us to see Samuel Rogers's pictures. He has some capital drawings, a letter of Milton's, and the rooms are decorated with all sorts of curiosities. A large dinner-party at Abel Smith's. C. Buxton spoke of a day's shooting in Norfolk with Sir Robert Peel, when he was by far the best shot of the party. He talked incessantly of farming, and with a knowledge far deeper than they had met with before: in fact, he was the whole man in everything, and yet so cold and unapproachable that they felt quite frightened at him.

June 12.—Went to the House of Commons and heard Cobden bring on his arbitration motion to produce universal peace. He has a good face, and is a clear, manly speaker. A French lady, who was with us in our little box, informed us that she was staying at his house, that she had travelled with him and his wife in Spain, and concluded by accepting him as her standard of perfection. We were much pleased with the debate; it showed that there was much more willingness to listen to moral argument, and much less disposition to snub and ridicule such a proposal, than we had expected. Lord Palmerston's was a very manly speech. We left whilst Milner Gibson was speaking.

June 13.—Steamed to Chelsea, and paid Mrs. Carlyle a humane little visit. I don't think she roasted a single soul,

or even body. She talked in rather a melancholy way of herself and of life in general, professing that it was only the faith that all things are well put together—which all sensible people *must* believe—that prevents our sending to the nearest chemist's shop for sixpennyworth of arsenic; but now one just endures it whilst it lasts, and that is all we can do. We said a few modest words in honor of existence, which she answered by, "But I can't enjoy joy, as Henry Taylor says. He, however, cured this incapacity of his by taking to himself a bright little wife, who first came to him in the way of consolation, but has now become real simple joy." Carlyle is sitting now to a miniature-painter, and Samuel Laurence has been drawing her; she bargained with him at starting not to treat the subject as an Italian artist had done, and make her a something between St. Cecilia and an improper female. She caught a glimpse of her own profile the other day, and it gave her a great start, it looked such a gloomy headachy creature. Laurence she likes vastly, thinking that he alone of artists has a fund of unrealized ideas: Richmond has produced his, but with Laurence there is more kept back than what is given. She talked with much affection and gratitude of W. E. Forster, and cannot understand his not marrying; remarking, "I think he's the sort of person that would have suited me very well." She talked of the Sterling memoir by Julius Hare, and of Captain Sterling's literary designs: in these her husband means to take no part; he would, by doing so, get into a controversy which he would sooner avoid: had he undertaken the matter at the beginning, he would have been very short and avoided religious questions altogether.

June 20.—To Wandsworth, and met Elihu Burritt at dinner. Exceedingly pleased with him; his face is strikingly beautiful, delicately chiselled, bespeaking much refinement and quiet strength. He is a natural gentleman, and seems to have attained the blessed point of self-forgetfulness, springing from ever-present remembrance of better things. That Cobden evening was the happiest in his life; he felt it a triumph,

and knew how it must tell on Europe that, in the midst of all the wars and tumults of most nations, the greatest legislative body in the world should put all their policies aside and for hours be in deliberation on a vast moral question. Cobden got a larger number of votes than on the introduction of any other of his great subjects, and yet he came out of the House, after his speech, earnestly apologizing for having done so little justice to their subject. "Punch" is acting capitally in the matter, and has an ineffable picture of his dream of peace, and a serious caustic article as well.

July 1.—Edward Fry to tea ; very pleasant, and unaffected by all his learning and college successes. Much talk on Coleridge, whom he values greatly. Southey used to be vastly annoyed by his impracticableness. Some one defined genius as a sort of phosphorescence throughout the character, residing neither in the heart nor the intellect, but pervading both.

July 2.—Dined at St. Mark's College. Derwent Coleridge talked on the duty of dignifying the office of a schoolmaster and giving him the hope of rising to preferment in the Church. But first they are to act as clerks, to supplant those who are now so often a drawback to the Establishment. Once only was he quite overcome by one of these worthies. He had been dining at a white-bait party where the toast-master successively proclaimed each toast behind the speaker's chair; and soon after, preaching at a friend's church, he was startled by hearing the responses and the Amen given in the very same tone and twang which had so lately uttered, "Gentlemen, fill your glasses." Spoke of Macaulay's brilliant talking, and large sacrifices to effect both in writing and conversation : he is a man of immense talent, not genius,—talent being defined as power of adapting the acquisitions of others, genius as something individual. Mary Coleridge told us much of Helen Faucit. She is full of strength and grace, and, though cold in surface, there is a burning Etna beneath. Of S. T. Coleridge and her earliest intercourse with him : when in the midst of the highest talk he would turn to her,

smooth her hair, look into her face, and say, "God bless you, my pretty child, my pretty Mary!" He was most tender and affectionate, and always treated her as if she were six years old. They tried hard to bring him to Cornwall, but the Gilmans would not suffer it, though the old man wished it much; and all his family felt so grateful to the Gilmans for having befriended him and devoted themselves to him when he was most lonely, that they had not the heart to insist on any change, although they begged Mrs. Gilman to come with him. Mary Coleridge used to be wonder-struck by his talk, though she could only then carry away very small portions. Derwent Coleridge likes much the specimen which Julius Hare has printed, but does not greatly regret that more has not been literally preserved; for it is preserved, he says, in living men around us, whom it has animated and almost inspired. Samuel Clarke joined in, and was very interesting: first on art, on which he seems to feel deeply and justly. Flaxman's "Dante" entirely satisfies him. Retzsch's "Chess-player" Derwent Coleridge thinks one of the grandest art accomplishments of our age. S. Clarke is now sub-principal of the college, which prospers, and they have most comforting accounts of those they send forth. We explored the chapel by twilight: it is Byzantine and very striking; the colored glass, the ambulatory separated from the church by pillars, and the architectural feeling throughout, very impressive. They are criticised by High and Low Church, because they choose rather to take their own position than unite with either party. The ecclesiastical feeling of the whole colony, combined with so much of poetry and art, would have exceedingly met the tendencies of that religious epicurean, S. T. Coleridge.

July 3.—Canon Rogers having presented us to Mr. Bergam, he kindly introduced us to the gem and cameo rooms at the British Museum. Here was the transcendent Barberini vase, and the large cameo, probably of Paris's head. When the British Museum prosecuted the iconoclast, it was for breaking the glass shade which covered the vase, which alone is strictly

its property, as they are only the wardens of the vase for the Portland family. Here are some choice gems, but not yet well arranged, the subject not being sufficiently studied. Mr. Bergam is a great antiquary, and gave us so many personal histories of the things as to add greatly to their interest. He showed us the Nimrod ivories, which Professor Owen saved from powdering away by boiling in gelatin. The Greek gold ornaments are extremely beautiful and elaborate, some as old as Homer; the myrtle-wreath is quite lovely. He took us through the Egyptian Gallery; those old lions of basalt are almost contemporary with Abraham. On the two sides of the bust of Homer were found the letters Gamma and Delta, which suggests the very curious question, What poet could have been considered such anterior to him? One whose works are now altogether lost? For the busts were arranged alphabetically in the old Greek Gallery. Examined some endlessly interesting MSS. in the library, and enjoyed our good friend's erudition. Then we spent a few more very edifying hours with him in his den, looking over the magnificent series of Greek coins, on which he lectured very luminously. The Ægerian are the oldest known,—little misshapen lumps of silver, with a beetle more or less developed; but Herodotus speaks of the Lydian as beautiful, so they must be older still. The Syracusan of the best age of art are by far the finest, some of them exquisite, with noble heads of Jupiter, Proserpina, Hercules, and Neptune. It is very curious that the Athenian coins with the head of Minerva are the least beautiful, even at the noblest period; it seems as though they were superstitiously attached to some traditional notion of their goddess: possibly it is the head of the old sacred wooden statue which always reappears. Alexander's head was never stamped on coins during his life; but in the time of Lysimachus a face very like his appeared on the coins with the horn of Jupiter Ammon,—in fact, altogether a divinity. It is eminently beautiful and full of fire. Cleopatra, it is evident, must have fascinated rather by her wit and conversation than by her beauty.

July 4.—We joined Professor Owen in his museum. He showed us some of the vertebræ of the genuine sea-serpent; the commonly reported ones are really a very long species of shark, and when a pair are following each other, and appearing from time to time above water, they look of course wondrously long. Thirty feet is in reality their general length, but he has had evidence of one of sixty feet. Gave a little exposition of his bone and limb theory, the repetition of the same thing under all sorts of modifications. For the arm of a man, the fore-leg of a beast, the wing of a bird, the fin of a fish, there is first one bone, this passes into two, and ramifies into any number necessary, whether it be a bat's wing for flying, or a mole's paw for grubbing. The ideal perfection is most nearly approached by fishes, their construction being the simplest and most conformable to the perfect arch. He spoke of the impossibility of any living creature capable of existing in the moon, because they must do without air or water, but, he added, there is no physiological reason against Ezekiel's beasts existing in some of the planets.

F. Newman joined us, to show us their new treasures of Flaxman's bas-reliefs. Found Miss Denman there, the presenter, and sister-in-law to Flaxman. Finding us enthusiastically disposed, she most graciously invited us to go home with her and see his most finished works. She was very communicative about him, as the star which had set in her heaven, and it was a most serene, mild, and radiant one, and those who came under its influence seemed to live anew in a Golden Age. He was ever ready with advice and friendship for those artists who needed it; his wife was his great helper, reading for him in poetry and history, and assisting him by wise and earnest sympathy. Miss Denman would have liked to found a Flaxman Gallery and leave it to the nation, but no fit freehold could be purchased. At her house are choice things indeed,—a little world of thought, fancy, and feeling, "music wrought in stone," devotion expressed in form, harmony, grace, and simplicity. We saw the illustrations of the Lord's Prayer,—lovely young female figures clinging to

their guardian angel, going out into life, and saying, by every look and attitude, "Lead us not into temptation." And the "Deliver us from evil" was full of terror and dismay, but yet of trust in an Infinite Deliverer.

We looked in on Laurence on our way home, and admired his sketch of Aunt Backhouse, which looks hewn out of granite.

Falmouth, September 4.—Dined at Carclew; met Henry Hallam, his son Henry, and daughter. The historian is a fine-looking white-haired man of between sixty and seventy. Something in the line of feature reminds one of Cuvier and Goethe, all is so clear and definite. He talks much, but with no pedantry, and enjoys a funny story quite as much as a recondite philological fact. He thinks the English infatuated about German critics, and showing it by their indiscriminate imitation of them, tasteless as he considers them. Bunsen does not play the Niebuhr with Egypt, but argues elaborately from the inscriptions in favor of the formerly received early history of that country, that the kings referred to in the monuments were successive monarchs, not contemporary rulers of different parts of Egypt. Guizot is going on quietly and happily in Normandy, waiting till his country wants him, and meanwhile continuing his English history from Cromwell,—a work likely to be extremely valuable. When in London, he would sometimes ask his friends to come in an evening, and he would read Racine, etc., to them. His daughters were brought up by their grandmother, who cherished their striking independence of character: there is danger of the son studying too much; he is very clever and very eager in his nature. Ledru Rollin has taken the house next to the one formerly Guizot's at Brompton, and lives there with his capital English wife. Sir Charles Lemon is just come from Paris, where he finds them at the theatres making infinite fun of their pet republic. "What shall we try next?" asked De Tocqueville one evening when Sir Charles was taking tea there. "Oh, try a queen, to be sure; we find it answer famously, and the Duchesse d'Orléans

would do it to perfection." The difficulty seems that they would have to alter the Salic law. Young Henry Hallam was breakfasting somewhere in London with Louis Blanc, who for two hours talked incessantly and almost always about himself. He is a very little man, and, though eloquent on his one idea, gives you no feeling of power or trustworthiness, there is so much showy declamation instead. Carlyle was there, and it was the veriest fun to watch their conversation. Carlyle's French was a literal translation of his own untranslatable English, uttered too in his own broad Scotch. Louis Blanc could not at all understand him, but would listen attentively and then answer very wide of the mark. Henry Hallam is very agreeable, sensible, and modest, and at dinner asked if I knew anything of a man of whom he had heard much, though he had never met him,—Sterling. He spoke of the peculiar affection and loyalty which all who had ever known him at all intimately seemed to cherish towards him, and their criticism on Hare's memoir,—that it portrayed a mere bookworm always occupied with some abstruse theological problem, rather than the man they delighted in for his geniality and buoyancy of feeling. Henry Hallam knows Tennyson intimately, who speaks with rapture of some of the Cornish scenery. At one little place, Looe, where he arrived in the evening, he cried, "Where is the sea? show me the sea!" So after the sea he went stumbling in the dark, and fell down and hurt his leg so much that he had to be nursed for six weeks by a surgeon there, who introduced some of his friends to him, and thus he got into a class of society totally new to him; and when he left, they gave him a series of introductions, so that instead of going to hotels he was passed on from town to town, and abode with little grocers and shopkeepers along his line of travel. He says that he cannot have better got a true general impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality. They all knew about Tennyson and had heard his poems, and one miner hid behind a wall that he might see him! Tennyson hates being lionized, and even assumes bad health to avoid

it. Henry Hallam also knows Aubrey de Vere well: his conversation is extremely good, but no effect studied; it is thoroughly spontaneous. He is a man of genuine loyalty, spite of all his splendid indignations against England; a poetical-looking man, and a very delightful one.

September 14.—The Bishop of Norwich is almost suddenly dead.

September 23.—Aunt Backhouse ministered at meeting very strikingly to us; her prayer was quite grand; some of her address I occupied myself in arranging thus:

"Whither did thy Father lead thee,
His child to prove, to teach, to bless?
Where with manna did he feed thee,
But in the howling wilderness?

"And in that solitude he spake
The words of comfort deeply healing,
Such words of love and power as make
The heart to overflow with feeling,

"Till, startled into love and wonder,
Thy spirit sprang aloft to him,
And vowed to tear earth's bands asunder,
And sing the song of seraphim.

"Alas! poor mortal, proudly spoken,
Mistrust thyself, or thou must fall;
Not easily are earth's bands broken,
Thy boasted strength is passing small.

"Ah, thou hast proved it,—deep the lesson;
But yield not unto black despair;
The contrite heart may crave a blessing,
Thy Saviour waits to answer prayer.

"In humbleness, and child-like meekness,
Pursue henceforth thine earnest way:
Know all the strength which dwells with weakness,
And calmly wait the opening day."

September 26.—Took Field Talfourd to see the Grove Hill pictures, some of which seemed to fascinate him: the mouth he considers the criterion in portraits. Titian, more than any

one, contrives to conceal the art; it is not a portrait, but the living man gazing at you mysteriously from the canvas, from a deep invisible darkness, for you have no background in his pictures. He thinks very highly of the domestic virtues of artists, and says their lives are full of such traits of thoughtful tenderness. He thinks Ruskin's book the most wonderful and pregnant that he has ever seen on art. He spoke of taste as an absolute law, independent of, and hovering far beyond, the man of taste; also of poetry and ideas as the absolutely real, of which all visible things are but the accidental draperies.

October 10.—Reading "Mary Barton;" a most stirring book, which ought to stimulate one in many ways to a wiser sympathy with others, whose woful circumstances are apt to beget bitter thoughts and mad deeds. It opens the very flood-gates of sympathy, yet directs it into its wisest channel.

October 17.—Heard of a poor woman in Windsor Forest who was asked if she did not feel lonely in that exceeding isolation. "Oh, no! for Faith closes the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning."

October 25.—We attended a very good lecture on Female Influence, by Clara Balfour, at the Polytechnic Hall. There was nothing to annoy by its assumptions for our sex; and even in the perilous act of lecturing the lady did not unsex herself. She started with a critique on the idea of education as applied to women,—a culture of the surface rather than a sowing and nourishing of principles. Women especially, not having such imperative calls into the outward world, and having more leisure than men, should be taught to use that leisure well and wisely, and should be stored with subjects of interest for their many lonely hours. A really good and solid educa tion does but enable a woman to perform the most trifling duties of domestic life more thoroughly well, and why should it make her more vain and pedantic than an equally educated man? If it be because it is so much rarer, surely that is but a strong argument for making it as general as possible. It is curious that men expect from women a higher standard of morals and manners than they think necessary for themselves,

and yet almost deny them the faculty of taking cognizance of moral questions.

She spoke well on the responsibility women have, of giving the tone to the morals and manners of the circles they live in, and remarked that almost as much harm resulted from the supineness of the virtuous as from the downright wickedness of the vicious. She showed how women had influenced national character. In the time of Charles II., for instance, the very literature of the age is corrupt; that, in Turkey and the East, men are the dreary, indolent creatures which one might expect from the condition of their wives and mothers; how, in fact, whenever woman is made either the idol or the slave, instead of the helpmeet, of man, the sin and the shame react abundantly on himself.

The Greeks show that they have no true conception of the noblest female character by their ideal goddesses and heroines. That men and women have essentially different powers is obvious, but that the one sex is essentially inferior to the other has yet to be proved. Officially subordinate she undoubtedly is, but subordination does not imply inferiority of mind and character. The one has powers of abstraction and concentration which are most rare in the other: but woman has acuteness, accuracy of observation, quickness, play of fancy and taste, as a compensation. As for the female Shakespeares and Miltons, which men so imperiously demand, are they of such common growth among mankind? They are the exceptional beings of earth.

She then referred to some of the remarkable women in Scripture: Deborah was the great exceptional case in our sex, a righteous judge and prophetess, under whom the land had rest forty years. Miriam helped her exalted brethren, and her song is the second lyric composition recorded in the world's annals. In Ruth, woman showed her power of enduring friendship to one of her own sex; in Esther, her patriotism. Then, in the New Testament, woman had her part to enact, and was graciously enabled to do so more worthily than her stronger brethren.

In the annals of martyrs, women are not found deficient in power either to live or die heroically for the cause which claims the loyalty of their whole souls. Was it not Bertha, the wife of Egbert, who invited Augustine into Britain? and another woman who opened the path for Christian teaching in Germany? And among missionaries of modern times, is it not given to women to do and to suffer as signally as men? At the latter part of the last century an authoress was looked on as a sort of monstrous indecorum; now, the worth of a book is inquired about, not the sex of the writer; and other prejudices may likewise become obsolete.

She dwelt, of course, on the laws of nature having ordained that woman should be the early educator of man; should she not, therefore, be by all means assisted and encouraged to do her work as well and wisely as possible? What constitutes national prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of happy, noble, and graceful homes, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of family love, and woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindliness of soul, is permitted to officiate as high-priestess. She concluded with Wordsworth's beautiful little epitome of woman, and was immensely applauded by her audience, from which she had the good sense to escape at once, by disappearing from the platform.

October 26.—Clara Balfour called on us. She spoke a good deal of Alexander Scott,* who, after his connection with Edward Irving, continued to officiate in the Scotch Church, until one day he felt such a stop in his mind on the subject of prayer that he was unable to proceed at that moment with its expression. This he explained to the astonished congregation, and was soon dismissed from the Scotch Church, and had his own small but earnest and sincere audience at Woolwich, and then came to London. Many

* *Scott* (Alexander). See Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," vol. ii. pp. 28, 29, and 102–111, for a detailed account of the friendship and rupture between these two men.

feel him very vague, whilst others crave that a sort of Scott system may survive him. But we must take the men whom God sends us and be thankful, without cutting and squaring them like awkward tailors as we are. His lectures are very interesting, the opening one at the Bedford Square College for Ladies particularly so. He has an infinite fund of dry humor, which people seldom take in until two minutes too late. He argued, recently, that there could be no question as to women being able to reason with respect to quantity, but it was the quality of the reasoning that might be improved with advantage, and this he illustrated so pointedly that his lady audience looked very grave. He called female education a perfectly untried experiment, and therefore peculiarly interesting.

I asked Clara Balfour about the effect of lecturing. She said the work came so gradually and without premeditation that the way was made easy for her. She was thrown alone upon her subject and carried through. She began at a sort of friendly party at Greenwich on a similar subject to last evening's, and in all her course she has met with nothing but kindness. Carlyle once asked her, "Well, Mrs. Balfour, have you got over your nervousness concerning that thing (*i.e.*, lecturing)?" "Oh, no; and I believe I never shall." "I'm very glad to hear ye say so," he replied. She told us pleasant things of Jane Carlyle,—her thorough-going kindness, without any attempt at patronage. Clara Balfour was very poor, and most thankfully assisted in correcting the press for the "London and Westminster Review." Carlyle's article on "Mirabeau" fell to her portion one day, which haunted her; she disliked but was fascinated by it, and had no idea by whom it was written: her press-correcting superior was a very matter-of-fact man, who held Addison the immutable standard in English writing, so anything of Carlyle's drove him half mad, and he was thankful enough to make it over to his subordinate. Her temperance friend, Mr. Dunlop, is a cousin of Carlyle's, and he asked her if she had ever seen the "French Revolution." "No, but she longed

to do so." The next day, to her delighted surprise, Mrs. Carlyle called on her with the volumes under her arm; and this was the first of an untiring succession of acts of kindness and consideration. A little before her mother died, Jane Carlyle yearned to go and see her, but her wish was opposed; at length she said, "go she would, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but, poor thing, she was too late.

After tea we went together to the lecture-hall, which was immensely crowded. Her subject was the Female Characters in our Literature, especially those of Scott. Imaginative literature she described as generally showing the estimation in which woman is held at the period; thus, in Chaucer's time the patient Griselda was taken as the highest possibility of female virtue and nobleness,—a perfect submission to her husband, and acquiescence in his iniquitous acts because they were his. Then, in the Elizabethan age, Spenser and Shakespeare have given us the most glorious ideas of woman, not only as a creature of feeling, but one of thought, action, and energy of soul. The ladies of that day were much given to translating learned works. Then came a long blank, when we may suppose that women, as well as literature, deteriorated. Milton's Lady in "Comus" and his dignified as well as graceful Eve are, however, illustrious exceptions. After this there was a ceaseless flow of dull pastorals to Chloe and Clorinda in that most unpastoral age; and Pope* declared *ex cathedra* that most women have no character at all. It must have been a great relief from the stupid unrealities of our imaginative literature when Cowper wrote his honest little address to Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles, and the wondrous peasant-poet of Scotland poured forth his song to Bonnie Jeannie and the Hieland Lassie. Then came Scott, and for his poetic models

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* "Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake."—POPE.

"Shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found."—*Ibid.*

he went back to the sixteenth century, and found in Shakespeare the true poetic idea of woman, and adapted it to his own needs. Clara Balfour observed that in Shakespeare the character is everything, often the circumstances in the different plays being very similar, but all turning for instance on the difference of character between Desdemona, Imogen, and Helena, though all alike suffering under their husbands' unjust suspicions. In Scott the characters are generally similar, but the circumstances everything. She gives him credit for four really original heroines: Flora MacIvor (for which, however, Portia may have given him hints), a female politician, yet *not* ridiculous, but sublime from her moral dignity and unquestioning self-devotion and singleness of purpose; Rebecca, a truly grand figure, transcending even the prejudices of Shakespeare, one who (unlike many in our day!) could not dispute for her religion, but could die for it: Scott had a moral purpose in this character, he wished, by not bestowing on her temporal success, to wean the young especially from low motives for acting aright; Diana Vernon, for which his relative Miss Cranstoun was his model, was to exhibit the power of rising above uncongenial circumstances and associations, and to be the thing which God meant her to be in spite of them; and Jeannie Deans, the simplicity of whose truthful love is even less beautiful in the poet's fiction than in the actual life of the ugly peasant maiden. At the conclusion of her lecture Mrs. Balfour was greatly applauded, and invited to come again.

November 4.—Finished that brilliant, bitter book, "Vanity Fair;" it shows great insight into the intricate badness of human nature, and draws a cruel sort of line between moral and intellectual eminence, as if they were most commonly dissociated, which I trust is no true bill.

November 8.—Sir John Ross returned. No news. Poor Lady Franklin, I wonder how much of the Greenland Report she had received. Sir John's has been a most adventurous expedition, walking two hundred and thirty miles over the ice, and so forth.

November 10.—Papa sent forth a magnetic deflector to L'Abbadie, the Basque African explorer.

December 5.—Read W. E. Forster's manly, spirited answer to Macaulay's libels on William Penn ; he has most satisfactory contemporary evidence to adduce in favor of the fine old moral hero.

December 15.—Dora Lloyd gives an admirable history of their German explorations among the arts and the artists: Kaulbach has charmed them beyond all others. The Berlin professional society delightful: their former ideas on the state of religion there confirmed; Hegel and Schelling are still deemed true apostles; Humboldt a sorry scoffer, but never to the English.

December 29.—Aunt Charles, writing of a visit to the now patriarchal-looking poet at Rydal Mount, says, "The gentle softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that eternal world which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace."

CHAPTER XVI.

1850.

"To lose these years which worthier thoughts require,
To lose that health which should those thoughts inspire."—SAVAGE.

Falmouth, February 1.—Heard many thoughts and things of the times discussed in the evening by George Dawson in his lecture on the tendencies of the age. It consisted of a string of weighty and brilliantly illustrated truths, which very few are in a sufficiently advanced condition to call truisms. He is a little, black-eyed, black-haired, atrabilious-looking man, full of energy and intensity, with an air of despising, if not defying, the happiness which he wished to make us all independent of.

March 7.—Dr. Caspary very informing touching some of their great men. Humboldt writes by the watch; if a visitor comes in he notes the hour exactly, and works up the time spent afterwards. If going out driving with the king, he makes his toilet very composedly in the carriage by the side of his royal friend. Tieck is not much liked at court now, as his character is short of perfection. The king when crown prince was very fond of him, and himself did a good deal in the small literary line.

March 27.—Heard a lecture of Clara Balfour's on Joanna of Naples, Isabella of Castile, Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland. It was excessively well done, each character built up from its first rudiments, and the special circumstances of the time duly taken into the account. She showed great delicacy and force in her drawing and discrimination of character. Her contrasted scenes were some of them very striking,—Elizabeth's and Mary's death, for instance, when she gave a verdict greatly in favor of the latter.

April 1.—This evening Clara Balfour's picture-gallery included Christina of Sweden, Anne of England, Maria Theresa, and Catherine of Russia. In the first was exhibited the monstrous spectacle of a woman despising all the characteristics of her sex, and aiming at the opposite ones; the result was not a world-prodigy of talent, but a second- or third-rate man, an utter failure. Her change of religion is a mere *façon de parler*, for the first necessity was wanting: she had no religion to change. Anne of England was a perfect contrast to her, entirely feminine and domestic, yet her reign was a silver age of literature; the first magazine appeared at that time, under the direction of Addison and Steele, and thirty thousand copies were issued. Thus literature began to be diffusive, and the reading of the women was now provided for, which had been before obstructed by the grossness of the matter it contained. In Elizabeth's reign the first newspaper was started under Burleigh's auspices: it was at the time of the general panic concerning the Spanish Armada.

Clara Balfour made out her assertion well that under female sovereigns literature had ever taken a striking form and made an appreciable progress. When men reign and women govern, the mischief is so mighty because the governing power is irresponsible. She sketched Maria Theresa's history very dramatically, and Catherine's with great force and a true womanly shudder. She made this apology for her bad heroines, that they had not the blessing of a mother's care; they had either no mothers at all, or worse. Then she very charmingly contrasted the circumstances of our own queen, and deduced from it much of the good and happiness already associated with her name.

April 13.—Evening at Rosemerryn; Mary Anne Birkbeck told me a good deal about her grandmamma, Lord Byron's Mary Chaworth. Lord Byron used often to be with her, but would never sleep at Annesley, saying that the house felt as if it had a grudge against him. This was owing to the duel having been fought by two members of the families in the preceding generation. Byron was a very sulky boy of nine-

teen, and felt quite savage when she danced, because his lameness made it impossible for him to do the same. She had no idea that his fancy for her was anything serious, and, moreover, she had at that time a *penchant* for the Mr. Musters whom she married. He saw her once again, when he wrote in her album, unknown to her, those touching lines which she did not discover until some time afterwards. Mary Anne's mother was that "favorite child" who had its mother's eyes. When Newstead had to be sold, he had the greatest horror of Mr. Musters buying it. The trees on a certain hill, which he alludes to in his Dream, have been all cut down for some reason or other.

May 5.—Visited the Laundry School. The good teacher was taking most patient pains with an endlessly stupid little girl, who meekly and respectfully whispered the most heterogeneous answers to the simplest questions. "Who did Adam and Eve sin against when they ate the fruit?" "Their parents and friends, ma'am." "Were Adam and Eve happy when they left the garden?" "Holy and happy, ma'am."

May 24.—My birthday: it seems as if my future life might well be spent in giving thanks for all the mercies of the past.

June 7.—Tea with Barclay at the farm; he was all a host could be to his large party, but a day of pleasure is not half so pleasant as other days.

June 25.—Met some very pleasant O'Reillys. They knew Mezzofanti, a little, bright-eyed, wiry man, who greeted them in pure Milesian, which they knew only in fragments; then he tried brogue, and succeeded admirably, and then in the most perfect London English. Mr. O'Reilly, to puzzle him, talked slang, but only got a volley of it in return. He knew sixty-four, and talked forty-eight, languages. But he told them a fact which gave moral interest to his acquirement. When a young priest, he was visiting a hospital, and found a poor foreign sailor dying, and longing to confess, but finding no priest who could understand him. The sadness of this struck him, and he turned his attention forthwith to languages.

September 11.—Much interested about the mobbing which General Haynau, the Austrian, got at the Barclays' brewery the other day, when he was most unhandsomely whipped and otherwise outraged in memory of his having flogged Hungarian women. He has found it expedient to leave England, cursing, doubtless, the gallantry of the English burghers.

October 2.—Dined at Carclew; met Professor Playfair, son of the subject of the monument on Calton Hill. He is come as Commissioner about the great Exhibition next year, and tells wonders of their preparations,—a great glass house half a mile long, containing eight miles of tables. He is a clear-headed Scotchman, who sees into and round his subject, and has the talent of making other people also say what they really mean.

CHAPTER XVII.

1851.

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."—SHAKESPEARE.

London, May 24.—Visited Ernest and Elizabeth de Bunsen at Abbey Lodge, their pretty house in Regent's Park. They gave us breakfast at eleven, the little Fritz and Hilda acting as kellners. They are soon expecting Kestner, the Hanoverian minister at Rome, and son of Goethe's Charlotte; he is a genial and kindly man. Abeken is now Under-Secretary of State at Berlin, for he felt that theology was not his vocation, and he saw no duty in perpetuating an early mistake through life. He is so able that everything is referred to him. His look and address are quite repellingly uncouth, but reach his mind or heart and you are fascinated.

May 27.—Drove to the Lloyds', and found the dear old Chevalier Neukomm there. We had a capital talk. He is an adept in all the sciences of the imagination, including phrenology, mesmerism, and homœopathy, and talked with earnest zeal. The lastingness of an individual conviction is with him a pledge for its truth.

Whilst dining at Uncle David's, Captain Barclay of Ury* walked in. He is so striking a fact in the family that one is very glad to have realized it whilst it lasts. It is a decrepit fact now, for an illness has much broken him down, but there is a slow quiet Scotch sagacity in his look and manner which declares him quite up to his present business in London,—viz., selling a vast gray horse. His conversation was not memorable, but his great strength was never supposed to lie in that direction. He looks now upwards of seventy.

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* Captain Barclay of Ury, the celebrated pedestrian.

May 30.—Dined with the Priestmans. John Bright was there, fighting his parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog. It was quite curious to watch his talk with his quiet father-in-law.

June 1.—Anna Braithwaite told us of her last interview with William Wordsworth: he spoke of having long had a great desire for fame, but that that had now all ceased, and his sole desire was to become "one of the poor in spirit" whom our Lord had declared to be blest.

June 4.—A charming story of F. Cunningham, coming in to prayers, just murmuring something about his study being on fire, and proceeding to read a long chapter and make equally long comments thereupon. When the reading was over and the fact became public, he observed, "Yes, I saw it was a little on fire; but I opened the window on leaving the room."

June 5.—Attended a Ragged School meeting: Lord Kinnaird in the chair, instead of Lord Ashley (who has become Lord Shaftesbury by his father's death). A great deal of good sense was spoken, and encouraging stories told. Dr. Cumming was on the platform, and made an admirable speech, with perfect ease, choice language, and excellent feeling, so as to modify my prejudice against him most notably. He spoke on the mischief of controversy, except in such countries where error was the law, truth the exception, and spoke up for the high affirmative course in all possible cases. Described the origin and progress of the ragged schools in his parish, and asked the audience for five hundred pounds, assuring them that at his chapel he always got what he asked for, large sums just as easily as small ones; the great thing being to ask boldly, and you are paid boldly. He is a younger man than I had expected,—about thirty-six,—with dark hair and eyes, rather Jewish, wearing spectacles, and very energetic in voice and manner.

June 7.—A bright dinner at Abbey Lodge. Kestner was there,—a dry, thin gentleman of the old school, who looks as if he had had his romance done for him long before his birth.

He has a most interesting correspondence between his mother and Goethe, who had greatly admired and loved her, but, as she was betrothed to his friend, he had the prudence to retire from the great peril he felt himself in; and even after her marriage he left Frankfort whenever they were coming there. These experiences, and the awful death of a friend who had not been so self-controlled, were combined into the Wertherian romance. But of all this Kestner said nothing; he is quite happy when talking of his six Giottos, the gems of his collection. He says he has learnt English in the best way, namely, by mixing in the best English society. The Chevalier and Madame Bunsen were there, also George de Bunsen the philologist, Dr. Pauli, Amelia Opie, and others. The Chevalier and Dr. Pauli were my dinner-comrades, of whose discourse I remember some fragments. I asked Bunsen's opinion of the papal aggression stir which has been raging in England. He said, "The Roman scheme is such a one as would not be submitted to for a moment in other countries, but simply on the ground of politics, not of religion; it is our lack of faith which is inconveniently brought home to us by questions of this sort, and we rebel against the inference rather than the fact that systematizing a black and white theology is a substitute for faith, not an evidence of it. You are excellent people, but very material; you are afraid to give yourselves up to any teaching but what has existed on parchment for hundreds of years; if an angel brought you a new truth direct from heaven, you would not believe it till it was successfully copied on the parchment: no, you are excellent people, but you terribly want faith. You are afraid of reason and oppose it to faith, and accordingly miss them both." I pleaded that they had given us such a fright in Germany by their speculative vagaries that we had fallen back in despair on our practical existence. "Ah, yes," he answered, "we gave you a great fright in the time of Henry VIII., didn't we? No; the fact is that religion is not a subject which deeply interests you; you are thoroughly practical, and practical politics are what engage your thought. Now, in Ger-

many, when thoughtful men meet casually, they soon get to talking on religion and theology: we talk of it because we think it the most interesting of subjects: you at once fall upon politics because *they* are the deepest interests to you. Sometimes we get into extravagant views of religion, but your extravagance turns to Jacobinism,—a very characteristic national difference. You in England so little recognize an overruling Providence as directing the thoughts as well as the acts of men." I asserted our absolute belief in a Providence legible in all history. "Oh, yes," he said, "you believe in a Providence which prevents your catching colds, but not in one continuous luminous Guide. You condemn research in religious affairs, and are accordingly to be congratulated on a most irrational faith. Your Society of Friends has done much good, and its founders have said many admirable things, but it wants vitality. I am very fond of them, but I must speak the truth as I find it. Your great peril is an idolatry of the form of formlessness, instead of trusting the living spirit. But you are of vast practical importance, and will still do much if you will but keep clear of the traditional spirit of the age." Dr. Pauli is just bringing out a Life of our Alfred: he has found some very precious MSS. concerning him at Oxford, many of his translations from monkish Latin poems, which were evidently first translated for him into easy Latin; and one original poem, a thanksgiving (I think) for the coming of St. Augustine and the introduction of Christianity into England; in which his arrival, etc., is minutely described. I suggested the propriety of an English translation being published at the same time, when both my gentlemen waxed very scornful concerning the reading public in England. No one would read it unless it had some such title as "Alfred the Great, or the Papal Aggression Question Considered," or unless it had pictures of the costumes of the people running down among the letter-press! Dr. Pauli has lately been in Germany, and was grieved at heart to find the state of things there. Politics have become terribly earnest, and split up families even to the death; for they all believe

themselves on the eve of a frightful struggle, and accordingly adjourn all peace questions till they have had their fight out. They grieve over the weakness of their king in not having accepted the somewhat democratic crown which was offered him; now they are all under the irresponsible despotism of the princes. The Chevalier is interested in appending an infant asylum to his German hospital, where nurses may be taught their duties, and the plan will, he hopes, spread through England. They now limit the services of the Kaiserswerth Sisters to two years, and arrange for their being greatly relieved at night; for the dear good Fliedner forgets that human creatures are made up of body and soul, and would totally sacrifice the former. The Bunsens have been deep in mesmerism. The Chevalier's theory of the mesmeric power is that it silences the sensuous and awakens the supersensuous part of our nature,—a sort of faint shadow of death, which does the same work thoroughly and forever. George de Bunsen afterwards gave me some of his own mesmeric experiences; he is a rigid reasoner and extorter of facts. I forget the three absolute laws which he has satisfactorily established, but here is an experience of his own. When he went to college and studied Greek history, he learned that a book of Aristotle's on the politics of his own time was lost. He mused on this fact, and pined after the missing book, which would have shed such light on his studies. It became a perpetual haunting thought, and soon his air-castle was the finding of this book. He would be forever romancing on the subject, getting into a monastery, finding it amidst immense masses of dusty books and parchments, then making plans for circumventing the monks, rescuing the treasure, etc. Just after this excitement had been at its maximum, he received a letter from a friend, telling that he had been consulting a clairvoyante about him, who had seen him groping among dusty parchments in the dark. It seems to have established a firm faith in his mind in the communication of spirit with spirit as the real one in mesmerism. His opposite class of facts was thus illustrated. When his father was with his king

and our queen at Stolzenfels, he wanted to know something about him, and accordingly mesmerized a clairvoyante, and sent her in spirit to the castle. "Do you see my father?" "No, he is not there." "Then go and look for him." At length she announced having found him sitting with an elderly lady. George de Bunsen could not conceive him anywhere but at Stolzenfels, till the thought struck him, he may have gone to Carlsruhe to see his sister: so he asked, "It is a very neat, regular-looking town, is it not, and the houses new?" and asked particulars of the room in which he thought his aunt likely to be found. "No, nothing of the sort; an old town, an old house, and an old lady." She gave many details which he could make nothing of, and gave up the geographical problem in despair. In a few days a letter from his father arrived, saying that the king had taken a fancy to go somewhere in a steamer, and had asked Bunsen to accompany him. This brought him within a moderate distance of another sister, whom he had previously had no idea of visiting, and so he was actually with her at the time of the clairvoyance. Ernest and George de Bunsen sang gloriously: at one time they were nightingales, the one merry, the other sentimental; but George de Bunsen's "Wanderer" was beyond all compare. Ford, the writer of the Hand-Book of Spain, joined the party. A son of Brandis was there, quiet and silent as a statue; and the dear old Chevalier Neukomm, who became rapt over the singing.

June 9.—Spent a charming evening at the Chevalier Bunsen's. They were alone, and the Chevalier talked much of their universities as compared with ours. His son is going to-day to take his Doctor's degree, which is just a certificate that he is *able* to lecture on subjects of philosophy, history, and philology. He is much amused to think how little the English universities educate for the times we live in, though he rejoices in some of the reforms at Cambridge and Dublin and wishes all success to the Government commission. But the spirit of the evening was Neukomm. The inventor of a silver lute of some sort came to introduce his instrument, and its

breathings were indeed exquisite; and very marvellous was it when the two musicians improvised together, just taking the "Ranz des Vaches" as a motive, to hear how they blended their thoughts and feelings in true harmony. But I was glad when the flute was silent and Neukomm poured out his own heart through the voice of the organ. He led one whither he would, through regions of beauty and magnificence, and then through quiet little valleys, where nothing could be heard but the heart's whisper,—so pure, so tender, you leaned forward to catch what it said; and then you were carried onward into a spirit-world, where all around "were such things as dreams are made of." And then such a swell of harmony, such exulting strains, would bespeak the presence and the triumph of some great idea, revealing to man more of himself and of his Maker. Then again that trembling voice, "Can He love such a one as I?" And then the final magnificent swell of sound, triumphing over doubt and fear and weakness. I never heard music without words say half as much as I heard this evening, but very likely I quite misinterpret its real meaning, for each one must translate it for himself.

June 11.—Went to the Associated Trades' Tea at St. Martin's Hall. Our chairman, F. D. Maurice, is at his post behind the urn, but he springs up to welcome his friends. He seemed nervous, for there was no arranged plan of the evening. In listening to the workmen's speeches, especially Walter Cooper's (cousin to the author of the "Purgatory of Suicides"), we could not help feeling very thankful that such fiery spirits had been brought under such high and holy influences, leading them to apprehend self-sacrifice as the vital principle on which all successful co-operation must be founded. One hopeful feature in this associative experiment is that they are prepared and expect to make mistakes in application, but the principles of sympathy and self-sacrifice they hold by forever. Archdeacon Hare was delighted at the spirit and genius of some of the speakers; there was so much of calm practical wisdom, so much of applied Christianity, humbly acknowl-

edging its origin, as made it altogether a deeply interesting and thankworthy occasion.

June 12.—Went to Thackeray's lecture on the "Humorists" at Willis's Rooms. It was a very large assembly, including Mrs. Carlyle, Dickens, Leslie, and innumerable noteworthy people. Thackeray is a much older-looking man than I had expected; a square, powerful face, and most acute and sparkling eyes, grayish hair and eyebrows. He reads in a definite, rather dry manner, but makes you understand thoroughly what he is about. The lecture was full of point, but the subject was not a very interesting one, and he tried to fix our sympathy on his good-natured, volatile, and frivolous hero rather more than was meet. "Poor Dick Steele!" one ends with, as one began; and I cannot see, more than I did before, the element of greatness in him.

June 13.—We went to Faraday's lecture on "Ozone." He tried the various methods of making ozone which Schönbein has already performed in our kitchen, and he did them brilliantly. He was entirely at his ease, both with his audience and his chemical apparatus; he spoke much and well of Schönbein, who now doubts whether ozone is an element, and is disposed to view it simply as a condition of oxygen, in which Faraday evidently agrees with him. The Duke of Northumberland was in the chair.

June 27.—Saw George Wightwick, who, with wife and other furniture, is just starting for Clifton to live. He showed us two portraits of himself: one by young Opie, so good that he says if he saw a fly on its nose he should certainly scratch his own; the other by Talfourd, catching a momentary passionate gleam of dramatic expression,—a fine abstraction. Talked of Macready and his retirement from the stage to Sherborne, where he is in perfect happiness, with wife and children, and all joyousness. He begs Wightwick sometimes to tell him something about theatrical matters, as he hears naught.

Caroline Fox to Aunt Charles Fox.

"*Penjerrick, July* 19.—Anna Maria says you wish to see this book (Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling'), so here it is. That it is calculated to draw fresh obloquy on the subject of it, is a very secondary consideration to the fact that it is a book likely to do much harm to Carlyle's wide enthusiastic public. It is painful enough to see the memorial of his friend made the text for utterances and innuendoes from which one *knows* that he would now shrink even more than ever, and God alone can limit the mischief. But He can. That the book is often brilliant and beautiful, and more human-hearted than most of Carlyle's, will make it but the more read, however little the world may care for the subject of the memoir. The graphic parts and the portraiture are generally admirable, but not by any means always so: however, you will judge for yourselves."

December 3.—Great news stirring in that volcanic Paris. The President has dissolved the Assembly and appealed to the people and the army; he establishes universal suffrage, and has arrested his political opponents Cavaignac, Changarnier, Thiers, and some thirty or forty others. The French world seems quite dazzled by his audacity, and is quiet; to be sure, the streets are thickly guarded by military, the opposition journals seized, and no political meetings allowed. How will it end? Shall we have a Cromwell Junior, or will blood flow there again like water? One learns to give thanks for being born in England.

December 29.—C. Enys told us of Sir John Franklin, shortly before leaving home the last time, lying on a sofa and going to sleep. Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, when he awoke in great trepidation, saying, "Why, there's a flag thrown over me: don't you know that they lay the union jack over a corpse!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

1852.

"The welcome news is in the letter found;
It speaks itself."—DRYDEN.

Caroline Fox to Elizabeth T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, April* 14, *Easter Tuesday.*—I wish I could as fully enter into the conclusion of thy sentence, 'To me Easter is an especially cheerful time,—a remembrance and a pledge of conquest over death in every shape.' I wish I could always *feel* it so; for we may without presumption. But human nature quails under the shadow of death, when those we dearly love are called hence at even such a time as this. And but one Easter Tuesday passed between the departure of two most attached sisters on this very day, and as it comes round year by year the human sorrow *will not* be entirely quenched in the resurrection joy.

"Thanks many and warm for thy dear little apropos-of-a-scold note: I so liked what thou said of the caution which should always be observed in writing, because I had never distinctly thought of it before, and have been grieved at being taken quite *au pied de la lettre* sometimes, when I meant my lecture to have a smile and a kiss at each end, and two in the middle.

"Excellent news,* first from Vigo, then from Lisbon, has set our hearts a dancing. They had a long voyage, thanks to adverse winds, but suffered far less than they or we had feared.

* From her father and his party, who had been deputed by a meeting of the Society of Friends to visit some members of the Portuguese Government and urge their keeping the treaty with England in which they promised to prevent the slave trade in their African settlements, this promise being constantly evaded by the traders.

They had pleasant fellow-voyagers, and were able to read, write, and draw, and digest deep draughts of Scandinavian archæology from the Portuguese Minister to Denmark and Sweden, with whom they seem to have fraternized. They were charmed with a before-six-o'clock walk through Vigo, with the Atlantic waves, with the entrance to Lisbon, the massive cypress grove in the Protestant cemetery, and their own flower-full garden and charming lodgings. They have already received much kindness, and are disposed to receive much more.

"Of slavery matters more anon; of course there is not much to report on yet, but things look cheery in some quarters."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*May* 11.—How pleasant it is to go on abusing each other, instead of being always on one's P's and Q's, with one's hair brushed and one's shoes on one's feet. But was not that old Druid circle itself a faith-institution in its day? Only the idea has developed (!) of late into orphan asylums and some other things. Worship and sacrifice those old stones still witness to; but now, instead of slaying their children on the altar, a Higher than Thor or Woden has taught His priests and priestesses to rescue them and bid them live to Him. Still, there was faith in an invisible and almighty Power, so strong that they were willing to sacrifice their dearest and their best to propitiate it. With them, too, I suppose it was conceived as a question of vocation. The victim must be the appointed one; the day, the hour, auspicious. Poor Druids! and poor Us! on the threshold of what confusion do we stand continually, even with the light of heaven shining clearly above us, and the book of our pilgrimage in our hand. But we must be forever explaining and dogmatizing and speaking of the things of God in the words of man; and so we have to be rebuked for our presumption, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but always so as most effectually to humble our conceit, and make us crave for others and for

ourselves the indispensable blessing of an ever-present Teacher and Guide."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*June* 25.—. . . We have one of the best, if not the absolutely best (excuse me), women in England now staying with us,—sound, clear-headed, thoughtful, religious; she has performed the difficult duties of a sad-colored life with thankful and cheerful energy, and a blessed result in the quarter which lay next her heart. Of course she is one of our family, but *any one* might hug Louisa Reynolds, for she is worthy of all honor and love. It may be very stimulating or very humbling to come in contact with such people, or, better still, it may lead one to forget self for half an hour.

"There is a slight movement—such a slight one thus far!—for engaging a true friend for the navvies who may be expected shortly to descend upon us. They have been proved by analytic experiment to be human and malleable, and I trust it may be arranged for a wise Christian man to continue to carry on this class of experiment. . . . Are you in for any election interests? A curious purity-experiment is being tried here, which a good deal engages speculative minds just now. The young candidate, T. G. Baring, the subject or object of this experiment, is very popular."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*August* 11.—But thou dost not absolutely forbid our telling thee that we *do* enter into your sorrow, . . . and would commend it and you to the compassion of Him who knows all the depths, and in His own way and time will either relieve the suffering, or else enable you to bear it in that deep and awful and trustful submission to His will, in which alone the spirit can be taught and strengthened to endure. 'He openeth the ear to discipline,' and, oh, how endlessly does He bless the docile learner!

"A very dear friend of ours, who was called on to resign first her husband, then one grown-up child after another, and

who did resign them, as one who knew that her Lord loved them more than she could do, heard suddenly that her youngest son had died at Malta after a day or two's illness. The others she had lost had long known the beauty of holiness; but this youngest,—oh, this was hard to bear. She almost sank under it; still her faith did not fail her; all her prayers for him *could* not have been wasted; what she knew not now, she might be permitted to know hereafter. And so, though wellnigh crushed, she would not lose her confidence that the hand of love had mixed this cup also. About a year passed, when a little parcel reached her containing this son's Bible, which he had with him to the last, and in it were many texts marked by him, which spoke such comfort to her heart as she had little dreamed was ever meant for her.

"My dear Elizabeth, God has fitting consolation for every trial, and He will not withhold that which is best for you. Coleridge says in one of his letters, 'In storms like these, that shake the dwelling and make the heart tremble, there is no middle way between despair and the yielding up the whole spirit unto the guidance of faith.' May He who pities you be very near you all, in this time of earnest need."

Dublin, August 18.—We landed safely on Dublin Pier after a very pleasant passage. A thunder-storm marched grandly over the Wicklow Mountains as we approached. We soon found ourselves at the Lloyds' hospitable home, the Chevalier Neukomm being a new feature among them.

August 19.—He brought down to breakfast a little canon he has composed for the ceremony of to-day,—the laying the foundation-stone of Kilcrony (the Lloyds' new house). The words chosen are, "Except the Lord build," etc.; and this he has arranged for four voices. There is a great contrast between Professor Lloyd and the Chevalier in their principle of judgment on large subjects. The texts of the latter are from the gospel of experience, those of the former from the New Testament. But Neukomm's judgment of individuals is noble and generous, only to the masses everywhere he de-

nies the guidance of any principle: self-interest and ambition he thinks the motive power of every national movement to which we would give a higher origin, and he thinks he sees distinctly that a nation is always the worse for it. But then he lived for twenty years with Talleyrand,—twenty years of the generous and hopeful believing part of his life. He speaks affectionately of the latter, he was so kind and considerate to his servants, so friendly to his friends, so devoted to France, though true to no Frenchman and no dynasty. He cared not at all for music, but Neukomm gave some instruction to his niece. At Rome, Neukomm became acquainted with the Bunsens, and what a change of intimates it was for him!

August 21.—The Lloyds took us to Mullagh Mast, where Daniel O'Connell held his last monster meeting just before he was arrested: it is a large amphitheatre, on very high ground, commanding the view of seven counties.

August 23.—Went to Parsonstown. Lord Rosse was very glad to see the Lloyds, and very kind to all the party. It was a great treat to see and hear him among his visible powers, all so docile and obedient, so facile in their operations, so grand in aim and in attainment. We walked about in the vast tube, much at our ease, and examined the speculum, a duplicate of which lies in a box close by: it has its own little rail-road, over which it runs into the cannon's mouth. There are small galleries for observers, with horizontal and vertical movements which you can direct yourself, so as to bring you to the eye-piece of the leviathan. This telescope takes cognizance of objects fifteen degrees east and west of the meridian, which is more than usual in large instruments, but observations near the horizon are worth little, on account of the atmospheric influences. The three-and-a-half-foot telescope goes round the whole circle, and there is a third instrument at hand, under cover, for the most delicate results. Then Lord and Lady Rosse showed us the foundry, the polishing-shop, etc., and Professor Lloyd gave the story of the casting, under the very tree which caught fire on that occasion, and by the oven where the fiery flop was shut up for six weeks to cool, before

they could tell whether it had succeeded or not. Lord Rosse's presence of mind in taking a sledge-hammer and using it when a moment of hitch and despair arrived in the casting was a beautiful feature. We had tea, and were shown a multitude of sketches of nebulæ taken on the spot. Sir David Brewster was there, with his sagacious Scotch face, and his pleasant daughter. Whilst we were over our tea, news came of a double star being visible; so we were soon on the spot and gazing through the second glass at the exquisite pair of contrasted colored stars, blue and yellow. The night was hazy, and the moon low and dim, which was a disappointment; but Lord Rosse kindly showed us a cluster of stars and a bit of the Milky Way through the great telescope: the very movement of its vast bulk in the darkness was a grand sight. After the British Association, a little party are coming here to inquire into the geology of the moon and compare it with that of the earth, and in six weeks Otto Struve is expected, when they mean to begin gauging the heavens. We left after midnight, full of delight.

They tell all manner of charming stories of Lord Rosse: of his conduct as a landlord, his patriotic employment of a multitude of people in cutting for an artificial piece of water, because work was very scarce; of his travelling in England long ago as Mr. Parsons, visiting a manufactory, and suggesting a simpler method of turning, so ingenious that the master invited him to dinner and ended by offering him the situation of foreman in his works!

Killarney, August 25.—This evening we went into the coffee-room of our hotel, and enjoyed the minstrelsy of old Gaudsey the piper. He is a fine old fellow of eighty-nine, blind to the outward, but very open to the inward glories; for light and shadows sweep over his face like cloud and sunshine on a landscape. He is like Scott, and his face tells much of humor and pathos. He is just come from America, where he has paid a professional visit after listening to Jenny Lind in Dublin. There is something very touching in the remembrance of this old man, who looks as if intended for

higher things than playing jigs and hornpipes for dancing waiters.

August 30.—Heard a pleasant story of the origin of one of the London ragged schools. Miss Howell took a room in a miserable district, and had her piano settled there; as she played, plenty of little faces would come peering in, and she would ask them in all together and play on to them. This went on day after day, until she had some books likewise on the spot, and easily coaxed her musical friends to take a little of her teaching, and the school soon became so large that it had to be organized and placed under regular teachers.

Belfast, September 2.—I was a good deal with the Sabines, who had a torrent of things to tell. The fourth volume of "Cosmos" will be coming out soon.* Humboldt sends Mrs. Sabine sheet by sheet as it comes from his printer. His flattering, courtier-like manner goes off when you are intimate with him, and he honestly disagrees with you where he sees cause.

September 4.—Colonel Sabine took us into the Ethnological Section of the British Association meeting whilst Petermann was reading his paper on the amount of animal life in the Arctic regions. As this had close reference to the probable fate of Franklin and his party, the interest was intense. Murchison, Owen, Sabine, and Prince de Canino all expressed themselves most earnest that the national search should be continued. It was a great treat to be present at this discussion, and to watch the eager interest with which they claimed their friend's life from science and from England. Canino —or Prince Bonaparte, as he now chooses to be called—is a short man of ample circumference, a large head, sparkling good-humored eyes, a mouth of much mobility, and a thorough air of *bonhommie*.

September 12.—On a beautiful starry night we steamed into Falmouth Harbor, which, with the earthly and heavenly lights

* Lady Sabine gave us the English translation of "Cosmos," which is so well known and universally read.

reflected on its surface, looked as beautiful as Cornish hearts could desire. And then on reaching Penjerrick we had a welcome from our beloved ones, on whom, too, earthly and heavenly light shines visible.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, September* 16.—It seems hard to comply with thy request and send thee a gossiping history of our Irish experiences. . . . But we will not join thy other well-meaning friends in speaking voiceless words of comfort. In His own time God Himself will be the Comforter, and till then, deep and awful submission, 'not to a dead fate, but to an infinitely loving will,' is the only fit state for any of us.

"But I am going to write about Ireland,—if I can.

"We began with an interesting visit to our dear friends the Lloyds, near Dublin. Dr. Lloyd is like the most beautiful of Greek philosophers, with the purest, most loving Christianity superadded. He dwells in regions where all high things meet and are harmonized, where music, mathematics, and metaphysics find themselves but several expressions of one law, and the Lawgiver the object of our simplest faith. His wife is a lovely young creature,—a steady thinker where that is needed, but playful, graceful, fascinating with those she loves. . . .

"Then we had the dear old Chevalier Neukomm, with his æolian harps, and his *orgues expressifs*, and his glorious improvisings: likewise his memories of the Haydns, of whom he had learned; of Talleyrand, with whom he had almost lived for twenty years; of Niebuhr, and Bunsen, whose London house is his English home.

"Parsonstown was our first stopping-place, and there we had a really sublime treat in seeing Lord Rosse's telescopes, listening to his admirable explanations and histories of his experiences, watching his honest manly face, seeing the drawings of nebulæ and the cast of a lunar crater, which are the cherished pets of Lady Rosse, and finally being called from our coffee by the advent of a double star on a hazy

night. These we watched through the three-and-a-half-foot telescope, and rejoiced in their contrasted colors of blue and yellow. Then through the monster (in the tube of which we all promenaded at once) we gazed at some groups of stars, but the moon, alas! was impenetrably veiled. The easy yet solemn movement of the vast machine, just visible in the starlight, was in itself a grand sight, quite poetical, even independently of its high purpose.

"From Parsonstown to Killarney, where we spent two days in floating about amid different forms of loveliness, enjoying each other's enjoyment almost as much as our own. It was very delicious, and we took it as idly as any Epicureans on record. Then a peep at Cork and its prosperities, and the very meritorious Exhibition which is open there. The show of Irish resources of various kinds was very cheering indeed, and the Art part of the Exhibition was extremely interesting. They had often brought together the earliest and latest work of some of their painters and sculptors, and left it to thought to fill up the interval.

"Then back to Dublin, and a happy visit to our dear old friends the Lynes: Mrs. Lyne and her daughter Catherine, they alone are left to each other, the father and nine children being taken! But their union is but the more intense, and so unselfish! I have often fancied thee something like Catherine in character: I wonder whether it would feel so if you met. They were fresh from the Plunkets in Connemara, and they had no end of beautiful stories concerning the changes of sentiment in that region, and the evident consequences of such changes. Of course, out of the thousands who have become Protestant, many have no courage for martyrdom, and act accordingly; but the multitudes who remain stanch, spite of whipping, stoning, deprivation of employment, and often of their cabins too, is really wonderful. On to Belfast, where we stayed with a family of Friends before unknown to us, but who received and entertained us with the most unlimited kindness. Thou hast probably seen the accounts of the capital British Association meeting in the newspapers, so

I need not go blundering through it. I hope you have seen Dr. Robinson's speech at the end, which gave a *résumé* of the greatest interests of the meeting. It was so beautiful! Owen's bone theory, Stokes's revelation of the invisible outside ray of the spectrum through the action of sulphate of quinine, Dr. Robinson and Lord Rosse on the nebulæ and telescope, and Colonel Chesney on the Euphrates Expedition, were among the most memorable incidents of the week. Then we paid a visit to the Armagh Observatory, and saw Saturn as we had only guessed him before; and we went to a flourishing village which, five years since, had been a waste, howling wilderness, but through the high-minded energy of our excellent host* has grown into a centre of civilization for the whole neighborhood, and a most happy, prosperous place, with its immense linen-factory, beautiful schools, model houses for workmen, and lovely landscape of hill, valley, and water. Our host is retiring from the money-making part of the affair, that he may devote himself more entirely to the moral and religious welfare of the ten thousand people whom Providence has placed under his and his brother's guidance.

"Returned with the Lloyds for one night to their Castle, and then steamed home over calm seas."

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling and her sister.

"*Falmouth, September* 29.—The story of your journey was very diverting; a severe test for the equality and fraternity theory certainly, but it is well to bring one's principles up hardy. Social reforms, born, nurtured, and matured in a boudoir are very apt to die there too, I fancy.

"We are in the thick of a very pleasant Polytechnic. The Art Exhibition is better, they say, than in any previous year; nevertheless they have not hesitated to give Anna

* Mr. Richardson, of Lisburn and Besbrook, near Newry. No public house is allowed in this colony of four thousand people, with the result of peace and prosperity even at the present time (1881) of national excitement.

Maria two bronze medals,—one for a wave in the Bay of Biscay, the other for her Lisbon Sketch-Book; and, moreover, a public compliment was paid them, which I am almost apt to fancy well deserved. A great attraction is a vast working model of a mine, which has taken the poor man eight years to execute and cost him two hundred pounds. There are a prodigious number of figures, all duly engaged in mining operations, and most of them with distinct movements of their own. It is extremely ingenious and entertaining.

"Yesterday we had a crowd of pleasant visitors, too numerous to mention, but almost all adjourned early to a Polytechnic conversazione, where Uncle Charles, J. Punnett, and papa held forth on various topics, much to the edification of the audience; and the orations were interspersed with lively little discussions, when every one felt free to put in a word.

"I wish you could all see the submarine experiences of Professor Blank, which has received a Polytechnic medal. They are deliciously witty thoughts, most beautifully executed in little pen-and-ink sketches. The Professor has found out a plan of living under water, and proceeds accordingly with his sketch-book under his arm, his camp-stool in his hand, and a look of lively observation on his countenance. He begins by paying his court to Neptune, who receives him graciously and regales him with sea-eggs and jelly-fish. He is soon after that in great danger from an anchor being pulled up and catching in his clothes; he too involuntarily ascends, but happily a sword-fish cuts the cable in two, and he is again at liberty. Then he sits on an oyster-bed and sketches a mermaid, who is reckoned a diving-belle of pre-eminent beauty; but the oysters don't like being sat upon, and creep out of bed before the Professor is prepared for it. Then he makes acquaintance with a hermit crab, who shakes hands with him with unexpected fervor. He rides a sea-horse, and, though an ostler gives him the common counsel, 'Giv' 'im his head and he'll go easy,' our good Professor has painfully to enact John Gilpin the second. He gazes enraptured at the star (fishes), but the sea-urchins (uncommonly like land ones)

make sad sport of his serious air. He finds a beautiful pearl, and is just picking it up with the greatest glee, when the mother of pearl appears and drives him triumphantly from the field, giving the first instance on record of an unmitigated submarine volcano. He has many other experiences, but they end at last in his appearing at the surface of the water, just in front of bathers, who scud into the machine in sore affright.

"We are very proud of the serpentine works sent this year, especially the inlaid groups of flowers, quite as good as the *pietra dura* of Florence."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 4.—. . . How art thou agreeing with the foreshadowing of winter, I wonder? It certainly has a metaphysical as well as physical influence on people in general, and suggests all sorts of feelings and thoughts, not necessarily sad, but certainly not gay. The dead leaves at our feet, and the skeleton trees above us, give us a sort of infant-school lesson in human history, teaching us, moreover, to spell some syllables of the promise of being once more 'clothed upon' when the appointed time shall come. And what shall we make of the evergreens? Yes, I think I know human evergreens too, whose change is but a translation to the regions for which they were created. . . .

"Of the 'Reformation Society' we know nothing, but unite with thee in believing St. Paul's affirmative method to be the Christian one. Oh, how often have I writhed under missionary boasts of having destroyed the faith of their *protégés* in that which had been holy to them, as though that first step were a great gain, even though no second one were firmly made! F. D. Maurice, on the contrary, helps each to feel how momentous and how fruitful is the Truth—it may be hidden, yet still living—in that form of religion which you profess; and he points out how, by living earnestly in *it*, it expands and deepens, and by assimilating with other Truths displaces gradually all that is incompatible with it. And was our Lord's teaching destructive or creative in tone?" . . .

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 30.—Well, I have read those papers in 'Fraser.' . . . Never mind, they will all come to think rightly some day, but through what processes of teaching, God only knows. May we but be willing to learn the Truth at all costs, however the sharp corners of our prejudices may jog against it, or however it may disturb the easy quiet of custom. I say *our* prejudices most honestly, for indeed I am very ready to believe that mine will be quite as roughly handled as other people's, and that I may have quite as many surprises as they when we are brought to see things *as they are*. Meanwhile, what we each have to do is to endeavor to walk steadily in the path which we clearly see straight before us, and, when we come upon a perplexing ganglion of paths, wait patiently and take our bearings."

Falmouth, November 30.—At the Bank House, when enter Elihu Burritt, looking as beautifully refined an American Indian as ever. He has formed a little Peace Society here, with meetings, funds, books, and a secretary, and has cleverly managed to persuade the editors of many influential foreign newspapers to give constant insertion to its little "Olive Leaf," which is well. He gave a lecture at the Polytechnic on the extension of the penny-postage system. It was conclusively argumentative and well buttressed with facts, statistical, financial, and social. Our ragged boys in the gallery quite agreed with him, and the feeling of the meeting crystallized into a petition.

CHAPTER XIX.

1853.

"Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?" SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 19.—MY DEAR E.,—It's only I, but never mind. Neither do I like either to be or to appear ungrateful, and so with all my heart thank thee for my share in the two last despatches. It is a long time to go back to the first of them, with its triumphant refutation of Kingsley's 'Miracles Made Easy,' Ireland's claims on the best feelings of England, and several other popular fallacies, with neither the pros or cons of which I am sufficiently acquainted to enter the lists with thee. As for 'Alton Locke,' I totally forget all the miraculous part, and only read it as an intensely, frightfully practical book, and bought a more expensive pair of boots in consequence!

"And as for Ireland, poor dear impracticable Ireland, let us be thankful that we are not made governors over one city. The state of the North, especially as we saw it around Belfast, proved that the problem of introducing order into that chaos is not one for absolute despair; a mixture of races, and steady employment, and energetic wills, and benevolent hearts, have done wonders there in a very few years, without many Staffordine executions or despotisms, so far as I could hear of. . . .

"I wish thou wouldst always choose Monday for writing to us, and then we should get those Sunday thoughts which surely ought to have a vent before those woful account-books give a comfortless direction to thy ideas. I feel for thee among them from the bottom of my heart; for am not I the

treasurer of the Industrial Society, and do my accounts ever balance?

"We have just had a long visit from a Prussian sailor-friend of ours from the Sailors' Home, called Kisting: he is a ship's carpenter, who fell from the mast and broke leg and hand, but is now nicely mended. He is quite a man of education, and is delighted to have books; moreover, we have taught him to read as well as talk a little English during his dreary confinement, and I was excessively charmed at receiving a lovely, graceful little note from his sister, thanking us for the small kindnesses shown to him. He is thoroughly with *us* in thinking the manufacture of war-machines 'unnatural and unchristian,' and he said when he saw two cannons taken on board ship with great circumstance, and heard the clergy pronouncing their blessings on them, 'I felt that it was not right.' . . .

"Does friendship really go on to be more a pain than a pleasure? I doubt it; for even in its deepest sorrows there is a joy which makes ordinary 'pleasure' a very poor meaningless affair. No, no; we need never be scared from the very depths of friendship by its possible consequences. The very fact of loving another more than yourself is in itself such a blessing that it seems scarcely to require any other, and puts you in a comfortable position of independence." . . .

January 29.—Barclay is at the Manchester Peace Conference, which is going on capitally; it is in a practical tone, though held in a very financial atmosphere. He followed Cobden unexpectedly in a speech, and got through it well, describing the origin of the Peace Society, and telling the story of a French privateer letting a captured ship loose on finding that its owner was a Friend.

February 7.—Kisting (from the Sailors' Home) is staying with us. He talked of Humboldt, and how, during the uproar of '48, the mob rushed from house to house taking possession, at last came to Humboldt's; he opened wide the door and answered, "Oh, yes, come in and take what you

can find. I have always been glad to do what I can for you. I am Humboldt." It acted like magic to see the simply-clad, white-haired old man standing there with his kind arms extended; and when they heard the name they loved so well, they felt only as children who saw their father before them.

February 20.—Received letters about the sad attempt at insurrection at Milan. Mazzini left England with little hope, but the affair was hurried on by the Milanese declaring that if he would not direct them they must direct themselves. It was discovered forty-eight hours before it was designed to explode, on which Mazzini sent expresses to stop the movement in other towns; those in Milan chose to die fighting rather than on the scaffold. Mazzini and Saffi, though not apprehended, must yet be in great danger in those parts, and Mrs. Carlyle says he took leave of her as one who never expected to see her again; he kissed her and said, "Be strong and good until I return," and he seemed to go from a sense of duty rather than of hope. It is a most grievous error.

March 10.—As we turned the corner of a lane during our walk, a man and a bull came in sight,—the former crying out, "Ladies, save yourselves as you can!" the latter scudding onward slowly but furiously. I jumped aside on a little hedge, but thought the depth below rather too great,—about nine or ten feet; but the man cried, "Jump!" and I jumped. To the horror of all, the bull jumped after me. My fall stunned me, so that I knew nothing of my terrible neighbor, whose deep autograph may be now seen quite close to my little one. He thought me dead, and only gazed without any attempt at touching me, though pacing round, pawing and snorting, and thus we were for about twenty minutes. The man, a kind soul but no hero, stood on the hedge above, charging me from time to time not to move. Indeed, my first recollection is of his friendly voice. And so I lay still, wondering how much was reality and how much dream; and when I tried to think of my situation, I pronounced it too dreadful to be true, and certainly a dream. Then I contemplated a drop of blood and a lump of mud, which looked very

real indeed, and I thought it very imprudent in any man to make me lie in a pool: it would surely give me rheumatism. I longed to peep at the bull, but was afraid to venture on such a movement. Then I thought, I shall probably be killed in a few minutes, how is it that I am not taking it more solemnly? I tried to do so, seeking rather for preparation for death than restoration to life. Then I checked myself with the thought, It's only a dream, so it's really quite profane to treat it in this way; and so I went on oscillating. There was, however, a rest in the dear will of God which I love to remember; also a sense of the simplicity of my condition,—nothing to do to involve others in suffering, only to endure what was laid upon me. To me the time did not seem nearly so long as they say it was: at length the drover, having found some bullocks, drove them into the field, and my bull, after a good deal of hesitation, went off to his own species. Then they have a laugh at me that I stayed to pick up some oranges I had dropped before taking the man's hand and being pulled up the hedge; but in all this I acted as a somnambulist, with only fitful gleams of consciousness and memory.

April 3.—Cobden is so delighted with Barclay's tract, "My friend Mr. B.," that he requests it may be printed on good paper and sent to every member of the two Houses, which is to be done.

Interesting letter from Henry F. Barclay from Paris, with an account of the dinner at the Tuileries given to the deputation from the commercial community of London to the Emperor.* It was a small party; the Emperor and Empress,

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* On Easter Monday, at half-past one o'clock, the Emperor of the French received at the Tuileries the deputation of the merchants of London.

The Ministers of State, of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior were present.

The deputation was composed of Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P., Sir Edward N. Buxton, Bart., Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. W. Gladstone, Mr. J. D. Powles, Mr. Glyn, Mr. Dent, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Masterman.

Sir James Duke addressed the Emperor in the following terms:

"Sire,—We have the honor and the gratification to appear before your Majesty for the purpose of presenting to your Majesty, and to the French nation, a declaration from the commercial community of the metropolis of the

with three ladies, joined them in the Empress's drawing-room, and they were not at all prepared to see so lovely a creature.

British Empire, embodying the sentiments of amity and respect by which they are animated towards their brethren of France.

"The circumstances which have called forth this declaration being fully stated in the declaration itself, bearing the signatures of upwards of four thousand of the merchants, bankers, and traders of London, we have only to add the expression of our conviction that this document conveys at the same time a faithful representation of the feelings of the people of England at large.

"In conclusion, Sire, we beg to express to your Imperial Majesty our fervent hope that, under your reign, France and England may be always united in a friendly and mutually beneficial intercourse, and that from the friendship of these two great nations results may ensue favorable to the peace of the world and the happiness of mankind."

The hon. baronet then read the following, which he afterwards presented to his Imperial Majesty:—

"DECLARATION OF THE MERCHANTS, BANKERS, TRADERS, AND OTHERS OF LONDON.—We, the undersigned merchants, bankers, traders, and others of London, feel ourselves called upon at this time publicly to express the concern with which we learn, through various channels of information, that an impression exists in the minds of the people of France that feelings of an unfriendly character are entertained towards them by the people of England.

"We think it right emphatically to declare that we believe no such feelings exist on the part of the English people towards the people of France. We believe the welfare of both nations to be closely interwoven, as well in a mutually advantageous and commercial intercourse as in a common participation in all the improvements of art and science.

"Rejoicing in the reflection that nearly forty years have passed since the final cessation of hostilities between France and England, we record our conviction that European wars should be remembered only to be deplored, for the sacrifice of life and treasure with which they were attended, the hindrances they interposed to all useful enterprise and social advancement, the angry and unchristian feelings which they evoked in their progress, and the heavy financial burdens which they left behind them at their close,—considerations which supply the most powerful motives to every individual in the European community to avoid, and to oppose by every means in his power, whatever may tend to cause the recurrence of such evils.

"We desire to remark that if, in that expression of opinion on public questions which the press of this country is accustomed to exercise, it is found occasionally to speak with apparent harshness of the government or the institutions of other States, the same is not to be understood in a spirit of national hostility, or as desiring to give offence. We feel that with the internal policy or mode of government which the French nation may think good to adopt for itself it is not for British subjects to interfere, further than heartily to desire that it may result in peace and happiness to all interested therein.

Their Majesties preceded them in to dinner and sat side by side, Lord and Lady Cowley flanking them; it was a real pleasure to see the husband and wife quite flirting together, as happy as birds. After dinner, when they all returned to the drawing-room, the Emperor and Empress separately went about conversing pleasantly with all the different guests,—the Empress on the Exhibition and the improvements around Paris, and the Emperor and Samuel Gurney on the state of the country, the good the deputation had done, the difficulty of understanding the state of things around you until cleared up by inquiring of ministers, the mischief of the tone taken by some of the English papers, the difference between the nature of the two countries. "In France," said the Emperor, "revolutions are easy, but reforms slow, almost impossible; in England reforms are steady and certain, but revolutions can never be accomplished."

London, May 4.—To the Bible meeting. Dr. Cumming was most felicitous in language and illustration; Hugh M'Neil very brilliant and amusing on tradition *versus* Scripture; then an American bishop and his friend spoke as a deputation.

"We conclude this declaration by proclaiming our earnest desire for the long continuance of cordiality and good will between Frenchmen and Englishmen, our determination to do all in our power to uphold the same, and our fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations may in future only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace and in extending the sources of social improvement for their common benefit."

His Majesty replied in English:

"I am extremely touched by this manifestation. It confirms me in the confidence with which the good sense of the English nation has always inspired me. During the long stay I made in England I admired the liberty she enjoys,—thanks to the perfection of her institutions. Nevertheless, at one period last year I feared that public opinion was misled with regard to the true state of France and her sentiments towards Great Britain. But the good faith of a great people cannot be long deceived, and the step which you now take is a striking proof of this.

"Ever since I have held power my efforts constantly tend to develop the prosperity of France. I know her interests; they are not different from those of all other civilized nations. Like you, I desire peace; and, to make it sure, I wish, like you, to draw closer the bonds which unite our two countries."

The deputation then retired.

Dr. Binney, in a clever, free-and-easy speech, sympathized with them (on slavery being still an institution in their country); and Mrs. H. B. Stowe being present in a side-gallery gave great piquancy to these remarks, and the room was in a tumult of sympathy.

May 8.—Charles Gilpin took us to a presentation of Shakespeare, by nine thousand working Englishmen, to Kossuth.* We were in a little orchestra with Madame Kossuth, who is an anxious, careworn, but refined-looking woman, with very prominent eyes. Her husband is a very manly-looking Saxon, with clear blue eyes and much openness of expression; he was in his Hungarian dress, and the people were in incontrollable excitement at his entrance. Lord Dudley Stuart was in the chair, and contrived cleverly to bespeak a loyal tone to the meeting, which was certainly in a most democratic spirit. Then old, rather crabbed-looking Douglas Jerrold presented Shakespeare's house and works in a very good,

* "On the 17th of November, 1852, Douglas Jerrold wrote to the editor of the 'Daily News' the following letter:

"'SIR,—It is written in the brief history made known to us of Kossuth, that in an Austrian prison he was taught English by the words of the teacher Shakespeare. An Englishman's blood glows with the thought that from the quiver of the immortal Saxon Kossuth has furnished himself with those arrowy words that kindle as they fly,—words that are weapons, as Austria will know. Would it not be a graceful tribute to the genius of the man who has stirred our nation's heart to present to him a copy of Shakespeare? To do this I would propose a penny subscription. The large amount of money obtained by these means, the cost of the work itself being small, might be expended on the binding of the volumes, and on a casket to contain them. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would rejoice thus to endeavor to manifest their gratitude to Kossuth for the glorious words he has uttered among us,—words that have been as pulses to the nation.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.'

"This idea was caught up at once, and the author of it went enthusiastically through all the trouble of collecting the people's pence. Months were spent, but the money came in. And the volumes were bought, and sent to be bound. Then for the casket, for there was yet money to spare. Another idea! It should be a model of Shakespeare's house in inlaid woods, all beautifully worked. The casket was accordingly made, and a meeting was called for the 8th of May, 1853, to present the gift of the nation to Kossuth."—*Vide* "Life of Douglas Jerrold," by his Son, pp. 251, 252, etc.

though, of course, intensely eulogistic, speech. Kossuth replied wonderfully; his language so well chosen and pronounced with such emphasis and point: his attitudes were quiet and unstudied, and he impressed one with vastly more respect than we had ever felt for him before. He described his first introduction to our language when in prison and utterly alone, not seeing the trees or the sky; he begged that a book might be granted him. "Very well, if not on politics." "May I have an English Shakespeare, grammar, and dictionary?" These were given, and so he labored and pored for a while, till light broke in and a new glory streamed into his captive life.

Penzance, August 27.—At the Land's End, breathing in the beauty of the scene. I could not help rather wishing myself in the Longships Light-house, with duty so clearly defined and so really important, yet so much time left for one's own meditations.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

Penjerrick, October 3.—Thy most welcome letter would have been acknowledged much sooner, but I had such a mass and variety of everybody's business to attend to as quite bewildered my poor little mind. Now, however, the pressure from without has greatly abated, and poor little mind aforesaid is, I really hope, getting into a more tidy and manageable condition. . . .

"Our winter looks a little disjointed,* but they are all so anxious to see the simply right course to take that I have no doubt of the dissected map being put neatly together before long. Jane has all her children in the North except little Gurney, who is my heart's-delight, and a perfect mass of sunshine to us. I have never before had a child thrown so much on my care, and most delicious I find the tender little dependence. And then I have also the very new and very exalting experience of my presence or absence being absolutely a mat-

* This refers to her brother's health being delicate, and he and his wife having to leave their children and go abroad.

ter of importance to one dear human being. And, oh, how much that dear mother and I do make of each other! . . . Maurice's new book, 'Theological Essays,' is a great event to me. . . . It fills one with ponderings on large subjects, and I trust he helps one to ponder them in a large and trustful spirit, or, at least, to desire to do so. In his special results there is plenty of matter for difference as well as agreement, but for the spirit in which he seeks them—thank God."

Caroline Fox to J. M. Backhouse.

"*Penjerrick, November* 2.—Pray thank Aunt Charles for the sight of the enclosed portrait of the Stevensons. How incalculable is the national importance of one such genuine Christian family! Tell her that the King's College Council has decided *against* F. D. Maurice, proclaiming him (as Socrates before him) a dangerous teacher for youth! This may probably be but the beginning of ordeals for the brave and faithful soul. He has expected it for months, but it comes at last as a very painful blow. His beautiful book, 'The Kings and Prophets of the Old Testament,' dedicated to your friend Thomas Erskine in such a lovely letter, seems to me an admirable preparation for his present discipline. But I imagine him in deep anxiety lest party spirit and revenge should be awakened in the hearts of those who feel how much they owe him."

November 29.—The Enys's brought a very remarkable woman over here for several hours,—Courtney Boyle, for twenty years maid of honor to Queen Adelaide, of whom she speaks with most reverent affection. Though now in years and most eccentric in dress, she is very beautiful and very charming. Her gray hair all flows back at its own sweet will, in utter ignorance of combs and hair-pins, and on the top is placed a broad-brimmed black beaver hat with a feather in it, which she often takes off and carries in her hand. She warbles and whistles like a bird, and was in thorough harmony with nature and Uncle Joshua. As she stood on our

bridge and looked at what is called the London road, she remarked, "The world is all very well in its place, but it has no business here." She often pays long visits to W. S. Landor, when he takes her back into the old times, and they have Dante and Beatrice and such-like at table with them.

December 10.—Amelia Opie is gone home, after an illness borne with much gentle peace and trust and ended with severe bodily conflict. I have had a series of leave-takings among my cottage friends, and a dog and a cat followed me so pertinaciously that it was some trouble to dispense with them. And, sitting down under the hedge, old Pascoe and I read of Christian and Hopeful passing over the river, and we looked across to the cottage of one who had long been trembling on its banks, but had now been carried over and welcomed by the shining ones.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, December* 19.— . . . Oh, I love thy definition of heroism right heartily, and thank thee for every word thou hast written on the subject. Speak it out boldly and often, for it is sorely needed in our egotistic day and generation. Strange indeed that self should show its ugly face there, but most truly it does, and complicates our sense of right and duty often in the strangest fashion, sometimes in the fatallest way. The longer one lives—and I have lived a very long while—the more earnest, I think, our desires become for *simplicity* of judgment and of action; the simple *right*, even if it should be the *pleasant* too, rather than any morbid sutteeism, into which one may be driven from mere dread of self-indulgence. . . . But heroism surely implies self-forgetfulness: let self be exalted or trampled under foot just as it may happen, but the deed must be done. . . . I have often been struck with precisely this state of things in ——, and accordingly she does habitually many fine little things, whilst perhaps I may be reading admirable treatises on self-sacrifice and wondering how best to apply them. And I believe she has no idea that she forgets self. Heaven bless her!"

CHAPTER XX.

1854.

"Oh, seek no bliss but to fulfil,
In Life, in Death, His holy will."

"This couplet has been so perpetually running through my head that I may as well adopt it as my New Year's motto and watchword."—C. F.

Torquay, January 30.—Charles Kingsley called, but we missed him.

February 3.—We paid him and his wife a very happy call; he fraternizing at once, and stuttering pleasant and discriminating things concerning F. D. Maurice, Coleridge, and others. He looks sunburnt with dredging all the morning, has a piercing eye under an overhanging brow, and his voice is most melodious and his pronunciation exquisite. He is strangely attractive.

February 25.—The St. Petersburg Peace Deputation has greatly flourished. They had half an hour's colloquy with the Czar, who talked very freely over European politics and told them of his pacific desires and bellicose necessities. He ended by shaking hands and saying, "You would like to see my wife." So they saw her, and she had evidently been watching the previous interview, for she told them that there were tears in the Czar's eyes as they spoke to him. He means to send a reply to the Address from the Society of Friends: every king looks over the precipice of war, but happily with far more of shuddering than heretofore.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, March* 18.—As for C. Kingsley, I can't half answer thy questions: we saw much more of his wife than himself, and of her rather intimately. He has rather the

look which thou suggests *a priori*, but his wife's stories of him are delightful,—the solemn sense of duty under which he writes, the confirming letters he has received from far and near from ardent young spirits, who thank him for having rescued them from infidelity. Such things console him greatly for being ranked among his country's plagues. 'Yeast' was the book which was written with his heart's blood; it was the outcome of circumstances, and cost him an illness. Thou knows that Anthony Froude, the author of the burnt 'Nemesis,' has become his brother-in-law.

"Hast thou read William Conybeare's clever paper on Church Parties in the October 'Edinburgh'? We had the Low, High, and Broad admirably illustrated at Torquay,—the Stevensons, the Kingsleys, and a family of very charming people, one of whom gave me a long discourse on the blessings of auricular confession. It is very delightful to get beneath all those crusty names and find the true human heart beating right humanly in each and all.

"The British fleet has reached Copenhagen. Such is to-day's news. The staff does not start till next week for Constantinople. . . . So neither Cobden's doves, nor the fanatical Quakers, nor the European Powers are likely to interfere with what thou considers the right way of settling a vexed question. Poor Czar! what strange dreams he must have, and what a strange awakening!" . . .

March 27.—Judge Talfourd died suddenly on the bench at Stafford, after a striking charge, in which he dwelt on the lack of sympathy between the classes, and the fruitful source of crime which this proved,—employers and employed holding a mechanical rather than a human relation to each other.

May 24.—Madame de Wette is staying with us, the widow of the well-known Professor.* She is lively, shrewd, warm-

* Professor de Wette, author of critical works on the Bible and theology. That his teaching became more constructive than destructive is shown in the preface to his last book,—"Commentary on the Apocalypse,"—where he says, "In studying the Apocalypse, I have not learned to prophesy; I cannot, there-

hearted, and with much knowledge of books and men. Professor Vinet was her dear friend, and of him she gives lovely scraps and sketches. She described an amusing evening she spent with the Emperor Alexander at her sister's house at Basle, where all etiquette was put aside and they were as happy as birds. She told him that they would hope to see him again at Basle, but with a smaller attendance (he was then on his way from Paris with thirty thousand men).

June 5.—Some of Madame de Wette's stories are very characteristic of the men and their times. Her husband had once been accidentally received and kindly entertained by Sand's mother; so after the murder of Kotzebue, and the execution of the poor fanatic, he wrote a letter of comfort to the poor old lady, saying that though a human tribunal could not but judge and condemn him, yet we might trust that God, who saw his intention, might judge differently and show him mercy. The Prussian government was then in a very sensitive state, suspecting conspiracy against itself: so, on searching the poor old lady's papers and discovering this letter, they thought De Wette's politics unsatisfactory in a college professor, and expelled him from Prussia. He and Schleiermacher had worked much together, so it was a sore wrench, and the students were half frantic at the loss of what they considered their best teacher; so he came to Basle, and there he was theological professor until he died. Before she married him she was staying with Vinet, and asked what he thought of De Wette's views on the non-eternity of punishment. He said, "I think Professor de Wette wrong, and he thinks me wrong; but we cannot tell which of us may be the mistaken one, and it is not a subject which need in any way separate true Christians."

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fore, know what is to be the future state of our beloved Evangelical Church: yet I do know one thing, that there is no salvation but in the name of Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ crucified; that for our humanity there is nothing above, nothing beyond, the union of God and man realized in Him; that the reign of God founded by Him on earth is very far still from having entered into the life itself, even of those who justly are considered as being the most zealous and devoted Christians."

One Saturday, when news came of some poor people being burnt out of house and home, she asked Vinet if she might spend Sunday in working for them, as she had nothing with her to give. "Well," he replied, "as I suppose your and my wife's tongues will be wagging all day, I cannot say that it will be any worse for your thumbs to wag too: so I leave it to your own convictions."

July 23.—We had a visit from Sir Charles Lemon and Dr. Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's. He is bowed down more with study than age, for his eyes are bright and keen, and have a depth of geniality and poetic feeling lying in them, overshadowed as they are by black shaggy eyebrows; the features are all good, and the mouth very mobile in form and expression. He is most friendly in manner and free in conversation; greatly open to admiring the beautiful world around him, and expressing himself with a poet's choice of language, and sometimes with a Coleridgean intoned emphasis. They are going to explore our coast, winding up with Tintagel, whither as a boy he was poetically attracted, and wrote a poem called "The City of Light," made up of King Arthur, the Anglo-Saxons, and all sorts of things which he was utterly incompetent to put together. "And when is Arthur coming again?" said I, with a laudable desire for information. "He has come," was the reply; "we have had our second Arthur: can he be better represented than in the Duke of Wellington?"

The Dean used often to see and hear S. T. Coleridge, but his wonderful talk was far too unvaried from day to day; also, there were some absolute deficiencies in it, such as the total absence of wit; still, it was very remarkable. "But," he added, "I used to be wicked enough to divide it into three parts: one third was admirable, beautiful in language and exalted in thought; another third was sheer absolute nonsense; and of the remaining third, I knew not whether it were sense or nonsense."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, July* 29.—My dear E.,—Indeed I would have maintained a decent silence for some weeks, but then there is mamma's gratitude about the fruit! and papa's words concerning Madeira earths, which, lest I forget, I will here set down. . . .

"If thou wert cross, I was assuredly wondrous pragmatical in my 'good advice;' well, I suppose to the world's end some must preach and others practise, for you can't expect either party to do double duty. . . .

"Uncle and Aunt Charles are just returned from their long and eventful absence. . . . She has brought home three little baby tortoises, most exquisite black demonettes an inch and a half long, with long tails, who, I have no doubt, often prove comforters. 'What am I doing—thinking—reading?' My dear E., very little of either. Taking life far too easily, and enjoying it far too much,—I mean the indolent part of it. The only book I shall chronicle is the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' which I read with the Tregedna cousins,—an exquisite and inspiring vision of persevering and successful struggle with the evil part of human nature; and H. Martineau's history of thirty English years, really giving one a very interesting insight into the birth of many ideas which have now got into jackets and trousers."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 21.—Now I have been a little long in writing, haven't I? But only listen to me, and grant that there has been little time for letter-writing. These daily peace-essays, published in a paper called the 'Times,' are enough to account for any one's being kept in a breathless silence of attention, awe-stricken, shuddering, asking with round eyes, 'What next?'

"But, besides this, Robin and I have been with Barclay to Southampton, and seen him off for Alexandria in the good ship 'Indus,' and then with heavy hearts went to London.

Everything on board the 'Indus' looked promising; the second officer magnificently gave up his luxurious cabin, and when the bell rang we left our brother, feeling that we ought to be thankful for the present and trustful for the future. His brother-in-law, John Hodgkin, came down that morning from London to see him off; he was in every way a great comfort and strength; for we had a little time of solemn silence and as solemn prayer before going on board, which, though most touching, was essentially strengthening and helpful. The weather has been so fine since he left that we feel we have had no pretext for anxiety, and all we hear and all we know argues that he is doing the very wisest thing possible, and that there is every probability of its bringing him into a very different state of health from that in which we part from him. And how different from an embarkation for Sebastopol!

"F. Maurice was much cheered by the good beginning of his People's College, and especially by the unexpectedly large attendance of his own Bible-class on Sunday evening; his inaugural lecture, I hear, was very fine and telling." . . .

December 20.—I must copy Barclay's little Psalm of Life sent to his wife:

"TE DEUM.

"The sea, the shore, and the morning
A glorious anthem raise:
Shall I not swell the chorus
With a hearty hymn of praise?

"Creator, Guide, Protector,
In whose strength grow we strong,
Shall we not trust Thee wholly,
Who've proved Thy power so long?

"Surely, Thou art our Father,
Acknowledged or unknown;
And we, but little children
That cannot run alone.

"In small things, as in greater,
Thy watchful care I see;
All work together for their good
Who love and lean on Thee.

"Yes, Thou art still our Father,
Whether we go or stay,
In 'sweet home's' tranquil duties,
Or gliding o'er Biscay.

"A silver chain extendeth
From Falmouth to the Nile,
And thrills with soft vibration
'Neath Thy paternal smile,

"And, tightening gently, draws us
Tow'rd Thee, and each tow'rd each,
In mystical communion,
Beyond expression's reach.

"Most surely we will trust Thee,
Our Father, Guardian, Friend;
Thou hast been with us hitherto,
And wilt be to the end."

R. B. F.

CAIRO, 24*th November*.

CHAPTER XXI.

1855.

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come."—H. BONAR.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 10.—My poor dear afflicted friend, who can't enlist!—I quite agree with thee, not one word about the war. . . . Our notions get a little revolutionized in times like this. Pray, pray that whatever is Christian in us may be deepened, strengthened, vitalized in these times of strong temptation, when so many uncertificated angels of light are filling our atmosphere and bewildering the most earnest souls. My silence on the subject of war has like thine reached the third page, so I will *break* it by a winding-up remark of my dear friend F. D. Maurice after a chat we had had on this same topic. I.—'Won't the world come to think with *us* some day?' (!) F. D. M.—'They will be brought to think *rightly* on the subject, though it may be very differently from either you or me.'"

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, January* 31.—. . . . I am rather flattered to find that we are considered such an easy-going people, captious only on that one unmentionable topic war! I had fancied we were the acknowledged nuisance of good society from

our multiform and multifarious crotchets and 'testimonies.' Why, what a fuss we made about the slave-trade and slavery: then there was no peace with us because the prisons must needs be looked after; then the asylums for the insane must be differently managed; then we positively refused to swear on any consideration; a large majority of us equally decline drinking anything more stimulating than coffee, and strongly urge the same course on others; then how dogged we are in practical protest against a paid ministry: in fact, there is no end to our scrupulosities, and we surely are considered the most difficile and bizarre body in Christendom (if we are to be found there). But perhaps thy special allusion is to our not vigorously opposing the money-getting spirit of the age. Ah, my dear Elizabeth, there is a grievous amount of truth in this (supposed) charge, but I will say that it is *in spite of* the earnest advice and beseeching of our official superiors. I always try to account for the phenomenon by remembering that we are essentially a middle-class community; that among us industry, perseverance, and energy of character are habitually cultivated, and that as our crotchets keep us out of almost all the higher walks of professional life, this industry, perseverance, and energy is found in the money market, and is apt to succeed therein. All I can say in apology (for it *does* require an apology) is that the wealth we gain is not generally spent on ourselves alone. But pray tell us candidly which of the other crying evils of our country thou wouldst urge on our attention, for there are many listening for 'calls' who would thankfully take a good hint." . . .

March 3.—From Barclay letters have come, ending cheerfully from a tomb under the shadow of the Pyramids, with the mild-visaged Sphinx as next-door neighbor, and his friend H. Taylor in the tent at his side, four Arabs watching over their slumbers to warn away wolves and Bedouins. He is feeling better for this beginning of desert life, and chose the old tomb because it is warmer by night and cooler by day than the tent; so he had it fresh sanded, and a carpet hung before the door.

Caroline Fox to E. Lloyd.

"*Falmouth, April* 7.—I will not let the week close without asking thy pity and thy prayers. Ah! and thy thanksgivings too. For God in His Fatherly love has been pleased to send us a great sorrow; but consolations *far* beyond the sorrow He has been pleased to grant also.

"It was last Sunday that the tidings reached us that our dearest Barclay had been called hence to be forever with his Lord. Twenty-four tranquil, peaceful, holy hours succeeded the breaking of a blood-vessel, and then he fell asleep—*literally* fell asleep—and awoke in the Saviour's arms. It was all so painless, so quiet, so holy, that how can we but give thanks, and pray that we may not envy him, but rather bear our little burdens faithfully and meekly for a few short years, and then ——!

"It was so beautiful that he had asked the missionary Lieder and his wife to come and visit him at his encampment by the Pyramids, because they were in trouble; so they came, and had some bright, most enjoyable days together; and thus, when the last illness came they nursed him with parental tenderness; and even after the spirit had fled, they cared for all that was left, and watched beside him in the desert. Mrs. Lieder has kindly written most minute details of those days, and *all* our thoughts of him are thoughts of peace. Even his very last words it is granted us to know. In answer to some remark of Mr. Lieder's, he said, 'What a mercy it is that Christ not only frees us from the guilt of sin, but also delivers us from its power!'"

April 26.—I could fill volumes with remembrances and personal historiettes of interesting people, but for whom should I record them now? How strangely the heart falls back on itself, exhausted and desolate, unless it gazes upward until the clouds open, and then ——!

Caroline Fox to Clara Mill.

"*Penjerrick, May* 7.—And then thy poor brother, with his failing health and depressed spirits, walking up Etna! Think of my boldness, I actually wrote to him! It came over me so strongly one morning that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all His promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. It makes one long to join worthily in the eternal song of, 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ'! I can still report of our little party as fairly well, though perhaps feeling what an earthquake it has been, not less now than at first."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 13.—With all my heart I congratulate thee on being at home once more,—that blessed, blessed, essentially English luxury. The Swiss have their mountains, the French their Paris, the English their home. Happy English!

"No, we have no pretext for quarrelling about St. Paul, nor even with him. I have heard that text thou quotes, 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable,' explained somewhat after this fashion. All the nations around you—Greek, Roman, Asiatics—have framed their instinct of an after-life with some theory or vision or other,—some Elysian fields, some halls of Eblis or of Odin. If you Christians ignore an existence after this mortal life, how poor is your conception of man's great being,—how small, incomplete, and false! you are of all men most miser-

able. This, I think, is rather more satisfactory than to conceive that St. Paul was whining over the scratches that he and his suffered along the path of their pilgrimage, as if *they* were an appreciable counterbalance to the glorious joy of their calling and their faith even in this present life. Are we agreed?

"Something in thy letter induces me to quote the 'Heavenly Thought' appointed for this morning: the speaker is Mrs. M. Maitland: 'It's ever my thought that the most God-fearing man should be the most blythe man.'

"Hast thou read Kingsley's 'Westward Ho'? It is very magnanimous in me to name him, for it is all in thy interest; a fine foe-exterminating book of Elizabeth's time, done and written in the religious spirit of Joshua and David. For Spaniards read Russians, and it is truly a tract for the times, *selon toi*."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*November* 16.—Papa has been busy making bottled compasses for Brunel's great ship, who begged him to get at some magnetic results for him, but papa must experiment in the neighborhood of much larger masses of iron than he can scrape together here. One thing, however, he has made out, that a needle suspended in water becomes quiet in its true position wonderfully sooner than when, as usual, hung in air; hence bottled compasses. But if thou and Dr. Cumming say that the world is at its last gasp, what is the use of inventing any worldly thing, when either destruction or intuition is so nigh at hand? The dear old world! one certainly fancied it in its very infancy blundering over BA *ba*, AB *ab*; but it may be dotage, for truly one sees people nowadays quite *blasés* at twenty. Which was its period of manhood? I suppose Kingsley would not hesitate in giving it to the reign of our Elizabeth. But Kingsley is no prophet of mine, however much he may sometimes rejoice and at others strike me with awe. Ah! and that would only apply to England; and, if I remember rightly, nothing short of the destruction of a

world would satisfy Dr. Cumming. Oh! the comfort and blessing of knowing that our future is in other hands than Dr. Cumming's! how restful it makes one, and so willing to have the veil still closely drawn which separates Now from Then. It often strikes me that one must look forward to some catastrophe for London, similar in spirit, however diverse in form, to what befell Babylon, Jerusalem, and Palmyra; but the How and When. . . .

"Ah, yes! I admit sorrowfully enough that there has been a canker in our Peace, that we have not received it in a holy enough spirit or turned it to highest uses; and yet in reading, as I have just done, the history of the 'Thirty Years' Peace' (it is by H. Martineau, and I can't help it!), one cannot but feel that those thirty years were not wasted; that great strides were made in the right direction, towards education, mutual comprehension of nations, classes, and individuals, sympathy with the weak and suffering, and a few other things. Of course there is neither time nor money now for carrying out many of the ideas which have been the slow growth of time and pain; but, if we are even now learning deeper lessons than those which have been suspended, we will thank our Teacher, not sullenly as a mere onerous duty, but with marvelling childlike trust; at least, we will try to do so. . . .

"Oh, I *do* like what thou says about division of labor, and qualified people taking the simple generalship in all departments, and choosing their colonels, adjutants, and sergeants, instead of doing the privates' work themselves, though doubtless they ought to be *capable* of that too. As to 'malign influences,' I generally feel myself thoroughly guilty of my own sins, and desire more to be delivered from a weak or rebel will than from Satanic power; but in this, as in most other things, I may be very much mistaken. We shall know by and by."

CHAPTER XXII.

1856.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy. . . .
The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel. . . .
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."—WORDSWORTH.

Penjerrick, March 2.—Sir Charles Lemon and his sister paid us a visit: as an illustration of Macaulay's preternatural quickness, he mentioned a friend of his travelling with him and reading a new book which Macaulay had not seen. The friend grew weary and indulged in a ten minutes' sleep; on awaking, they resumed their talk, which fell on topics *apropos* of the book, when Macaulay was full of quotations, judgments, and criticisms. "But I thought you had not seen it," said his friend. "Oh, yes; when you were asleep I looked at it;" and it seemed as if no corner of it were unexplored.

March 29.—One of my poor friends, Mrs. Bastin, told me of having, whilst living in Liverpool, passed for dead after cholera for twenty-four hours; the authorities wanted her buried, but her brother-in-law, a pious man, declared, "No, she don't look like death, she was not prepared to die, and no one shall go near her but me." So he rubbed and prayed, and prayed and rubbed, and at last her life was restored to her thankful family. In the very next court lived a man who had to go away for a day or two, so he said to his wife, "If you are taken ill, send for So-and-so." In a few hours she

was taken ill of that terrible cholera, and had the indicated doctor. A few hours later he said she was dead, and the next morning her funeral left the house. On its way to the cemetery it met her husband; he said, "You may do what you like with me, but you sha'n't bury my wife till I've looked on her:" so the funeral party turned round and accompanied him home. Then he had the coffin-lid removed, and drew out his wife and laid her on the bed, reminding them of what had happened at the Bastins'. He too rubbed, and, I hope, prayed, and in time her life returned; and many times after that did the two women meet and exchange notes about their strange and awful experience.

Bury Hill, June 20.—Met the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and heard him expatiate on the beautiful scene before him, and not in hexameters. He is a happy, little, blue-eyed man, who evidently enjoys talking, but does not approach the dignity of his didactic poem.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 27.—What can I tell of our London interests? The Yearly Meeting? No, that thou wouldst be sure to treat profanely. The luminous fountain at the Pantechnicon? Well, it was very beautiful, leaping up to the top of the dome, and being flooded from thence with color. The Nineveh Marbles? We saw them, in a very edifying manner, under the convoy of Edward Oldfield, who made the old life live again for us with marvellous vividness and authenticity. And the Print Room, containing also the drawings of the old masters, Cellini's beautiful vase, and Albert Dürer's marvellous carving. Oh! and the Peace fireworks and illuminations, which I saw so well from the top of our friend's house, and which were indeed excitingly beautiful. Or the blaze of azaleas and rhododendrons at Bury Hill? Or Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher? from whom I heard neither philosophy nor proverb; the Coleridges, and Christabel's birthday fête? a picturesque garden party around her June-pole. Or Oxford? where we spent a few glorious

hours, subdued, overawed by the sense of age and nationality which seems to fill the place. Professor Maskelyne did the honors charmingly; and Merton, and Magdalene, the Bodleian, the Radcliffe, the Clarendon, the Theatre, the shaded cloisters and the beautiful gardens, all leave such an impression on the memory and imagination as I should feel much the poorer for lacking. And then they are building a wonderful museum, with a glass Gothic dome or roof, and one or two hundred pillars of British marbles interspersed among the masonry. They have beautiful red serpentine, but not the green: would it be very difficult or expensive to supply them with one? I was delighted to hear of their successful experiment to unite Town and Gown by a working-man's college; about two hundred town students have now mustered, and a capital staff of collegians are delighted to teach them. They talk of one for the women, too, but ladies are not numerous at Oxford. . . . Fare thee well, good Queen Bess. With much love from Penjerrick to Penzance, thy ever-affectionate,—C. F."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, August* 29.—We have embarked on a beautiful book, Arthur Stanley's 'Palestine:' thou wouldst be much interested in it, I think. He writes charmingly, seeing things so clearly, and seeing them in their bearings, geographical and otherwise, like a true pupil of Dr. Arnold's; and there is such a high and thoughtful tone over it all." . . .

September 5.—M. A. Schimmelpenninck is gone. She said, just before her death, "Oh, I hear such beautiful voices, and the children's are the loudest!"

November 8.—Well, I have heard and seen Gavazzi: his subject was "The Inquisition, its Causes and Consequences;" his moral, "Beware, Englishmen, of the tendencies to hierarchy in your country when the thin end of the wedge is introduced: it will work its way on to all this." He is most dramatic, has a brilliant power of comedy, and some terrible

flashes of tragedy in him; it is all action and gesticulation, such as would be intolerable in an Englishman, but as an Italian characteristic it is all kindly welcome, and certainly most telling. But notes of his discourse would be very poor: it was the manner that made his words so desperately vivid. He died, dreadfully for us, under the torture of the wet linen on the face: it made every one breathe thick, and two ladies had to leave the room. I take him for a very clever man, and in earnest in his politico-religious mission to England. He ended with a solemn benediction and prayer for the future of this country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1857.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win;
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim-warriors, who set forth to-day."

Penjerrick, January 1.—A new book and a New Year! what will they contain? May God keep evil out of them, and all will be well.

January 10.—George Smith dined here, and gave a good, easy, conversational lecture on the recent Assyrian and Egyptian discoveries, and their connection with Scripture history. The elaborate records found in the vast palaces of Sennacherib and others, engraved in cuneiform characters, are most remarkable. There is Sennacherib's description of the very unfortunate affair with Hezekiah, told after the fashion of Napoleon's bulletins. Cyrus, George Smith says, was the first who had the idea of founding an empire; previous conquerors only accumulated tributary provinces. He thinks that civilization and knowledge of the arts is rather retro- than pro-gressive, and is severe on all who think otherwise. Adam and Eve, he holds, were perfect in all science, literature, and art, and ever since their time we have been steadily forgetting. I like his face, so full of honesty, sense, and kindliness.

January 12.—Reading "Never Too Late to Mend," one of the weightiest events of late. Oh, those prison scenes! how they haunt one! How they recall those despairing women's eyes I met in the model jail at Belfast!

April 2.—Ernest de Bunsen is with us. I wish I could chronicle a great deal of his talk; it is marvellously vivid, and he seems equally at home in all regions of human thought: deep metaphysics, devout theology, downright boyish merry-making, the most tangled complexities of court intrigues; and then his singing! He is truly a man of infinite aptitudes. Took him to Carclew, where he was a perfect bottle of champagne to Sir Charles; and to Roscrow, where the boys were lost in admiration and delight. He has been translating William Penn's life into German, and sent a copy to Humboldt, from whom he has received two charming letters about it, in one saying that he has read every word, and that the contemplation of such a life has contributed to the peace of his old age. We had German hymns, original and of olden time, very full of devout thought as well as feeling. Then he sang Handel's "Comfort ye, my People," and "Thou wilt not leave His Soul in Hell," and Haydn's "Creation of Eve;" the one so mighty and overwhelming in its grandeur and expressiveness, the other so varied, picturesque, and exquisite. At Tregedna we had one deep-hearted Irish melody, and one Sicilian, full of love and patriotism and triumphant hope. He is perfectly ingenuous about his voice. At Heidelberg three Bunsen brothers and a brother-in-law would sing quartettes. In the course of our talk he said, "Forgive to the fullest extent and in the freest spirit, but never forget anything: it is all intended to be a lesson to profit our after-life, for there is no such thing as chance."

April 5.—Heard Professor Nichol's lecture at Truro, when for two hours he held us poised in those high regions, until we felt quite at home among the nebulæ, gazing on them with reverence and love, rejoicing in their docility and law. He came to us afterwards, and we had much talk about his own subjects and mutual friends. He has a fine head, and his face is a very scintillating one; he looks most happy in his expositions of those occult facts; a sloping imaginative forehead, a light-blue eye, and an affectionate trusting expression beaming over the whole countenance.

June 12.—Warrington Smyth talked with great delight of Florence Nightingale. Long ago, before she went to Kaiserswerth, he and Sir Henry de la Beche dined at her father's, and Florence Nightingale sat between them. She began by drawing Sir Henry out on geology, and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views, which were not common then. She accidentally proceeded into regions of Latin and Greek, and then our geologist had to get out of it. She was fresh from Egypt, and began talking with W. Smyth about the inscriptions, etc., where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she began quoting Lepsius, which she had been studying in the original, he was in the same case as Sir Henry. When the ladies left the room, the latter said to him, "A capital young lady that, if she hadn't so floored me with her Latin and Greek!"

July 9.—We are reading the Life of Charlotte Brontë, a most striking book. Genius as she was, she is beautifully attentive to the smallest practical matters affecting the comforts of others. She is intensely true, and draws from actual life, cost what it may; and in that remote little world of hers—a village, as it seems, of a hundred years back—facts came to light of a frightful unmitigated force; events accompanied them, burning with a lurid glow and setting their very hearts on fire. She is like her books, and her life explains much in them which needs explanation.

Dublin, August 22.—Paying diligent attention to some sections of the British Association's meeting, which is held in the new building at the College, gorgeous with marbles and arabesques. Father read his paper on the temperature in mines in the Geological Section, though Section A cried out vehemently for it. He read it well, and when Dr. Forbes disputed some of the facts, thinking that the heat might be referred to decomposition of metals, etc., papa answered very well and with no nervousness, and Lord Talbot de Malahide, the President, made him a very handsome speech of acknowledgment, complimenting him on the honesty of his facts, so uncooked for the occasion, and spoke of him as a

veteran in the cause of science, and trusted to welcoming him at these meetings for many years. Met F. Burton there; a sharp-eyed, agreeable man, who told us of the group of Goethe and Schiller about to be inaugurated at Weimar. Dr. Lloyd told us of a happy turn which Lord Carlisle gave to an incident before the first British Association meeting at York. A coin had been found whose inscription they could not read, until on applying heat out came the words, "Deo gloria." "Thus," saith Lord Carlisle, "when the torch of science is faithfully applied to dark subjects, 'Deo gloria' is always the result it brings."

August 28.—An extremely interesting collection of African explorers,—Dr. Barth, De l'Abbadie, and Dr. Livingstone; discussed the risings of African rivers, and why the Niger got up so much later than the others. This was supposed to be from the second flow of rains on the high table-land near its source, which so swells it that about once in six years it reaches the outskirts of Timbuctoo, and betweenwhiles evaporates, so as to leave only tables and dry ground between. Dr. Barth gave a strictly geographical history of his explorations, and mourned over the deaths of Vogel and Pattison. He is a well-burnt, hard-featured, indomitable sort of man; De l'Abbadie very dark in complexion, hair, and eyes, with a singular pose in his head, as if, said some one, he were accustomed to wear a pig-tail. Dr. Livingstone tall, thin, earnest-looking, and business-like; far more given, I should say, to do his work than to talk about it. Finished the evening with supper and gossip with the wise men at the President's.

August 29.—A grand dinner and soirée to all the *savants* at the vice-regal lodge. Papa enjoyed it greatly, as it gave him a two hours' *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Robinson. There was quite a row when the gentlemen wanted their hats, terrible confusion and outcry: never before had a broad-brim so justified itself in my eyes; it was found at once and restored to its owner, whilst I had to leave poor General Sabine in a mass of perplexities.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

Penjerrick, September 5.— . . . Papa and I returned yesterday from Dublin (so I'm not going to talk about most wretched India and all my poor young cousins there), where a most successful British Association meeting hath been holden. We were with our dear friends the Lloyds, which was not the least pleasant part of the affair. Socially and scientifically it has been all very brilliant,—from our dear President's opening address to the viceroy's magnificent reception at the Castle. The committee (a hundred or so) dined there, and we went in the evening. Naturally it was the gayest scene I have ever been in, but the viceroy was so good-natured, and there were so many interesting people to chat with, that after the first solemnities of presentation it was a very pleasant evening. Of course not so pleasant as a home one over reading and drawing; but still very pleasant as things go. Dr. Livingstone's lecture I should like everybody to have heard. People say it was signally lacking in arrangement, but I have no nose for logic; I thought one just mounted his ox and went on behind him among those loving, trusting, honest, generous natives of his, first to the eastern coast, then to the western. So much of the future of Africa seemed to lie in his *aperçues:* the navigability of the Zambesi except one rapid part which, of course, English ingenuity would soon calm, the healthiness of the district, the disposition of the district, the disposition of the natives for commerce, and the abundance of material,—all this was very, very cheering. And almost even more so than that was his assurance that the Niger Expedition had not been made in vain; that frequently in the interior, and more and more as he approached the coasts, he found there had been tidings of a white nation who loved black people; and he reaped abundant benefit from this prestige. Oh, if Sir Fowell Buxton might have known it! But doubtless *he does*, and gives glory where alone it is due. Dr. Livingstone, the Whateleys, etc., came to the Lloyds' after the lecture, and the ladies agreed on

sending a sugar-cane press to his chief in remembrance of that evening. There is a great deal of quiet fun about Dr. Livingstone; he would pair off some African barbarism with some English civilization with great point. For instance, some of his Africans wear hoops on their heads, with their wool drawn out to it, like the spokes of a wheel; 'but, poor people! they are not at all civilized; they put their hoops in the wrong place; they'll know better by and by.' Also the rain-making of that country, and the table-turning and spirit-rapping of ours, the news whereof reached him there and rather surprised him. But most one admires the earnest simplicity of the man, who always seemed as if he had so much rather be doing his work than talking about it. I long for him to be at it again, for if people can spoil him, they will,—such is the height of his popularity."

Falmouth, October 16.—The Ernest de Bunsens are with us; he read us last night Mendelssohn's "Elijah," illustrating it whenever he could with such exquisite feeling, power, and pathos. The last time he saw Mendelssohn, they had played and sung several things together, when Mendelssohn asked for one more. He chose "Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life." When he had ended, Mendelssohn slipped away from the room, overcome with emotion. Ernest de Bunsen followed him; he said, "*Gott segne euch alle*," and was gone.

October 27.—T. Bourne lives at Rugby, and told us many things of Dr. Arnold, whom he knew, though slightly. The Duchess of Sutherland wrote to ask if she might attend the school chapel, and arrived at the little inn one Saturday, where Dr. Arnold found her and brought her to his own house for a day or two. This was not long before his death, on which occasion she sent Mrs. Arnold one hundred pounds, begging it might be spent in some little memorial fashion. Mrs. Arnold proposed giving copies of his forthcoming volume of sermons to each of the three hundred boys; this the duchess liked, but desired that it should be done in Mrs.

Arnold's name. It was not until his death that people felt what he was; before that it often required some courage to speak well of him in "religious society!"

November 15.—Papa has had the great interest and satisfaction of seeing the theory of stratification being caused by pressure, well disproved, and his own conviction of its being produced by an inherent crystallizing power in rocks, call it chemical galvanism or what you will, well confirmed, by finding that a great lump of clay, thrown aside from Pennance Mine some five years ago, has arranged itself in thin laminæ, just like the ordinary clay slate. This seems to determine a vexed question in geology.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1858.

"We turn'd o'er many books together."—SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

Falmouth, January 5.—I did dearly love thy last letter; it was the most earnest, friendly New Year's greeting that had reached me, and it called up a deep Amen from my dull and sleepy heart. Thy facts, too, were so very cheery and thankworthy. Yes, let us take all the Christmas blessings along with us on our New Year's road. Whether muddy or dusty or rutty, or neatly macadamized and well trodden, with fair and quiet scenery around, or Alpine gorges and Alpine heights, what matter? Really and deliberately I would desire to repeat—What matter? If He who knows the road, and knows our capacities and our needs, is but with us, would we wish to take the guidance out of His hands? I trow not. And so welcome to the beautiful New Year, and may we welcome all it may bring us of joy or sorrow, and learn the lessons hidden in each. And thus I echo back thy New Year's greeting. And I accept thy idea of the marked blessings designed for us in these marked periods of life,—times for drawing up, pausing, looking backwards and forwards, and then stepping on with fresh vigor along the path appointed for you,—not anybody else's path, however it may exceed your own in goodness and brightness and usefulness; you would blunder and fall there, even with the best intentions.

"Of Buckle's book I have only heard through Lady Trelawny, who thinks it a most remarkable work, full of genius, power, and insight; the first volume seems mainly preliminary and introductory to a long series,—a German-like be-

ginning! But I shall hear more about it soon, as we go to Carclew, to be with her for a day or two, to-morrow."

January 10.—George Cook had much to tell of the Carlyles. He has just finished two volumes of "Frederick the Great," which has been a weary work. He seems to grow drearier and drearier; his wife still full of life and power and sympathy, spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him: "Why, if a man will give himself over to serve the devil, God will just give him over to his choice to see how he likes it," etc. Whilst in Paris, G. Cook has been much in Ary Scheffer's studio, where a little musical party indulge in quartettes amidst all the art visions lying about the room.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*January* 25.—Thy peep into Buckle is very interesting, and quite confirms Lady Trelawny's view; she found it very fascinating and most masterly, whilst much of his reasoning she could not at all go along with. When I read thy remarks on him to papa, he thought thee most right in the abstract, but that the facts of general history supported Buckle's view. How many of our special views and consequent acts, for instance, arose from the 'accident' of birth, the opinions of those among whom we are educated, and so on. But very likely we have not got hold of a hair of his tail: so I'll cut short the paternal eloquence."

November 12.—Heard Thomas Cooper lecture on his own vagaries, practical and speculative, and their solution. He began by an autobiographical sketch, dwelling on the mischief done by inconsistent professors, who seemed to have badgered him out of Methodism into scepticism; then, seeing the cruel wrongs of the stocking-weavers of Leicester, drove him into Chartism; he was in the thick of a bad riot, much of which he encouraged, but he did not intend the

incendiary part of it. However, he was taken up and convicted of sedition, and imprisoned for two years. Then and there he sank the lowest, in loveless, hopeless unbelief. His study of Robert Owen, and discovery of the fallacy of his reasonings, seemed to do much to bring him round again; and then going about England with Wyld's model of Sebastopol seemed to have had some mysterious influence for good; and here he is,—convert, confessor, and reasoner. He is a square-built man, with a powerful, massive face; he walks up and down the platform and talks on as if he were in a room, with extreme clearness, excellent choice of language, and good pronunciation, considering that he was formerly a poor shoemaker and had to teach himself the much he has learned.

CHAPTER XXV.

1859.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."—WORDSWORTH.

Penjerrick, January 1.—I will commence the year with Raleigh's noble words:

"O eloquent and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hic jacet*'!"

June 5.—Settled once more into dear, beautiful home-life, the near and distant memories being all so living and precious beyond all words. The welcomes from dear home friends, rich and poor, have been truly heart-warming, and it is delightful to be able right honestly to rejoice with them in being at home once more.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, June* 24.—So thou canst see nothing fitting for Italy but slavery to some foreign power or other, and this spite of all that Sardinia has done for herself and her neighbors in the last few years. Read About's desperately keen book, 'La Question Romaine,' and admit that against frightful odds there is a national spirit still and that there are genuine men in that nation. Doubtless their history through the Middle Ages tells of anything but unity; but there is a great

thirst for it now in many quarters. Unquestionably the present state of things is wrong: if God overrules even the iniquities of this war to give them some taste of liberty, don't let us begrudge it them. Rather let us join the many who are earnestly praying that they may become indeed a free and Christian nation. Even if the French should take the position of Austria with regard to them, the tyranny would be much milder, religious liberty would be secured, and, as the poor Fratelli in Tuscany are crying out, 'We sha'n't be imprisoned for the Bible any more!' "

September 4.—A full week has driven by. We spent two days at Carclew with Dr. Whewell and his wife, Lady Affleck. He was as urbane and friendly as needs be, and seemed determined to live down Sydney Smith's quiz about astronomy being his forte, and omniscience his foible; for he rarely chose to know more about things than other people, though we perseveringly plied him with all manner of odds and ends of difficulties. There is a capital element of fun in that vast head of his; witness his caricatures of Sedgwick in his Cornish Sketch-Book. He made me notice the darkness of sky between two rainbows, a fact only lately secured, and a part, he says, of the whole theory of the rainbow. Speaking of some book he had written with a touch of architecture in it, he said, "There are many wise things in it, but I'm wiser still!" which he hoped was a modest way of stating the case. He declines throwing light on the axe-heads which are making such a stir, thinking there is no need for such hurry, and only tossing to one the theory of the greater age of man than is now admitted. Of the working-men's college at Cambridge, he is quite sure it is doing the teachers great good, whatever it does to the learners. He does not see what is to come of the middle-class examinations; they are not a step to anything by the direct method, and one man who got a high certificate was quite astonished at having some trusty situation offered him, never dreaming that it was in consequence of this. "But won't some further career be opened for these meritori-

ous people?" "I don't find people in general very good judges of their own merits." "Well, then, won't the lookers-on open some way for them?" "I don't see much good come of spectators. Why, already there are so many half-starved curates; what are you to do? F. D. Maurice comes down sometimes, and there is a great sensation; or Mr. Ruskin, who astonished them all highly the other day, only he flew rather over the people's heads." Papa got from him a formal contradiction of the choice story about Chinese music, which was a pity; but he says he never wrote on the subject, only on Greek music. He told of a talk he had had with Martin among his pictures, which he assured him were the result of the most studied calculation in perspective; he had been puzzled how to give size enough to an angel's hand, and at last hit on the expedient of throwing a fold of his garment behind the sun.

September 24.—The little "Fox" has gained her quest and brought distinct tidings of Franklin's death in 1847; the vessel crushing in the ice in 1848; multitudes of relics found in various cairns, which were their posts of observation around that dreary coast; Bibles with marked passages and notes, clothes, instruments, all sorts of things of most touching interest, so preserved by the climate; many skeletons they found, and some they could identify by things they had about them. It is a comfort to believe that they were not starved, as thirty or forty pounds of chocolate was found with them, and Sir John Franklin may have died a quite natural death a year before the catastrophe.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, November* 25.—Thanks, Eccellentissima, for thy last letter, written under evident difficulties. What with the sons of Jeremiah and the land of Nod, it was a hard lot to have to concoct a letter; it was well to put all the spice into it that lay convenient, and to treat me to a discharge of fire-arms. By all means, my dear, get the new percussion fittings, and kill as many Frenchmen and others as thy con-

viction of duty may require. I have a great reverence for Loyola and Xavier, though I don't agree with them about the Inquisition; for Las Casas, though he introduced American slavery; and for John Newton, though an eager slave-trader, which he never seems to have the least regretted. 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind;' but then let them first have gone honestly through the whole process of suasion, or their results may have to be reconsiderd at any time, however inconvenient. I am reading that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear, and calm, and cold: he lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get one's self well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths, as they are apt to grow windy and worthless without such tests, if indeed they can stand the shock of argument at all. He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as Fate. We knew him well at one time, and owe him very much: I fear his remorseless logic has led him far since then. This book is dedicated to his wife's memory in a few most touching words. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Falmouth, December* 23.—No, my dear, I don't agree with Mill, though I too should be very glad to have some of my 'ugly opinions' corrected, however painful the process; but Mill makes me shiver, his blade is so keen and so unhesitating. I think there is much force in his criticism on the mental training provided for the community; the battles are fought *for* us, the objections to received views and the refutations of the same all provided for us, instead of ourselves being strengthened and armed for the combat. Then he greatly complains of our all growing so much alike that individuality is dying out of the land; we are more afraid of singularity than of falsehood or compromise, and this he thinks a very dark symptom of a nation's decay. France, he says, is further gone than we are in this path."

December 31.—The old year is fled, never to come back again through all eternity. All its opportunities for love and service gone, past recall. What a terrible thought! like that which must have flashed upon the disciples in their old age, when they remembered the garden of Gethsemane and the gentle rebuke, "Could not ye watch with me one hour?" and then afterwards, when all watching was too late, all utterly vain, either for sympathy or for resolve, with what a tolling sound would those other words fall on their hearts, "Sleep on now and take your rest; behold, he who betrayeth me is at hand." How can I look back on these forty years in the wilderness without falling into such musings as these?

CHAPTER XXVI.

1860.

"The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme."—BYRON.

Paris, May 25.—Madame Salis Schwabe took us to Ary Scheffer's studio, and introduced us to his daughter and to Dr. Antonio Ruffini. What deep and beautiful and helpful things we saw there! The Marys; the Angel announcing the Resurrection to the Woman, which was even wet when he died. Earthly sorrow rising into celestial joy,—a wonderful picture of his dying mother blessing her two grandchildren, and his own keen-eyed portrait. His daughter had gathered around her an infinity of personal recollections, and it felt very sacred ground.

Falmouth, September 22.—Alfred Tennyson and his friend Francis Palgrave at Falmouth, and made inquiries about the Grove Hill Leonardo,* so of course we asked them to come and see it; and thus we had a visit of two glorious hours both here and in the other garden. As Tennyson has a perfect horror of being lionized, we left him very much to himself for a while, till he took the initiative and came forth. *Apropos* of the Leonardo, he said that the head of Christ in the Raising of Lazarus was to his mind the worthiest representation of the subject which he had ever seen. His bright, thoughtful friend, Francis Palgrave, was the more fond of pictures of the two: they both delighted in the little Cuyp and the great Correggio; thought the Guido a pleasant thing to have, though feeble enough; believed in the Leonardo, and Pal-

* Supposed to be an original sketch for the picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, and now in the possession of Robert Fox at Falmouth.

grave gloated over the big vase. On the leads we were all very happy and talked apace. "The great T." groaned a little over the lionizing to which he is subject, and wondered how it came out at Falmouth that he was here: this was *apropos* of my speaking of Henry Hallam's story of a miner hiding behind a wall to look at him, which he did not remember; but when he heard the name of Hallam, how his great gray eyes opened, and gave one a moment's glimpse into the depths in which "In Memoriam" learned its infinite wail. He talked a good deal of his former visit to Cornwall, and his accident at Bude, all owing to a stupid servant-maid. In the garden he was greatly interested, for he too is trying to acclimatize plants, but finds us far ahead, because he is at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, where the keen winds cut up their trees and scare away the nightingales in consequence. But he is proud and happy in a great magnolia in his garden. He talked of the Cornish, and rather liked the conceit of their countryism; was amused to hear of the refractory Truro clergyman being buried by the Cornish miners, whom he forbade to sing at their own funeral; but he thought it rather an unfortunate instance of the civilizing power of Wesley. By degrees we got to Guinevere, and he spoke kindly of S. Hodges's picture of her at the Polytechnic, though he doubted if it told the story very distinctly. This led to real talk of Arthur and the "Idylls," and his firm belief in him as an historical personage, though old Speed's narrative has much that can be only traditional. He found great difficulty in reconstructing the character, in connecting modern with ancient feeling in representing the ideal king. I asked whether Vivien might not be the old Brittany fairy who wiled Merlin into her net, and not an actual woman. "But no," he said; "it is full of distinct personality, though I never expect women to like it." The river Camel he well believes in, particularly as he slipped his foot and fell in the other day, but found no Excalibur. Camel means simply winding, crooked, like the Cam at Cambridge. The Welsh claim Arthur as their own, but Tennyson gives all his votes

to us. Some have urged him to continue the "Idylls," but he does not feel it expedient to take people's advice as an absolute law, but to wait for the vision. He reads the reviews of his poems, and is amused to find how often he is misunderstood. Poets often misinterpret poets, and he has never seen an artist truly illustrate a poet. Talked of Garibaldi, whose life was like one out of Plutarch, he said, so grand and simple; and of Ruskin, as one who has said many foolish things; and of John Sterling, whom he met twice, and whose conversational powers he well remembers.

Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and moustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely-chiselled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Laurence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen. He is very brown after all the pedestrianizing along our south coast.

Mr. Palgrave is charmingly enthusiastic about his friend; if he had never written a line of poetry, he should have felt him none the less a poet; he had an ambition to make him and Anna Gurney known to each other as kindred spirits and of similar calibre. We grieved not to take them to Penjerrick, but they were engaged to the Truro River; so, with a farewell grasp of the great brown hand, they left us.

September 28.—Holman Hunt and his big artist friend, Val Prinsep, arrived, and we were presently on the most friendly footing. The former is a very genial, young-looking creature, with a large, square, yellow beard, clear blue laughing eyes, a nose with a merry little upward turn in it, dimples in the cheek, and the whole expression sunny and full of simple boyish happiness. His voice is most musical, and there is nothing in his look or bearing, spite of the strongly-marked forehead, to suggest the high-priest of pre-Raphaelitism, the

ponderer over such themes as the Scape-goat, the Light of the World, or Christ among the Doctors, which is his last six years' work. We went to Grove Hill, and he entirely believes in the Leonardo being an original sketch, especially as the head of our Lord is something like that of one of Leonardo's extant studies: he is known to have tried many, and worked up one strongly Jewish one, but not of a high type, which at last he rejected. Holman Hunt entirely agrees with F. D. Maurice about the usual mistaken treatment of St. John's face, which was probably more scarred with thought and inward conflict than any of the other apostles', and why he should have ever been represented with a womanish expression is a puzzle to him. At the early period of art they dared not step beyond conventional treatment. He spoke of Tennyson and his surprise at the spirited, suggestive little paintings of strange beasts which he had painted on the windows of his summer-house to shut out an ugly view. Holman Hunt is so frank and open, and so unspoiled by the admiration he has excited; he does not talk "shop," but is perfectly willing to tell you anything you really wish to know of his painting, etc. He laughed over the wicked libel that he had starved a goat for his picture, though certainly four died in his service, probably feeling dull when separated from the flock. The one which was with them by the Dead Sea was better off for food than they were, as it could get at the little patches of grass in the clefts; still it became ill, and they carried it so carefully on the picture-case! but it died, and he was in despair about getting another white one. He aimed at giving it nothing beyond a goat's expression of countenance, but one in such utter desolation and solitude could not but be tragic. Speaking of lionizing, he considers it a special sin of the age, and specially a sin because people seem to care so much more for the person doing than for the thing done.

October 5.—We have had Miss Macaulay here, Lord Macaulay's sister,—a capital clear-headed woman, with large liberal thoughts and great ease in expounding them. We had so

many people as well as subjects in common that we greatly enjoyed her visit. Robertson of Brighton was her pastor, and of him she talked with intelligent enthusiasm, sadly confirming the fact of his isolation in the great social system. She talked a little of her brother; his earliest printed poem was on the death of Henry Martyn, written when he was eleven, but he had before that composed an epic in honor of the reputed head of their house. All his MS. used to pass through her hands. She has a strong, thoughtful face, with a good deal of humor in it and much tenderness.

Penjerrick, December 15.—Baron Bunsen is gone; illness had brought him so low that his friends could only long that he might be delivered from his weary pain; but how much has gone with him! The funeral was a very touching and striking one; first his sons carried the coffin, and then the Bonn students, who craved the privilege, followed. Wreaths royal and friendly were laid on the bier, and he was placed just opposite Niebuhr's grave.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1861–71.

"Leave this keen encounter of our wits."—SHAKESPEARE.

Caroline Fox to Lucy Hodgkin.

"*Leyton, May*, 1861.—The Brights are staying here, so we consider ourselves a very pleasant party. John Bright is great fun, always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with 'Paradise Regained.'

". . . One likes to have his opinion on men and things, as it is strong, clear, and honest, however one-sided. But he flies off provokingly into pounds, shillings, and pence when one wants him to abide for a little among deeper and less tangible motives, powers and arguments."

Caroline Fox to M. E. Tregelles.

"*Grove Hill, December* 23.—After parting with thee the other evening, I found myself continually cooing over those comfortable words,—

> 'Yet why be sad? for Thou wilt keep
> Watch o'er them day by day:
> Since Thou wilt soothe them when they weep,
> And hear us when we pray.'

And this is just the prose fact of the case, full of real, substantial comfort, in all the chances and changes of this mortal life. And another prose fact which is often voted poetical seems to me that we are really nearer together in spirit when separated in body, as the thoughts and sympathies are perfectly independent of geography, and they naturally fly off on their own errands when a little anxiety is added to our love.

"This has been a sad day,* with its tolling bells, its minute-guns, the band parading the streets playing the 'Dead March in Saul,' but also a day on which many and fervent prayers have arisen from loving hearts, which we will hope have been felt as a sort of warm atmosphere round the poor stricken heart, which we hear is firmly resolved not to forget its high duties in the midst of its great desolation. The Union prayer-meeting was held to-day that there might be a concentration of spiritual force in this direction, and very true I thought the prayers were for the queen, and for her son, and for all the mourners. It made one almost feel as if fresh blessings would be granted her, deeper perhaps than she has ever yet known. Is not this the experience of many a bereaved heart?

"This wretched American business! To-day it seems all terribly real to us, as a large Confederate merchantman has broken the blockade, and has come into our harbor with a cargo for England—no, there is only rumor of its approach. The Northern States privateer is reported in the offing, on the watch for her, and a British ship of war and certain gun-boats are come to keep the peace in our seas."

December 31.—The full year is coming to an end. How much of anxiety and pain and grief it has contained, but how much too of support and strength and comfort granted through all, difficulties conquered, paths made clear, duties made pleasant, very much to strengthen our faith and to animate our love! Our home-life now looks clear and bright, and we all go on cheerily together; the sense of change is everywhere, but the presence of the Changeless One is nearer still.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Penjerrick, July* 15, 1862.—I rise from the reading of thy paper on Buckle to thank thee warmly. Having now read the book it dealt with, all bonds were broken, and I have eagerly devoured it at a sitting, and again and again cried

* The funeral of H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

'Bravo!' in my heart. My dear, it is in such a fine gentlemanly tone, no theological or other contempt, but full of Christian boldness and Christian love; a sort of utterance one need not be ashamed of at the day of judgment,—a use of the light which has been accumulating for some six thousand years (or more?), which He who gives it will deign to bless. Oh, if our controversies for at least eighteen hundred years had been conducted in this same spirit, instead of the rancor and arrogance, unfairness and self-conceit, which have unhappily characterized all parties, surely we should be in different regions now, and jesting Pilate would have no excuse for asking, 'What is Truth?'

"Thou hast convicted Buckle of glaring inconsistencies to his own theory, such as appeared even very early in his first volume, and which I think he must have often smiled to recognize as he went on with his mountain of facts; but there is such courteous and glad acknowledgment of what he has done for us, as is more delightful than characteristic of a clever critic. I yearn that he should have seen the paper—which I fear is more possible than probable—in Egypt. He was one greatly loved by those who knew him, and of such a nature as to be wounded and driven farther off, rather than in any way helped, by the ordinary groans and screams of outraged theologians and pious Christians,—which latter had far better pray in silence than enter such lists unbidden. I am not sure that I shall not go further than thou dost as to the law of cause and effect in human affairs; one is so often struck with the awfully definite character of cause and consequences: transgress any branch of the moral law, and the fitting punishment is so certain; sow the seed, and as a necessary consequence you reap the fruit. God has in various ages told us that so it must be, and His Spirit has confirmed the warning to every listening heart; therefore I regard His government as rather regular than exceptional; but of course we really agree here also, and think that Lord Palmerston did well when he preached sanitary law to the Scotch. There is something very touching and also very instructive in the

thought of a man being cut off in the midst of such a work,—especially as thou says that he was evidently swallowing some of his theories in the second volume: it shows the awfulness of giving your immature thoughts to the world, and perhaps deeply influencing others, thinking that you may carry on the struggle towards light indefinitely with them and for them,—and, lo! the hour strikes, you leave them gazing through cloudy glasses at the spots on the sun, but little able to discern the central star of the universe, round which you tell them that we are all moving. Oh, it is an awful thing to be a thinker and writer! Woe must betide those who do not seek a better light than their own."

October 4.—The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier have been staying at Falmouth for some days. Howard Fox saw much of and liked them. He brought the duke and his daughter here, but we were unfortunately out. He said how much the Infanta desired to see the place: so we went in and invited her, an easy, gracious, royal lady, with a sensible, pleasant, not quite handsome face: they would have come, but embarked instead.

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*November* 28.—Thou shalt rejoice with me over my poor Scotchman at the Sailors' Home. (My romances are so apt to centre there!) Well, he was brought in several weeks ago, frightfully ill and suffering; a very perilous operation might possibly have relieved him, but they dared not attempt it here, and wanted to send him to a London hospital. He earnestly desired to be left here to die quietly, and I own I was very glad when at last they let him have his way, as it seemed very probable that the operation would be fatal. Well, somehow, we formed a very close friendship. He had frightened away the good people (the clergyman, etc.) by his stormy language, when really he was half delirious from agony; but we were nearer the same level, and so, as I said, we formed a romantic friendship. He poured out the story

of his life, which had separated him from all his friends for more than twenty years. 'Oh! I was a bad, bad, bad boy! My life has been one course of sin!' and he was utterly hopeless of forgiveness. Oh, the fixed despair of those poor eyes! I urged him to allow me to write to his family to tell of his contrition and ask forgiveness; but he said it was impossible that they could forgive him; the prodigal had wasted *his own* share of his father's heritage, but he had wasted theirs, and then ran away from them to America, and broke their hearts. What he would give to fall down before his father and beseech his forgiveness! but it was all too late. He cried bitterly, but for a week or two he would not let me make the attempt, which he was certain was utterly useless. He was evidently sinking, and I felt so strongly that if it were possible to win the forgiveness of his family he would then be able to believe in a higher forgiveness: so last Sunday I wheedled his father's address out of him, and got his tacit consent to my letter going, though he was certain there would be no one there to receive it. The thought of my Scotchman haunted me to-day, so in I went, and found a most loving letter from his brother, hailing him as alive from the dead; I ran down to the Sailors' Home and found another from his sister in ecstasy of joy, and telling of his father's complete forgiveness and tender love. 'He would have spent his last shilling to come to you, but he is gone!' Oh, I have never seen anything more exquisitely touching than the floods of wonder and ecstasy when I took in my treasures. It was still an almost incredible joy; he poured forth his thankfulness and his tears before God, to think that he had still brothers and sisters who forgave him, and loved him, and received him as alive from the dead. His father he had felt certain was dead, so that was no shock; but to think how his love had clung to him to the last! Now I believe he will find no difficulty in believing in that Higher Love which has already done such great things for him! He covered his sister's letter with kisses, saying, 'It's my sister's heart, her heart.' She had telegraphed to a soldier brother near Chat-

ham to come to him at once, so two or three may possibly be with him in a few days! I hope that all this joy will not have killed him before they come, but I should think it must hasten the end. I did not leave him till he was quieter, and I have since been writing most happy letters to them both. There, my dear, is a long story for thee, but I could not help telling thee what has made me quite tipsy. Excuse my happiness, and believe me thy C. F."

Falmouth, January 20, 1863.—We had a great treat in hearing Charles Kean read Richard III., Alexander's Feast, the Prisoner of Chillon, etc., very fine and very dramatic; we saw something of him and his wife afterwards, and liked our theatrical friends greatly.

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne.

"*Blois, June* 6.—This Spanish frisk* has been most memorable; the great object of the journey accomplished far beyond their hopes, though in a way to save the queen's pride and their vanity. Many think that it is a first and very important step in the direction of religious liberty, from which they will not dare to recede with all Europe looking on and speaking its mind very distinctly.

"We saw a good deal of some very thoughtful and liberal-minded Spaniards, but it is sad to see in what a state of timidity and unmanliness some of the really superior ones are kept by the narrow laws of their country. I wonder what has become of all the *ci-devant* prisoners? Have you got them in England? I hope not. They would be in worse peril there than in the prisons of Granada. Anna Maria and I contrived to get a great deal of commonplace enjoyment out of the excursion, whilst our betters were engaged in conference with their brother deputies. They were a gallant set of men, representing ten different nations, and we felt very proud of them."

* In allusion to the deputation to the Queen of Spain asking for the liberation of Matamoros.

Penjerrick, March 9, 1864.—Mrs. Welsh has settled among us very cordially. Her accounts of Mrs. Carlyle are piteous: it is such a weary, suffering sick-room, the nerves all on edge, so that she can see scarcely any one; poor Carlyle is miserable.

April 17.—Garibaldi came to Par to see his Englishman, and we, armed with a friendly introduction and a kind invitation from the colonel and Mrs. Peard, went to meet him. Among the flags erecting to welcome him was a grim Austrian banner, which was soon lugged down. It was moonlight before he arrived; there was a pause as the train drew up at the platform, and then the general was almost lifted out of the carriage, and stood with the lamps lighting up his face. It was full of deep lines of pain and care and weariness, but over and through it all such a spiritual beauty and moral dignity. His dress was picturesque in form and color,—the red shirt, the gray cloak lined with red, the corner flung gracefully over one shoulder. Colonel Peard was there, his duty being to protect his chief from the enthusiasm of the crowd. The next morning he gave us a cordial reception; a good night had done wonders for him, and had taken off twenty years from his apparent age. We talked of his last night's reception, and asked if he had ever been at Falmouth, as was reported. "Never," he said; "but I was at Portsmouth in '55:" he hopes to come and visit us some day.

July 2.—Have just returned from a visit to Professor Adams at Cambridge. He is so delightful in the intervals of business, enjoying all things, large or small, with a boyish zest. He showed and explained the calculating machine (French, not Babbage), which saves him much in time and brain, as it can multiply or divide ten figures accurately. We came upon an admirable portrait of him at St. John's College before he accepted a Pembroke Fellowship and migrated thither. Next day we met Professor Sedgwick, looking so aged; and whilst at Trinity we had a pleasant talk with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta.

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*Penjerrick, November* 25, 1865.—I fear I shall not get to the Crag to-day to report on the casualties of the last few days, as it is still blowing great guns; and it is piteous to watch the great trees rocking and shuddering under the weight of the gale, the tall cypress sometimes bending to an angle of forty-five degrees. It is wonderful that more mischief is not done before our eyes. At Grove Hill, several large trees were torn up by their roots, and did as much mischief—like Samson, in dying—as they conveniently could. What we see makes one think tragically of what we do not see. Another vessel is ashore in our harbor; twelve or fourteen are reported ashore in Plymouth Harbor; but what of those of whom we hear nothing, and perhaps shall never hear? Oh, it is a doubtful luxury to live on the coast and watch those grand creatures struggling across the bay, partly dismasted,—almost beaten,—but not quite! God help them, and those who love them!

"Thanks for thy last, with its slowly progressive news of your patient. I suppose that is as much as one has any right to hope for. And thanks for the glorious echoes of that Lobgesang. Thou must have wanted it after reading Robertson's life. Poor, dear, dear Robertson! Was it necessary to tell it all to the public? I often ask myself; but then I have not finished the first volume yet. I had almost rather have been left alone with his sermons. Dost thou really not hope to feel consciously nearer the Father of all by and by, than in this present cloudy existence? I shouldn't think it worth while to die at all (!) if I could only crave in dying that I might not be taken away from Him. 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,' was said to the repentant thief, and I should fully hope to creep in, however far behind him. I always think his a very sublime act of faith recognizing his King in that dark hour.

"A great anxiety just now is our darling Louisa Reynolds. She is, you know, to us the one 'indispensable' member of

the circle. But that is a poor reason for begrudging her an entrance into the Celestial City, fit ending of her faithful, loving pilgrimage. But she would be very willing to stay with us awhile, so long as her Lord has any work for her to do. It is peace to turn to her from Jamaica. Where art thou in that strife? Not with the 'Times,' I trust? Of course my national vanity makes me shudder much more under the English than the negro savagery. Hast thou seen any of the documents in the 'Daily News' of the 20th or 23d? But the governor's despatch is enough to make one sick, without note or comment.

"A third tree gone down before our eyes! the gale is awful. Oh, I trust that George is safe at Natal shooting rabbits! He has shot five, dear fellow, a feat performable in England! The father was coming in every ten minutes with news of fresh disasters, so I could stand it no longer, but went forth into the storm; it was grand and terrific, and the great trees were cracking around us, and some giants prostrate having crushed many darlings in their fall. Oh, it would have gone to thy heart to see the lovely squashed pines; but all was nothing to the blessing of poor John not having been hurt, who was actually in a tree cutting down its branches when it fell. About twenty trees are gone, some of the very largest, and what may have been going on again at Grove Hill we can only imagine.

"Having got out, how could I resist the temptation of giving my betters the slip, and creeping away to the Crag to see what might be left of it? And I rejoice to say that it has stood all gallantly; a few old trees gone, but nothing to signify. One from the terrace bank fell, and another near it Hugh wisely cut away lest it should fall on the greenhouse. Only two panes of glass gone, and neither slates nor chimney-pots from the house. The sea was glorious, and the pond extended almost as far as Bolt's house. I crept round the hill and up the zigzag to get there; but Hugh thought I might get across the hill-top in returning. 'Indeed, I shall have to pass it myself this evening,' and I think he wished to see the

experiment tried. I did it! Only taking twice to Mother Earth. Hast thou ever seen the earth breathing and throbbing? It looks very uncanny,—caused by the heaving of the great roots. Four wrecks are reported between here and the Lizard, but no lives lost in the harbor! Yours, C. F.

"Is this the last rose of summer? No, there is yet a bud; but is it not gallant of it to be doing its *devoir* still?"

Penjerrick, March 18, 1866.—I have just been brought through a sharp little attack of bronchitis, and feel bound to record my sense of the tender mercy that has encompassed me night and day. Though it may have been in part my own wilfulness and recklessness that brought it on, that and all else was pardoned, all fear of suffering or death was swallowed up in the child-like joy of trust,—a perfect rest in the limitless love and wisdom of a most tender Friend, whose will was far dearer to me than my own. That blessed presence was felt just in proportion to the needs of the hour, and the words breathed into my spirit were just the most helpful ones at the time, strengthening and soothing. This was specially felt in the long still nights, when sometimes I felt very ill; "Never less lonely than when thus alone,—alone with God." Surely I know more than ever of the reality of that declaration, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." I write all this now, because my feelings are already fading into commonplace, and I would fain fix some little scrap of my experience. I had before been craving for a little more spiritual life on any terms, and how mercifully this has been granted! and I can utterly trust that in any extremity that may be before me the same wonderful mercy will encompass me, and of mere love and forgiving compassion carry me safely into port.*

* With the exception of a few notes of her life's ordinary doings, this is the last entry in the whole series of Caroline Fox's Journals.

From "Johnny" the Marmoset to M. E. Tregelles.

"*Hotel d'Orient, Hyères, November* 22, 1866.—My dear and noble and generous cousin!—How I do love you and hug you in my heart, and hope that you are lying somewhere as snugly and warmly as I am. Just now, indeed, I am up and sitting on the balcony outside the window and dressing for the day (my legs and tail take a long time to polish up), and I let Aunt Caroline do the writing for me, as her affairs can't be so important as mine. She has my carriage (*sac de voyage* I call it now) strapped round her waist ready for me when I wish to go and look at the Mediterranean from under the palm-trees, or to M. Gorcin's studio. I went yesterday to a church on a hill, and saw such a number of people there and all about the place, because it was the great anniversary; and moreover the town of Hyères presented a picture of the Virgin that day as a thank-offering for having been spared a visitation of cholera; and such a number of candles were burning before it as made me think of the sunshine of my own Brazil! Hundreds of funny little pictures were hung all round the church, showing people in all sorts of dangers; I believe my aunts thought it was very nice to be thankful in any fashion, but I assure you the pictures were hideously painted. Besides, there was always the Madonna stuck up in the corner of them; and as I always go to meeting now—even on fourth-day evenings—of course I don't like that.

"I have made such a number of friends on my travels: the waiters are ready to worship me at *table d'hôtes*, and give a plate '*pour le Petit*' (I don't know whether it is quite respectful to call me so, but they mean well, I believe); and a little boy here rushes down whilst I am at breakfast *en famille* for a kiss; but as I don't always like such interruptions, I think it best sometimes to make a little round mouth at him.

"They all admire my *sac de voyage* very much, and well they may! I am glad they can't get into it. A Russian princess who filled a great hotel with her glory, after petting

me with enthusiasm, turned to my aunt and said, 'You are a happy woman!' to which I winked assent.

"You will be glad to hear that this climate suits my health as well as that of my family. I like to sit with them upon the cistuses and myrtles and look out on the sea from under the pines, and draw a little, and make friends with the people. I had a great deal to say to the pilgrims yesterday, and they were delighted with my little books.—I remain thy very loving and very grateful cousin,

"J. MARMOSET."

Mentone, March 5, 1867.—Called by appointment on Carlyle at Lady Ashburton's. He has a sort of pavilion separate yet attached to her villa, where he may feel independent. Found him alone reading Shakespeare, in a long dressing-gown, a drab comforter wrapped round and round his neck, and a dark-blue cap on, for he had a cold. He received us very kindly, but would untwist his comforter, and take off his cap, and comb his shaggy mane in honor of the occasion. He looks thin, and aged, and sad as Jeremiah, though the red is still bright in his cheek and the blue in his eye, which seems to be set more deeply than ever; there is a grim expression in his face, which looks solemn enough.

First he launched out, I think, on the horrors of the journey: "I should never have come but for Tyndall, who dragged me off by the hair of my head, so to speak, and flung me down here, and then went his way. He had better have left me alone with my misery.* Pleasures of travelling! In that accursed train, with its devilish howls and yells driving one distracted!" "But cannot you read in travelling?" "Read! No; it is enough for me to reflect on my own misery; they ought to give you chloroform as you are a living creature." Then of the state of England and the Reform

* *Mrs. Carlyle* died April, 1866. "With some of the highest gifts of intellect and the charm of a most varied knowledge of books and things, there was something beyond, beyond."—Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. iii. p. 277.

Bill: "Oh! this cry for Liberty! Liberty! which is just liberty to do the devil's work, instead of binding him with ten thousand bands, just going the way of France and America, and those sort of places; why, it is all going down-hill as fast as it can go, and of no significance to me: I have done with it. I can take no interest in it at all, nor feel any sort of hope for the country. It is not the liberty to keep the Ten Commandments that they are crying out for,—that used to be enough for the genuine man,—but liberty to carry on their own prosperity, as they call it, and so there is no longer anything genuine to be found; it is all shoddy. Go into any shop you will and ask for any article, and ye'll find it all one enormous lie. The country is going to perdition at a frightful pace. I give it about fifty years yet to accomplish its fall."

Spoke of Gladstone: "Is not he a man of principle?" "Oh, Gladstone! I did hope well of him once, and so did John Sterling, though I heard he was a Puseyite and so forth: still it seemed the right thing for a State to feel itself bound to God, and to lean on Him, and so I hoped something might come of him; but now he has been declaiming that England is in such a wonderfully prosperous state, meaning that it has plenty of money in its breeches-pockets and plenty of beef in its great ugly belly. But that's not the prosperity we want. And so I say to him, 'You are not the life-giver to England, I go my way, you go yours, good-morning' (with a most dramatic and final bow). Which times were the most genuine in England? Cromwell's? Henry VIII.'s? Why, in each time it seems to me there was something genuine, some endeavor to keep God's commandments. Cromwell's time was only a revival of it. But now things have been going down further and further since George III."

A little knock at the door, and a lady in black appeared and vanished, which was a signal that Lady Ashburton was going presently, but he said she wished to see us first, as she was going to see the Bunsens at Florence. He liked to hear of the Sterlings, and of our being all near together in Cornwall.

"I have always," he said, "a sort of pious feeling about Falmouth and about you all, and so had she who is gone away from me, for all your kindness to John Welsh; you couldn't do a greater kindness than all you did for him and his mother. He was a true genuine man; give him anything to do, and you may be sure it was well done, whether it was to be seen of human eye or no. He worked hard, for the one unquestionable foremost duty he felt was to raise his mother out of her troubles; he could see no other till that was done, and well done, and he did it and died. I was once in Falmouth harbor for two hours in an Irish steamer, and I gave my card to a respectable-looking, seafaring sort of man, who promised to take it to your late brother. I remember taking a leaf out of my pocket-book and writing on it my regrets at not being able to land." He spoke of the beauty of this country, and specially of the view from the bridge, which he must have crossed seventy times, and the pleasure of the warmth and sunshine with the blue sky clear above one, rather than the cold and wet and mud of London. Then he took us to Lady Ashburton, whose carriage was getting ready, and we took leave of him.

Lady Ashburton's is a winning and powerful face, with much intellectual energy and womanly sweetness. She encouraged our coming again to see Carlyle, thinking it quite a kindness to stir him up. She was glad he had spoken of anything with pleasure, "for," she added, "I'm very fond of the old man, and I did what I thought was for the best, and I really hope he is the better for it in spite of himself, though sometimes it seems as if it was altogether a failure." Lady Ashburton goes to Rome and will return here. She leaves "her one treasure," an only little girl, and Carlyle under the care of two good, kindly, wise-hearted ladies.

Caroline Fox to J. M. Sterling.

"*Mentone, March* 17, 1867.—How these precious memorials thicken! and they don't lessen in value as time rolls on but does not sweep away our memories of the past, which

often seem the most absolute of our earthly possessions. It is a hard task to be patient with one's own dryness and weariness of heart and lifelessness. I know every inch of that road; but spring leaves, and even flowers, may follow that death-like winter; and that strange rest which feels like torpor of the spirit is also wisely appointed when the heart has been overtasked.

"Mr. Carlyle is gone; we only saw him once more, and then I thought his 'good-by' so impressive that it felt like parting, and when we called again he was gone. I was so interested to see how the true man came out when he talked of you; he had been grim in his views of England and things in general, but then the sympathy and tenderness shone out of him, and he dwelt on kindred themes in his own noblest spirit. I am very glad to have seen him again after an interval of many, many years, though it makes one sad to think of him, his look and most of his talk were so dreary.

"The manifold beauty of this place bewitches us, and we are able to take long excursions on donkeys among the mountains and quaintest of mountain-villages. The dear father finds immense beds of fossils, strangest strata and bone-caverns, to say nothing of most glorious waves, and a bellows which snorts forth in rush of waters, like a vast walrus, through two nostrils. We had a picnic at Roccabonna, in the olive grove behind that grotesque place, in honor of a nice little Tuke's birthday. It was a brilliant scene, with all the bright children flitting about in the sunshine."

Caroline Fox to Charlotte O'Brien.

"*Penjerrick, October* 14, 1868.—We have just had the John Brights staying with us, and enjoyed it very much; his conversation is so varied, he is so simple and unreserved in telling one all manner of things one wishes to hear about, and then there is such downright manliness in the whole nature of the man, which is refreshing in this rather feeble age. How did you like him in your part of Ireland? Here he had nothing for the public, though they wanted to present

an address, but would talk and read poetry until ten o'clock to us.

"The Polytechnic took place the week before, and proved quite a pleasant occasion. We had various scientific people staying with us:—the Glaishers, who had much to tell, both about balloons and meteors; Dr. Balfour Stewart, of the Kew Observatory, who has gone on to look after the branch observatories at Valentia and Dublin; then Frank Buckland was staying at my uncle Charles's, and you might have seen him in his glory, lying on the pavement outside the drawing-room door, with the three monkeys sprawling about him. He gave a very amusing lecture one evening on oysters and salmon. Since all these people left we have had Mr. Opie (great nephew of a great uncle) painting a very successful portrait of my dear father, and now we are alone.

"It must have been delightful to get an experienced sister to assist in the parish work, but don't let them talk thee into joining a sisterhood. Woman's work may be well done without all that ceremony, and whilst there are wifeless brothers with parishes to look after, I think it would be a shame to turn deserter. This is very gratuitous advice, for thou never gave a hint of such possible change of raiment. Thou art gallant about the Irish Church, in spite of thy ecclesiastical belongings, and I should have great faith in the blessing which would be granted to an act of justice,—particularly when it threatens to involve a large amount of self-sacrifice. But a calculated self-sacrifice spoils all; it loses its own blessing and the effect on the community. I trust with thee that Parliament may be greatly enlightened as to the remedy for Ireland, in the wisest way, of all the questions which would have to be considered if Gladstone's *auto da fé* should be accomplished."

Caroline Fox to E. T. Carne, written seven days before her going hence.

"*Penjerrick, January* 5, 1871.—And now, dear, thank thee so much for that earnest pamphlet. Thank thee for so bravely speaking out the conviction, which was doubtless given thee for the good of others as well as thy own, that nothing short of communion with our present Lord can satisfy the immense need of man. How true that we are so often fed with phrases, and even try sometimes to satisfy ourselves with phrases, whilst our patient Master is still knocking at the door. I trust that the seed thou hast been faithfully sowing may lodge in fitting soil, and bring forth flowers and fruit, to the praise of the Lord of the garden, and to the joy of some poor little human creature with whom He deigns to converse.

"In hopes of a happy meeting whenever the fitting time may come, and with very loving wishes for the new-born year,—Ever thine very lovingly, CAROLINE FOX."

APPENDIX.

Since the publication of the First Edition of Caroline Fox's Journals, the original letters written from time to time by John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox, and to which she refers in her Diaries, have been found at Penjerrick, and, by the kind permission of the late Mr. Mill's Executrix and family, are here appended, omitting therefrom only such domestic details as have no public interest.

APPENDIX.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

KENSINGTON, *August* 3, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter came, and was most welcome; and the same may be said of certain other missives which I had the pleasure of despatching to Guildford. It was very pleasant to be able to figure to oneself your mode of existence at Penjerrick. I often think one never knows one's friends, or rather, they are not properly one's friends, until one has seen them in their home, and can figure to oneself some part at least of their daily existence. I am sure we all feel much nearer to all of you by having become so familiar with your local habitation, or I may say habitations, and with so many of your haunts on that lovely coast. How often I fancy myself looking through the transparent spring air across the lovely blue bay to Pennance, nor are reminiscences of Penjerrick either unfrequent or faint.

It is curious that your letter about Tocqueville and Brown found me also occupied with both of them,—reviewing the one, and reading the other once again after an interval of many years. I have not, however, yet got to his theory of the moral feelings; and though I remember that I did not like it, and took great pains, as I fancied quite successfully, to refute it, I cannot say I remember what it is; and so many of my philosophical opinions have changed since, that I can trust no judgment which dates so far back in my history. My renewed acquaintance with Brown shows me that I was not mistaken in thinking he had made a number of oversights; but I also see that he has even more than I formerly

thought of those characteristic merits which made me recommend him as the best *one* author in whom to study that great subject. I think you have described his book by the right epithets, and I would add to them, that it seems to me the very book from which to learn, both in theory and by example, the true *method* of philosophizing. The analysis in his early lectures of the true nature and amount of what we can learn of the phenomena of the world, seems to me perfect, and his mode of inquiry into the mind is strictly founded upon that analysis.

As for Tocqueville, I do not wonder that you should find him difficult; for, in the first place, the philosophical writers of the present day have made almost a new French language; and, in the next place, he is really abstruse. By being so abstract, and not sufficiently (especially in the second part) *illustrating* his propositions, I find it tough work reviewing him,—much tougher than I expected, especially as I was prevented from beginning so soon as I ought.

So you are now all, or nearly all, reassembled; and we again see or fancy the family picture in its accustomed and original frame. That is much, although not so much as it would have been if we had not seen you in the opposite circumstances in London,—I was going to say the *uncongenial* circumstances,—but you are all so happily constituted that no circumstances are uncongenial to you; still some are more congenial than others, and I can fancy, for instance, that if you were standing beside Sterling, in one of Raphael's *stanze* in the Vatican, you would find the situation very congenial indeed. I return the old Michelet, with my prayer that your youngest sister, whom I have hardly yet forgiven for not taking it, and who must by this time be weary of the sight of it, will make haste to lay it up in some crypt of her autograph cabinet, and let the world see no more of it; I trust she is satisfied, for I have now kept it till another came.

The knowledge that an autograph of Guizot has probably reached you or will reach you from other quarters, consoles me for not having one to offer; for his invitations to dinner

are printed forms. I have dined with him again, but one gets so little real conversation with any one who has to attend to his guests. The last time it was a most successfully made up party; I mean that fortune was most propitious to me in particular, for of six guests three were persons I always like to meet, and two of the other three were the two persons I most wished to meet—Thirlwall, with whom I renewed an acquaintance of which the only event was a speech he made in reply to one of mine when I was a youth of nineteen (it has remained impressed upon me ever since, as the finest speech I ever heard), and Gladstone, whom I had never seen at all—and with both these I hope I have laid the foundation of a further knowledge, especially as Thirlwall will now be in town in Parliament time. How delighted Sterling must be at finding him a bishop—but hardly more so than I am.—Yours ever, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

I. H., *November* 25, 1840.

My dear Friend,—It is very long since I either heard from you or wrote to you, but the correspondence between your sisters and mine, which is considerably more active than ours, has kept up a sort of communication between us, which, though very agreeable, I do not find entirely to supply the place of direct correspondence. I am not, I know, entitled to expect frequent letters while I show myself so remiss in fulfilling my own part of the implied contract between absent friends. But we people whose whole life is passed in writing either to "our Governor-General of India in Council," or to everybody's Governor-General the English public, are, I believe, excusable if we like better to receive letters than to write them.

I enclose a copy of a recent epistle of mine to the latter of those great authorities. It will reappear as part of two little volumes, which, although you already have nearly all the contents of them, will some time or other in the course of next

year appear before you as suppliants for a place on your shelf. About the same time I hope to have finished a big book, the first draft of which I put the last hand to a few weeks ago. I do not know whether the subject of it will interest you, but as you have been so much pleased with Brown, many of whose views I have adopted, perhaps it may.

We have all of us been in great trepidation about the state of affairs in Europe. It would have been too bad if the two most light-headed men in Europe—Palmerston and Thiers—had been suffered to embroil the whole world, and do mischief which no one now living would have seen repaired. I do not know which of the two I feel most indignant with. The immediate danger is, I hope, over, but the evil already done is incalculable. The confidence which all Europe felt in the preservation of peace will not for many years be re-established, and the bestial antipathies between nations, and especially between France and England, have been rekindled to a deplorable extent. All the hope is that founded on the French character, which, as it is excitable by small causes, may also be calmed by slight things, and accordingly alternates between resentment against England and Anglomania.—With kind regards to all, ever faithfully yours, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

Kensington, *December* 23, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I return with many thanks what I ought to have returned much sooner, the notes of the Welsh sermon. It is a really admirable specimen of popular eloquence, of a rude kind—it is well calculated to go to the very core of an untaught hearer. I believe there is much preaching of that character among the Methodists, and more perhaps among their still wilder kindred, the Ranters, etc. Do you know Ebenezer Elliot's poem of *The Ranter?* This might be such a man. I believe even this does good when it really penetrates the crust of a sensual and stupid boor, who never thought or knew that he had a soul, or concerned himself

about his spiritual state. But in allowing that this may do good, I am making a great concession; for I confess it is as revolting to me as it was to Coleridge, to find infinite justice, or even human justice, represented as a sort of demoniacal rage that must be appeased by blood and anguish, but, provided it has that, cares not whether it be the blood and anguish of the guilty or the innocent. It seems to me but one step farther, and a step which in spirit at least is often taken, to say of God what the Druids said of their gods, that the *only* acceptable sacrifice to them was a victim pure and without taint. I know not how dangerous may be the ground on which I am treading, or how far the view of the Atonement which is taken by this poor preacher may be recognized by your Society, or by yourself; but surely a more Christian-like interpretation of that mystery is that which, believing that Divine Wisdom punishes the sinner for the sinner's sake, and not from an inherent necessity, more heathen than the heathen Nemesis, holds, as Coleridge did, that the sufferings of the Redeemer were (in accordance with the eternal laws on which this system of things is built) an indispensable means of bringing about that change in the hearts of sinners, the want of which is the real and sole hindrance to the universal salvation of mankind.

I marvel greatly at the accuracy of memory which could enable Mrs. Charles Fox to write down from recollection so wonderfully vivid, and evidently almost literally correct, a report of this sermon. I know that Friends cultivate that kind of talent, but I should think few attain so high a degree of it.

The testimony of the Yearly Meeting I have read with great interest, and though I had read several similar documents before, I do not remember any in which the peculiarities of the Society in reference to the questions of Church government, etc., which agitate the present day, are so pointedly stated and so vigorously enforced.

I am glad you like my article. I have just had a letter from Tocqueville, who is more delighted with it than I ventured to

hope for. He touches on politics, mourning over the rupture of the Anglo-French alliance; and as the part he took in debate has excited much surprise and disapproval here, it is right to make known what he professes as his creed on the matter,—viz., that if you wish to keep any people, especially so mobile a people as the French, in the disposition of mind which enables them to do great things, you must by no means teach them to be reconciled to other people's making no account of them. They were treated, he thinks, with so great a degree of slight (to say the least) by our government, that for their public men not to show a feeling of *blessure* would have been to lower the standard of national pride, which in the present state of the world he thinks almost the only elevated sentiment that remains in considerable strength. There is really a great deal in this, although it does not justify and scarcely excuses the revival of the old national animosity, or even the warlike demonstrations and preparations. A nation can show itself offended without threatening a vengeance out of proportion to the affront, and which would involve millions that never offended them with units that did, besides ruining themselves in the end, or rather in the beginning. And the tricky policy of Thiers, which is like the whole character of the man, is not in the least palliated by the offence given. But I do think it quite contemptible in England to treat the bare suspicion of France seeking for influence in the East as something too horrible to be thought of, England meanwhile progressively embracing the whole of Asia in her own grasp. Really, to read our newspapers, any one would fancy such a thing as a European nation acquiring territory and dependent allies in the East were a thing never dreamt of till France perfidiously cast a covetous eye on the dominions of Mehemet Ali. I cannot find words to express my contempt of the whole conduct of our Government, or my admiration for the man who has conjured away as much as was possible of the evil done, and has attained the noblest end, in a degree no one else could, by the noblest means. Of course, I mean Guizot, who now stands before the

world as immeasurably the greatest public man living. I cannot think without humiliation of some things I have written years ago of such a man as this, when I thought him a dishonest politician. I confounded the prudence of a wise man, who lets some of his maxims go to sleep while the time is unpropitious for asserting them, with the laxity of principle which resigns them for personal advancement. Thank God, I did not wait to know him personally in order to do him justice, for in 1838 and 1839 I saw that he had reasserted all his old principles at the first time at which he could do so with success, and without compromising what in his view were more important principles still. I ought to have known better than to have imputed dishonorable inconsistency to a man, whom I now see to have been consistent beyond any statesman of our time, and altogether a model of the consistency of a statesman, as distinguished from that of a fanatic.

You have been a little premature in saying anything to a bookseller about my Logic, for no bookseller is likely to hear anything about it from me for many months. I have it all to rewrite completely, and now, here is Sterling persuading me that I must read all manner of German logic, which, though it goes much against the grain with me, I can in no sort gainsay. So you are not likely to see much of my writing for some time to come, except such scribble as this.

All send love to all. Pray write soon.—Yours always,

J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *March* 12, 1841.

My dear Friend,—I feel somewhat ashamed at having allowed two months to elapse since your last letter, especially when I consider the enclosure which it contained, respecting which, however, I sent you a message by one of my sisters (a *verbal* message, which she doubtless transmuted into a written one) which a little lightens the weight on my conscience. As there is a good side to everything bad (and not solely to the

misfortunes of one's friends, as La Rochefoucault would have it), this tardiness on my part has had one good effect, viz., that on reading your little poem once more, after a considerable interval, I am able to say, with greater deliberation than I could have said at the time, that I think your verses not only good, but so good that it is no small credit to have done so well on so extremely hackneyed a subject; the *great* simple elemental powers and constituents of the universe have, however, inexhaustible capabilities, when any one is sufficiently fitted, by nature, and cultivation for poetry, to have felt them as *realities*, that which a poet alone does habitually or frequently, which the majority of mankind never do at all, and which we of the middle rank, perhaps, have the amazement of being able to do at some rare instants, when all familiar things stand before us like spectres from another world, not however like phantoms, but like the real things of which the phantoms alone are present to us, or appear so in our common everyday state. That is truly a revelation of the seen, not of the unseen, and fills one with what Wordsworth must have been feeling when he wrote the line "filled with the joy of troubled thoughts."

I cannot undertake to criticise your poem, for I have no turn for that species of criticism, but there seems to me enough of melody in it to justify your writing in verse, which I think nobody should do who has not music in his ear as well as "soul." Therefore if it were at all necessary, I would add my exhortation to that which you have no doubt received from much more competent and equally friendly judges—Sterling, for instance—to persevere. You have got over the mechanical difficulties, which are the great hindrance to those who have feelings and ideas from writing good poetry—therefore go on and prosper.

I congratulate you on having Dr. Calvert with you. Sterling you may or may not have, for I had a letter from him yesterday, dated at Clifton on Thursday, and he had said if he went at all, it would be on Wednesday. It would be a pleasure to us all to think of him as in the midst of you.

I have been doing nothing worth telling you for a long time, for I cannot count among such things the rather tiresome business of reading German books of logic. It is true, I have diversified that occupation by reading Euripides, about whom there would be much to say if one had time and room. Have you ever read any of the great Athenian dramatists? I had read but little of them before now, and that little at long intervals, so that I had no very just, and nothing like a complete, impression of them, yet nothing upon earth can be more interesting than to form to oneself a correct and living picture of the sentiments, the mode of taking life and of viewing it, of that most accomplished people. To me that is the chief interest of Greek poetic literature, for to suppose that any modern mind can be satisfied with it as a literature, or that it can, in an equal degree with much inferior modern works of art (provided these be really genuine emanations from sincere minds) satisfy the requirements of the more deeply feeling, more introspective, and (above even that) more genial character which Christianity and chivalry and many things in addition to these have impressed upon the nations of Europe, it is, if I may judge from myself, quite out of the question. Still, we may have immeasurably much to win back as well as many hitherto undreamed-of conquests to make; and the twentieth and thirtieth centuries may be indebted for something to the third century before Christ, as well as to the three immediately after Him.

This is a long letter, full of nothing, but the next shall be better.

With kindest regards to your delightful circle.—Yours ever,

J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *May* 6, 1841.

My dear Friend,—I will be more prompt this time in contributing my part towards keeping the thread of our correspondence unbroken.

I am glad that you do not write *only* poetry, for in these days one composes in verse (I don't mean to say *I* do, for I don't write verses at all) for oneself rather than for the public, as is generally the case in an age chiefly characterized by earnest practical endeavor. There is a deep-rooted tendency almost everywhere, but above all in this England of ours, to fancy that what is written in verse is not meant in earnest, nor should be understood as serious at all (for really the common talk about being *moral* and so forth means only that poetry is to treat with respect whatever people are used to profess respect for, and amounts to no more than a parallel precept not to play at any indecent or irreverent *games*). Prose is after all the language of *business*, and therefore is the language to do good by in an age when men's minds are forcibly drawn to external effort,—when they feel called to what my friends the Saint-Simonians not blasphemously call "continuing the work of creation:" *i.e.*, co-operating as instruments of Providence in bringing order out of disorder. True, this is only a part of the mission of mankind, and the time will come again when its due rank will be assigned to contemplation, and the calm culture of reverence and love. Then poetry will resume her equality with prose,—an equality like every healthy equality, resolvable into reciprocal superiority. But that time is not yet, and the crowning glory of Wordsworth is that he has borne witness to it and kept alive its traditions in an age which but for him would have lost sight of it entirely, and even poetical minds would with us have gone off into the heresy of the poetical critics of the present day in France, who hold that poetry is above all and pre-eminently a *social* thing.

You ask my opinion on the punishment of death. I am afraid I cannot quite go with you as to the abstract right, for if your unqualified denial of that right were true, would it not be criminal to slay a human being even in the strictest self-defence, if he were attempting to kill or subject to the most deadly outrages yourself or those dearest to you? I do not know whether the principles of your Society go this length:

mine do not, and therefore I do hold that society has, or rather that man has a right to take away life when without doing so he cannot protect rights of his own as sacred as the "divine right to live." But I would confine the right of inflicting death to cases in which it was certain that no other punishment or means of prevention would have the effect of protecting the innocent against atrocious crimes, and I very much doubt whether any such cases exist. I have, therefore, always been favorable to the entire abolition of capital punishment, though I confess I do not attach much importance to it in the case of the worst criminals of all, towards whom the nature of the punishment hardly ever operates on juries or prosecutors as a motive to forbearance.

Perhaps this view will afford you matter to confute in your essay, but indeed it is so trite that you have no doubt anticipated it.

There is nothing of mine in the *Edinburgh* this time, nor is it likely there will be till I have finished my book—the big book I mean, the Logic. I think I told you that the first draft was finished last autumn. I have now got to work on the rewriting, and have just completed, tolerably to my own satisfaction, the first of the six books into which it will be divided. I don't suppose many people will read anything so scholastic, especially as I do not profess to upset the schools, but to rebuild them, and unluckily everybody who cares about such subjects nowadays is of a different school from me. But that is the concern of a higher power than mine; my concern is to bring *out* of me what is *in* me, although the world should not find, even after many days, that what is cast on the waters is wholesome bread; nay, even although (worst of all) it may happen to be, in reality, only bread made of sawdust.

So you are really to have Sterling always with you. I congratulate you heartily—there is no place where I would rather wish him—except with me. Carlyle is in the country roaming about, at least I have not heard of his being yet returned. I quite agree with you as to his lectures. That little book contains almost all his best ideas in a particularly attractive

shape, and with many explanations which he has not given elsewhere, or has given only by way of allusion.

With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Fox, and your sisters, and to all relations whom I have the good fortune to know (except those at Perran, whom I trust soon to see), believe me, ever yours,

(in no merely polite sense),

J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *July* 24, 1841.

My dear Friend,—Have you not thought that I was dead, or gone mad, or had "left my home," like the "unfortunate gentlemen" who are advertised (or as Dickens expresses it, 'tized) in every day's newspaper, for none of my friends have heard of me for months past; not even Sterling, who of all men living had the strongest claim not to be so treated? But I meditate an ample reparation to him—so far as a long letter can be so—and in the meantime I steal a moment to pay to you a small instalment of the debt which is due to you.

I suppose the most interesting subject to you, as to most other people at this particular moment, is politics,—and in the first place I must say that your (or let me venture to say *our*) Falmouth is a noble little place for having turned out its Tory, and elected two Liberals, at the very time when it had received from the Liberal Government so severe a blow as the removal of the packets. If there had been many more such places the Tories would not have been, for another ten years, where they will be in half as many weeks. I cannot say, however, that the result of the elections has disappointed me. The remarkable thing is, that the Corn Law question, *as such*, should have told for so little, either one way or the other. I expected that it would give us all the manufacturing places, instead of which we have *lost* ground, even there! while it has not prevented us from turning out Tories from many small and purely agricultural towns. Now the only explanation

which is possible of these facts, is one which reflects some light on the causes of the general result. The people of Leeds, Wigan, etc., cannot be indifferent to the Corn question; Tory, or Liberal, it is a matter of life and death to them; and they know it. If they had thought that question depended on the result of the present elections, they *must* have returned Liberals; but their feeling was, that the Whigs cannot carry the Corn question, and that it will be as easily, if not more easily, extorted from the Tories. And the agriculturists think the same—most likely we should have lost as many counties at the next general election even if the Corn question had not been stirred.

The truth is, and everybody I meet with who knows the country, says so,—the people had ceased to hope anything from the Whigs; and the general feeling among reformers was either indifference, or desire for a change. If they had not proposed, even at the last moment, these measures, they would have been in a miserable minority in the new Parliament. As it is, their conduct has to some extent reanimated radical feeling, which will now again resume its upward movement, and the Whigs, having put themselves really at the head of the popular party, will have an opportunity, which there seems considerable probability that they will use, of making themselves again popular. For my part, they have quite converted me to them; not only by the courage and determination they have shown (though somewhat too late), but by the thorough understanding they have shown of so great a subject. Their speeches in the great debates were really the speeches of philosophers.

I most entirely agree with you about the Sugar question, and I was delighted to see that the anti-slavery party in the country generally did not follow the aberrations of their Parliamentary leaders. This part of the subject is admirably argued in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, just published.

Have you yet resumed your speculations on Capital Punishment? As for me, I have been quite absorbed in my Logic, which indeed it is necessary I should lose no time about, on

pain of missing the next publishing season—when I hope to publish that, and my reprint too.

With kindest regards to all your family (and apologies for so meagre a letter), believe me, yours ever,

J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *April* 5, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I am really ashamed to think of the time which has elapsed since I wrote to you, or gave the smallest indication of remembrance of a family whom I have so much cause never to forget. I beg that you will all of you ascribe this omission on my part to any other cause than want of remembrance, or of frequent thought of you, and I believe I could assign such causes as would go far towards palliating it. Now, however, I feel impelled to write to you by two feelings. One is the wish to condole with you on the loss which Sterling's going abroad is to you, and on the anxiety which, after so much longer and more intimate knowledge of him than you had had when I last saw you, I am sure you must feel about a life and health so precious both to all who know him and to the world. It is a cruel thing that the hope of his being able to live even at Falmouth and be capable of work, without the periodical necessity for going abroad, should be thus blighted when it seemed to be so fortunately realized. I fear not so much for his bodily state as for his spirits: it is so hard for an active mind like his to reconcile itself to comparative idleness and to what he considers as uselessness, only however from his inability to persuade himself of the whole amount of the good which his society, his correspondence, and the very existence of such a man diffuses through the world. If he did but know the moral and even intellectual influence which he exercises without writing or publishing anything, he would think it quite worth living for, even if he were never to be capable of writing again!

Do, if you have a good opportunity, tell Mrs. Sterling how

truly I sympathize with her, although I do not intrude upon her with a direct expression of it.

My other prompting to write to you just now comes from the approach of spring, and the remembrance of what this *second* spring *ought* to bring, and I hope will. Surely there is not any doubt of your all coming to London this year?—There seemed some shadow of an uncertainty in one of the last letters which my sisters showed me, but I hope it has all cleared off.

Carlyle is in Scotland owing to the almost sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother. Mrs. Carlyle was summoned too late to see her mother alive. She has returned, and seems to have suffered much. Carlyle is still there, having many affairs to arrange. It is said (and I believe truly) that they will now be in much more comfortable circumstances than before. They heroically refused to receive anything from Mrs. Welsh during her lifetime.

I have little to tell concerning myself. My book will not be published till next season, for which I may thank Murray. He kept me two months waiting for the negative answer which I at last extorted from him, and which it is evident could as well have been given the very first day. I am now in treaty with Parker, and with considerable hope of success. Does it not amuse you to see how I stick to the high-church booksellers? Parker also publishes for Whewell, with whom several chapters of my book are a controversy, but Parker very sensibly says he does not care about that. The book is now awaiting the verdict of a taster unknown, to whom several chapters of his own choice have been communicated; and he gave so favorable a report on the table of contents, that one may hope he will not do worse by the book itself. If Parker publishes the book, he shall have my reprint too, if he will take it, but I am afraid he will not like anything so radical and anti-church—as much of it is.

Do, if you have time, write to me, and tell me your recent doings in the way of poetry or prose, together with as much of your thoughts and feelings respecting this little earth and

this great universe as you are inclined to communicate, and in any case do not forget me.—Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *May* 10, 1842.

Many thanks, my dear friend, for your letter and its enclosures, and still more for the very agreeable intelligence,—that we may hope to see you all, and *expect* to see some of you very soon.

I have had much pleasure in reading both the prose and the verse which you sent me. I think I can honestly give downright straightforward praise to them both. The poetry has both thought and music in it, and the prose seems "to me much reflecting on these things" to contain the real pith of the matter expressed "simply" and "perspicuously," and with the kind of force which so purely intellectual a subject required and admitted of. If it were shown to me as the production of a young writer whom I knew nothing of, I should say at once that he was of the right school, and likely to go far.

I have not time to enter upon metaphysics just now, or I might perhaps discuss with you your curious speculation respecting a duality in the hyper-physical part of man's nature. Is not what you term the mind, as distinguished from the spirit or soul, merely that spirit looking at things as through a glass darkly, compelled in short by the conditions of its terrestrial existence to see and know by means of media, just as the mind uses the bodily organs; for to suppose that the eye is *necessary* to sight seems to me the notion of one immersed in matter. What we call our bodily sensations are all in the mind, and would not necessarily or probably cease because the body perishes. As the eye is but the window *through* which, not the power *by* which the mind sees, so probably the understanding is the bodily eye of the human spirit, which looks through that window, or, rather, which sees (as in Plato's cave) the camera-obscura images of things

in this life, while in another it may or might be capable of seeing the things themselves.

I do not give you this as my opinion, but as a speculation, which you will take for what it is worth.

Thanks for your interest about my books. Parker has proved genuine, and has behaved so well altogether that I feel twice as much interest as I ever did before in the success of the Logic,—for I should really be sorry if he were to lose money by it. He proposes to bring it out about Christmas. He will not publish the reprint, as he makes a point of not publishing politics or polemics, so I shall print it myself in time for next season, and perhaps shall have a copy for you before that.

Give all kind remembrances from all to all, and to your sisters special ones from me for their kind wishes respecting my mental offspring.—Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *Thursday.*
(*Date illegible, probably July*, 1842.)

My dear Friend,—As you say you reached home "this morning," I perceive you made no more haste than good speed—indeed, to make the former compatible with the latter seemed, under the aspect of affairs last night, rather hopeless. Let me congratulate you on the fact that the safe preservation of all of you was, under these somewhat inauspicious circumstances, achieved. As for us, we have none of us experienced anything unpleasant, except the remembrance of the shortness of your visit, and the uncertainty which as yet hangs over the next.

You might well doubt whether I had received your note, for such a note surely merited some acknowledgment. However, not being able to respond to it in the only suitable manner, viz., in verse, I left it without any response at all,—feeling all the while a vast respect for you for being able to write such good verses. But the feelings towards myself

which they express require me to say once more how highly I value your friendship, and how unexpectedly gratifying it is that in me, seen as you have seen me, you have found as much to like as these verses seem to indicate. For you have not, nor have even those of your family, whom I have been so fortunate as to see more of, as yet seen *me* as I really and naturally am, but a *me* artificially made, self-conscious, egotistical, and noisily demonstrative by having much feeling to show, and very little time to show it in. If I had been looking forward to living peaceably within a stone's-throw, or even a few hours' walk or ride of you, I should have been very different. As it is, that poor little sentence of the poor Ashantee really expresses the spirit of all I have said and done with regard to any of your party. Almost from the beginning, until now, when one is to be but a remembrance, it is difficult to refrain from even awkward attempts to make the remembrance last for more than a few days or weeks.

And now, till I have the opportunity of doing it myself, will you express for me my warmest regards to your father and mother—and for your sisters and yourself; remember that you have not only as many additional "blessings in disguise" as there are sisters at Kensington, but also (unless it be peculiarly a feminine designation), one more, namely, yours affectionately, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *September* 9, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I can hardly justify myself for having left you so long without direct tidings of my existence, for I believe this is the first letter I write to you since we parted in London at the termination of your angel's visit. I was not very busy, either, in the earlier part of the time; but of late, that is from the beginning of July, I have been both busy and unwell,—the latter to a degree unusual with me, though without a vestige of danger. I am now so much better as to consider myself well, but am still busy, partly with revising my

too big book, and making it still bigger by the introduction of additional examples and illustrations; partly by reading for an article on the Romans which I have promised to the *Edinburgh*. To this twofold drudgery, for it is really so, I shall have to add presently the correcting of proofs, for part of the MS. is already in the printer's hands.

I hardly know what subject to write to you about unless I could know what are those about which you have been thinking: as for myself I have scarcely been thinking at all except on the two subjects I have just mentioned—Logic and the Romans. As for politics I have almost given up thinking on the subject. Passing events suggest no thoughts but what they have been suggesting for many years past; and there is nothing for a person who is excluded from active participation in political life to do, except to watch the signs which occur of real improvement in mankind's ideas on some of the smaller points, and the too slender indications of some approach to improvement in their feelings on the larger ones. I do believe that ever since the changes in the constitution made by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Act, a considerable portion of the ruling class in this country, especially of the younger men, have been having their minds gradually opened, and the progress of Chartism is, I think, creating an impression that rulers are bound both in duty and in prudence to take more charge than they have lately been wont to do of the interests both temporal and spiritual of the poor. This feeling one can see breaking out in all sorts of stupid and frantic forms, as well as influencing silently the opinions and conduct of sensible people. But as to the means of curing or even alleviating great social evils people are as much at sea as they were before. All one can observe, and it is much, is a more solemn sense of their position, and a more conscientious consideration of the questions which come before them, but this is, I fear, as yet confined to a few. Still, one need not feel discouraged. There never was a time when ideas went for more in human affairs than they do now; and one cannot help seeing that any one's honest endeavors must tell for

something and may tell for very much, although, in comparison with the mountain of evil to be removed, I never felt disposed to estimate human capabilities at a lower rate than now.

On other subjects I have been doing very little, except reading Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," and, for the second time, his "Moral Philosophy," in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. The latter I like much the best, though both are productions of a very remarkable mind. In the former your Society has a special interest; did that, or other considerations, ever induce you to read it? He seems to me much more successful in showing that other people are wrong than that churchmen, or rather that an ideal churchman, is in the right. The "Moral Philosophy" is rather a history of ethical ideas. It is very interesting, especially the analysis of Judaic life and society, and of Plato and Aristotle, and there seems to me much more truth in this book than in the other.

Our people have been at Paris, and are just returned. I suppose their, or rather our, friends will soon hear of them. They are full of the subject of what they have seen and enjoyed, and altogether the thing has answered perfectly. Certainly, however pleasant home may be, there is great pleasure in occasionally leaving it. I wish some of *you* thought so, and that *we* lived in some place where you wanted very much to come.—Yours faithfully, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *September* 20, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I write this line in haste to ask of you and your family an act of kindness for a destitute person,—namely, the little girl whose card, as a candidate for the Orphan Asylum, is enclosed. You know how these things are decided,—by the majority of votes of an enormous number of subscribers; but the list, like all similar ones, swarms with the names of your friends, the Friends, and your interest with them would be equivalent to many promises of votes. I know

nothing of the girl or her family personally, but one of the men I most respect is warmly interested for them, Joseph Mazzini, whom you have heard of (but whom I would not mention to everybody; as his name, with some, would do more harm than good). Mrs. Carlyle is also exerting herself for them.

I will send to you, or cause to be sent, as many cards as you can make use of, in case your interest is not pre-engaged for other candidates to the full number.

I am quite well again, and everybody here is well; otherwise we have no particular news.

Carlyle has been making a Cromwellian tour to Huntingdon, St. Ives, Hinchinbrook, etc. He will really, I think, write a Cromwellian book.—Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

INDIA HOUSE, *December* 19, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There are abundance of subjects on which I should like a little mental communion with you, if I could get my thoughts together for the purpose. First, there is in public affairs much in the wind; your prediction about the Corn Laws seems in a way to be verified sooner than we either of us expected; and that is sure to lead to great changes in the condition and character of our rural population, and, above all, in the relation of landlords and tenants, which, on its present footing, is essentially an unwholesome relation, and *cannot* last. Things have certainly come to a strange pass when the manufacturing majority must starve in order that the agricultural minority may—starve also. But these things, important as they are, do not occupy so much of my thoughts as they once did: it is becoming more and more clearly evident to me that the mental regeneration of Europe must precede its social regeneration, and, also, that none of the ways in which that mental regeneration is sought —Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Puseyism, Socialism, Chartism, Benthamism, etc.—will *do*, though doubtless they have

all some elements of truth and good in them. I find quite enough to do in trying to make up my own mind as to the course which must be taken by the present great transitional movement of opinion and society: the little which I can dimly see, this country even less than several other European nations, is as yet ripe for promulgating.

In the meantime I do not know that there was anything better for me to do than to write the book I have been writing, destined to do its little part towards straightening and strengthening the intellects which have this great work to do. The said book is printed as far as p. 160, vol. ii., and will be published when Providence and the publisher see fit.

I heard of you the other day from Philip Melvill, who, I believe, brought the first intelligence which had reached the India House of such a thing being on the anvil. *Apropos*, there was some time ago a very pretty, but very unnecessary —what shall I call it? deprecation from your sister Caroline, relative to this book, and to something which occurred near the tombs of the old Templars. I do not recollect any more of what passed, than that she accused herself of having impliedly instigated a very natural announcement which I made, *certainly* not for the *first* time then, touching the superfluousness of her troubling any bookseller respecting the two volumes in question, since I should as soon have thought of my own brother *buying* any book of mine as of any of your family doing so. You will certainly receive in due time what has been from the first destined for you. I mean you in the plural number, for I never separate you in fact or in thought, and the one who reads most of it may keep it, if the others choose.

We are thankful for the exertions of you all about the little orphan. What her chances are, I do not know; such elections by universal suffrage are, as you truly say, a monstrous thing.—Ever affectionately, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *February* 14, 1843.

My dear Friend,—In a few days you will receive two ponderous volumes, concerning which you have shown an interest that I desire very much they may justify. I have not defaced them with any marks, because, after going finally through the whole as it passed through the press, I have come to the conclusion that it will not bear to be read in any way except straight through, and it is probably worth *your* reading in that way, while I am certain it is not worth it to your sisters, being a kind of book so entirely abstract that I am sure they would never think of reading it, if it did not happen to be written by one whom they know; and to make that a reason for reading a book out of one's line, is to make friendship a burden. If I could fix on any part as capable of being read with any interest apart from the rest, it would be the fifth book, on Fallacies, and especially the chapter in the sixth book on Liberty and Necessity, which is short, and in my judgment the best chapter in the two volumes. However, as Sterling will have a copy and will certainly read it through, he will be able to tell your sisters if there is any part which he thinks would interest them—in case they require any opinion besides yours. You will not suspect me of the stupid coxcombry of thinking that they could not understand it, which would be my own condemnation, for if they could not, the book would be a failure.—I only mean that whatever be the value of the book, it is (like a book of mathematics) *pure* and not *mixed* science, and never can be liked by any but *students*, and I do not want them to spoil themselves by becoming that on my account. They know that when I write anything on philosophy in the *concrete*, on politics, or morals, or religion, or education, or, in short, anything directly practical, or in which feeling and character are concerned, I desire very much to be read by them, because *there* I can hope really to interest them, but any interest they could feel in this would be only like what I might feel in a treatise on mining.

Our little girl did not carry her election, but the proxies were not lost, but bartered for an equivalent number next June, when Mazzini tells me she is sure of success, that is (I suppose) if those who gave their proxies this time will be kind enough to do so again.—Yours ever, J. S. Mill.

John Stuart Mill to Robert Barclay Fox.

India House, *October* 23, 1843.

My dear Friend,—I am ashamed when I think that I have not once written to you since you called upon me on your way home, but you would excuse me if you knew in how many ways my time and thoughts have been occupied. It is not, however, so much my work, in the proper sense, as by other things, for I have written little or nothing, extra-officially, except an article on the recent French historians, and especially on Michelet's "History of France," which I have just finished, and which has brought my hand in again for work. You will see it in the *Edinburgh Review*, unless Napier takes fright at some of the very heterodox things in the eyes of an Edinburgh Reviewer, still at the point of view of the eighteenth century, which the article contains. There is, in particular, some arrant Hildebrandism, which I suspect will shock him, especially after the Scotch Kirk controversy.

By the by, you will perhaps see in the same number another communication from me, with my name signed to it, occasioned by a shabby, trumpery article on Bentham, which has just appeared in the *Review*. The writer's object seems to be to bring down, as much as he can, the character both of Bentham and of every one whose name has ever been connected with his; and he states facts and opinions respecting my father, against which I have thought it imperative on me to protest publicly, and have asked Napier to let me do it by a letter in his *Review*, which he has consented to. I am sure if you have seen the article you will say it was high time. Thanks for the votes which your (plural) persevering kindness has got for the little girl. With regards and remembrances to all,—Yours, J. S. Mill.

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